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ART. I. — *The Elements of Morality, including Polity.* By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D. D., Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, Author of the History and the Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 2 vols. 16mo.

DR. WHEWELL has been for some years well known as a scientific writer of great learning, candor, and soundness. His Bridgewater Treatise was second to none in the series, and may be studied as a model by any one whose office it is to embody for the use of general readers the results of profound research and scholarship. But his reputation rests, and probably will rest, chiefly on his History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, — works which cover with singular fidelity the entire ground which they profess to occupy, — the former with a perfectness of method and an accuracy of detail which leave little to be desired, — the latter with a patience, caution, precision, and blended clearness and depth of thought, which must command the respect and admiration of those who dissent from its doctrines. The work now before us fills the same place for the department of Ethics, which the first of the above-named works does for the Inductive Sciences. It is not a treatise on Moral *Philosophy*, but an appropriate basis for such a treatise, which we cannot but anticipate as forthcoming (though not explicitly announced) from the same hand. The object of this work is to present what we may term the *physiology* of morality,

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that is, an outline of the undoubted facts and phenomena connected with man's moral being, self-consciousness, and agency, and of the leading eras and aspects of the ethical history of the race. Or, as the author takes England for his station, constantly applies his principles to the public law and sentiment of England, and seems on many subjects to have stopped short himself at the point which they have reached, we might define this work to be an answer to the question, "Through what elements of human nature, through what processes of development and culture, are the conscience and the moral standard of an enlightened and virtuous English Churchman what they are"? This route of inquiry excludes, of course, the many metaphysical questions which properly belong to the department of ethics, such as the ultimate basis of moral obligation, the power of motives, the nature of the will, and the seat, laws, and limits of free agency; but it presents a clear and philosophical statement of the facts from which alone these questions can be answered. We propose to give an outline view of the ground thus covered by Dr. Whewell, with such remarks of our own as the work and the subject may suggest and our limits permit.

Man is made a moral being by his powers of observation, reflection, and reasoning, combined with his conscious free agency. He understands what he does, and he does what he prefers to do. Moreover, as actions lead to events by invariable laws, they are the legitimate subjects of rules. But moral rules, as they are designed to act upon the will, must, in order to be of any avail, be adjusted with reference to those motives or springs of action which immediately influence the will. The springs of action our author enumerates as follows: "The Appetites or Bodily Desires; the Affections; the Mental Desires; the Moral Sentiments; and the Reflex Sentiments," under which head he classes the desire of love or esteem from others, and the desire of our own approval, together with "all those Springs of Action which are designated by some compound of the world *Self*; as *Self-Admiration*, *Self-Love*." This last class seems to us redundant. We can trace no difference in *kind* between "the desire of superiority," enumerated among the mental desires, and that of popularity or fame, which is put among the reflex sentiments. We do not deny, indeed, that the love of fame is a *reflex* sentiment; but so is hunger, thirst,

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avarice, each implying an external object of desire, the reflex action of which influences the will. And as for the class of sentiments designated by the compounds of *self*, these may all be resolved into different forms of self-consciousness; and self-consciousness is an essential condition of every desire or sentiment, while *self-love*, in its largest sense, may be assumed as the connecting *formula* between every spring of action and the will. This entire class of sentiments might, then, better be distributed, according to their respective aims and ends, among the mental desires and the moral sentiments.

The various springs of action operate with different degrees of intensity upon different individuals. But reason is conceived of as the same in all persons, as to its decisions and results; and the common reason of mankind leads to the establishment of such rules of action as shall confine the several springs of action to their just places in the economy of individual and social being. Moral rules exist of necessity; for "we cannot conceive man as man, without conceiving him as subject to rules, and making part of an order in which rules prevail." Man does not create society, but is born for it and into it. Society is as essential an element of human nature, as reason or conscience. And there can be no society, unless it have for its basis rules, enacted by the common reason, which shall so circumscribe and balance the springs of action in each individual, as to leave certain essential objects of desire open to the attainment of all. Actions derive their value from their ends; and a subordinate end derives its value from a higher end which it promotes. In assigning reasons for our rules of action, we pass successively from lower to higher ends, till we arrive at *the Supreme Good* as the ultimate end. This supreme good is rather the limit than the expression of our conceptions of the desirable. We cannot define it; but in our rules of action, we constantly aim at it and approximate towards it. The supreme good implies a supreme rule of action, — the sum and archetype of all our approximate rules; and with reference to the supreme rule we conceive of actions as *right* and *wrong*, — terms which are indefinable, and represent certain ultimate ideas that underlie all our moral self-consciousness and our reflection on moral subjects.

Moral rules, in prescribing what it is right for each person

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to do, must take into account the objects of desire to which each person is entitled. They thus recognize *rights*, and impose corresponding *obligations*. There are certain fundamental rights which flow necessarily from the moral nature of man, and the conceptions of which are universal. These conceptions are the basis of public law. All law aims at their realization, but with greater or less success according to the existing degree of culture, or the historical circumstances, which may have favored or retarded the development of a particular class of rights. Thus laws, though based on immutable principles and universal ideas, may be partial, imperfect, and mutable, — indeed, must ever be in a transition state, as it is their office to embody the conceptions of rights in local and historical circumstances, which can never be the same in two different communities or two successive generations.

Our author enumerates as essential rights "the rights of personal security, the rights of property, the rights of contract, the rights of marriage, and the rights of government"; and proceeds to trace the development of these several classes of rights in the Roman and the English law. We cannot follow him in this sketch, which is fair, accurate, concise, and comprehensive. He passes thence to the consideration of duties and virtues. Obligations relate to outward acts. So long as we invade no man's rights, no man can justly make any farther claim upon us. Beyond this point, law cannot go. But the *obligation* to refrain from certain illegal actions imposes upon us the *duty* of refraining from such thoughts, desires, and purposes as might lead to these actions. The law, "Thou shalt not steal," imposes the duty of not coveting; the law, "Thou shalt not kill," the duty of suppressing those angry, malicious, revengeful thoughts, of which murder is the ripened fruit. Moral precepts thus cover with prohibitions addressed to the minds of men the whole circuit of wrong actions which the law prohibits. But the prohibition of certain wrong desires and purposes implies the duty of cherishing the opposite desires and purposes. The mind cannot repose with satisfaction on a negative morality. The supreme law of human action must necessarily include the whole of our nature, so as to direct every faculty, power, and affection towards its proper object. The idea of perfect goodness is a universal idea,

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and it embraces several distinct conceptions, corresponding to the several kinds of rights and obligations ; and each of these gives rise to a separate class of moral precepts, and asserts its supremacy over a distinct department of the thoughts, desires, and purposes. The moral conceptions, to which all others may be reduced or referred, are benevolence, justice, truth, purity, and order, which, considered as dispositions of mind, may be termed the cardinal virtues. From these conceptions are deduced the propositions which we term the fundamental principles of morality. Thus, " Each man is to have his own," is the principle of justice. To the principles corresponding to the five cardinal virtues our auther adds the principle of *earnestness*, " The affections and intentions must not only be rightly directed, but energetic," and that of *moral purpose*, " Things are to be sought only as means to moral ends," — principles which express the intuitive conviction of every moral agent. The various forms and manifestations of character included in the *five* cardinal virtues, together with the opposite shades and degrees of vice, are drawn out with great perspicuity and accuracy of detail ; but there are no salient points which demand special notice, and our limits will not permit us to give even a hasty sketch of the discussion. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our admiration of the symmetry between Dr. Whewell's classification of rights and his list of cardinal virtues. The term *cardinal virtues* has hitherto been an arbitrary term, applied, as the caprice of an individual author dictated, to the prominent traits of a good character, without reference to their susceptibility of a farther analysis or of identification with each other. But the classes of rights ennumerated in this work grow out of the ultimate, elementary conditions of human well-being ; and, as virtue is necessarily based on human rights, and aims at their security and extension, it must therefore have a separate phasis, and ought to have a generic name, corresponding to each class of rights. Accordingly, the rights of personal security are protected by benevolence ; those of property by justice ; those of contract by truth ; those flowing from the marriage relation by purity, which prescribes the subjection of the lower parts of our nature to the higher ; those of government by order, which dictates obedience to laws, and the discharge of one's relative duties as a member of the body politic. To these

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virtues the principle of *earnestness* gives intensity, energy, and progressive development, while that of *moral purpose* unites them in their highest office of enriching and ennobling the individual soul.

All duties imply the duty of cultivating them, that is, the duty of moral progress, which can never terminate on earth; for, so long as we live, we "have room to make ourselves better and wiser, to increase the warmth of our affections, to purify our hearts, to elevate our thoughts, to make ourselves more and more virtuous." Transgressions not only arrest our moral progress, but are steps in a retrograde moral course. After transgression, our progress can be resumed only by repentance, amendment, and reformation; nor can the moralist pronounce, without authority from a higher source, that even these can avert the consequences of sin, and restore the integrity of the moral nature. Conscience is the faculty by which we determine whether our dispositions or actions are right or wrong. Conscience (*con-science*) is *self-knowledge*. It implies the knowledge of our own moral condition, of the principles to which it is amenable, of the complexion which it bears as good or evil. It is at once *witness*, *law*, and *judge*. As *law*, however, it does not necessarily and in all points coincide with the supreme law. It represents the individual's degree of moral culture and stage of moral progress. Therefore, while he who acts against his conscience is always wrong, he who acts in conformity with his conscience is not necessarily right. He may not have educated his conscience, — he may have violated the duty of progress; and in that case, conscientiousness is no excuse. Or he may have had imperfect opportunities of developing the ideas of right and duty; in which case, whatever judgment we may pass upon the moral agent, his dispositions and conduct cannot be regarded with approbation by one whose conscience is more enlightened.

Compared with the supreme law, the most highly educated conscience is imperfect, and may sometimes render doubtful responses. Hence come what moralists have termed *cases of conscience*, to the discussion of several of which the author devotes one of his most ably written and interesting chapters. From this chapter, which we would gladly quote entire, we offer several extracts on subjects of immediate interest, on which well disposed people might range themselves on

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different sides as to their judgments and conduct. Thus, we have heard good men assert the right of an anonymous author to maintain his *incognito*, even at the expense of literal truth, against intrusive questioners, who have no legal or moral right to know the fact. To such persons we would commend the following statement.

"The author of an anonymous work, who wishes to remain unknown as the author, but is suspected, is asked whether he wrote the work. To refuse to reply would be to acknowledge it. Such authors have held, that, in such a case, they may deny the authorship. They urge, that the Questioner has no right to know: that the Author has a Right to remain concealed, and has no means of doing so but by such a denial. But this defence is wrong. The author has no moral Right to remain concealed at the expense of telling a Lie: that is, it is not right in him thus to protect himself. But on the other hand, he is not bound to answer. Nor need he directly refuse to do so. He may evade the question, or turn off the subject. There is nothing to prevent his saying, 'How can you ask such a question?' or any thing of the like kind, which may remove the expectation of an answer. If he cannot secure his object in this or some similar way, it is to be recollected that he has drawn the inconvenience upon himself, by first writing an anonymous work, and then engaging in conversation on such terms, that he cannot escape answering questions about the authorship of the work. He has no Right, moral or other, to insist that these two employments may be pursued jointly without inconvenience. Familiar conversation is a play of reciprocal insight and reciprocal guidance of thought; and such weapons a man may very rightly use, to guard his secret. But he may not assume that it must be guarded at any rate, by means right or wrong, by declarations true or false. On the other hand, he may seek, as widely as he chooses, for some turn of conversation by which he may baffle curiosity without violating truth. To discover such a turn is a matter of skill, self-command, and invention. If he fail and be detected, he may receive some vexation or inconvenience; but if he succeed at the expense of truth, he receives a moral stain."— Vol. I., pp. 280, 281.

We commend the following extract to the attention, both of lawyers who would be good and true men, and of those who doubt whether the profession of an advocate can be pursued without the sacrifice of integrity.

"Some Moralists have ranked with the cases in which Convention supersedes the general rule of truth, an Advocate asserting

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the justice, or his belief in the justice, of his Client's cause. As a reason why he may do this, though he believe otherwise, it is said that no promise to speak the truth was given, or supposed to be given. But we reply by asking, If there is no mutual understanding that he shall speak truly, to what purpose does he speak, or to what purpose do the judges hear?

"By those who contend for such indulgence to Advocates, it is alleged, that the Profession of Advocate exists as an instrument for the administration of Justice in the Community; and that it is a necessary maxim of the Advocate's Profession, that he is to do all that can be done for his Client. It is urged, that the application of Laws is a matter of great complexity and difficulty: that the right administration of them in doubtful cases is best provided for, if the arguments on each side be urged with the utmost force, and if the Judge alone decide which side is in the right; that, for this purpose, each Advocate must urge all the arguments he can devise, and must enforce them with all the skill he can command. It is added, to justify the Advocate, that, being the Advocate, he is not the Judge;—that it is not his office to determine on which side Justice is; and that therefore his duty, in his office, is not affected by his belief on this subject.

"In reply to these considerations, the Moralist may grant that it is likely to answer the ends of Justice in a community, that there should exist a Profession of Advocates, ready to urge, with full force, the arguments on each side in doubtful cases. And if the Advocate, in his mode of pleading and exercising his profession, allows it to be understood that this is all that he undertakes to do, he does not transgress his Duties of Truth and Justice, even in pleading for a bad cause; since, even for a bad cause, there may be arguments, and even good arguments. But if, in pleading, he assert his belief that his cause is just, when he believes it unjust, he offends against Truth; as any other man would do who, in like manner, made a like assertion. Nor is it conducive to the ends of justice, that every man, however palpably unjust his cause be, should have such support to it.

"To the argument, that the Advocate is not the Judge, and therefore that he is not responsible for his judgment on the merits of the case, the Moralist will reply, that every man is, in an unofficial sense, by being a moral agent a Judge of right and wrong, and an Advocate of what is right; and is, so far, bound to be just in his judgments, and sincere in his exhortations. This general character of a moral agent he cannot put off, by putting on any professional character. Every man, when he advocates a case in which morality is concerned, has an influence upon his hearers, which arises from the belief that he shares the moral

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sentiments of all mankind. This influence of his supposed morality is one of his possessions; which, like all his possessions, he is bound to use for moral ends. If he mix up his character as an Advocate with his character as a Moral Agent, using his moral influence for the Advocate's purpose, he acts immorally. He makes the Moral Rule subordinate to the Professional Rule. He sells to his Client, not only his skill and learning, but himself. He makes it the Supreme Object of his life to be, not a good man, but a successful Lawyer.

"If it be alleged, that, by allowing the difference of his professional and unprofessional character to be seen in his pleading, the Advocate will lose his influence with his hearers; the Moralist will reply, that he ought not to have an influence which arises from a false representation of himself; and that, if he employ the influence of his unprofessional character, he is bound, in the use of it, to unprofessional Rules of Duty.

"The Advocate must look upon his Profession, like every other endowment and possession, as an Instrument, which he must use for the purposes of Morality. To act rightly is his proper object: to succeed as an Advocate is a proper object, only so far as it is consistent with the former. To cultivate his Moral being is his highest end; to cultivate his Professional eminence is a subordinate aim.

"But further; not only is the Advocate to cultivate and practise his profession in subordination to moral ends, and to reject its Rules where they are inconsistent with this subordination; but moreover, there belong to him moral ends which regard his Profession; namely, to make it an Institution fitted to promote Morality. He must seek so to shape its Rules, and so to alter them if need be, that they shall be subservient to the Rules of Duty. To raise and purify the character of the Advocate's profession, so that it may answer the ends of justice, without requiring insincerity in the Advocate, is a proper aim for a good man who is a Lawyer;—a purpose on which he may well and worthily employ his efforts and his influence."—Vol. I., pp. 282–285.

The lamentable carelessness and levity with which otherwise conscientious men and women often treat the preliminaries to the marriage contract, the rashness with which the most sacred of promises is frequently made, the breach of that promise in multiplied instances because it ought never to have been made, attach a deep solemnity of interest to the passages which follow.

"Promises of Marriage often give rise to doubts and fears; for

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the Promise implies much;—no less than affection and general community of interests during a whole life. A person may well hesitate before giving such a promise, and having given it, may fear whether he is not engaging for more than he can perform. But on the other hand, the Promise, sincerely given, leads to its own fulfilment; for affection grows, in virtue of the confidence which such an engagement establishes between the parties; the marriage union adds new ties to those which drew them together; and the progress of a well conducted married life makes conjugal affection continue as a habit.

"But the intention of fulfilling the engagement in this sense, and the belief of a power to do so, can alone render it right to make the Promise. A Promise of Marriage, though made, cannot morally be carried into effect by him who does not intend thus to perform the engagement, or who despairs of doing so. If, before the Marriage takes place, he find the germ of conjugal affection wanting in his heart, the course of Duty is, to withdraw from entering upon the immoral condition of a mere external conjugal union. But still, in doing this, he violates a most serious Relative Duty to the person thus deceived. She may have to accuse him of no less an injury than the blighted hopes and ruined happiness of her whole life. To a man of any moral feeling, or even of any natural feeling, the remorse of having done such a wrong, by the promise of affection and livelong companionship, must be intense. And his shame also must be profound: for he may be supposed to have well examined his heart before he made the promise; and if his affections be so dark to himself, or so fickle, that, in spite of his self-examination, he has remained so long in error, and has been led to such a false step at last; how can he hope ever to be justified in making a like engagement with another person? A life of remorse and shame would be the proper sequel to such a fault.

. . . . .

"Without there being an absolute Promise of Marriage, there are often manifest suggestions of such a common purpose, between man and woman, which lead to difficulties of the same kind. In all countries, and especially in countries in which men and women are left free, in a great measure, to choose for themselves their partners in married life, marriage is the great event of life; it is the point to which the thoughts and imaginations, the hopes and designs, of the young of both sexes, constantly tend. This is still more particularly the case with women; inasmuch as their social position depends mainly upon that of the husband. Hence, the manner and behaviour of young men and young women have a frequent reference, tacit or open, to the possibility

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of engagements of marriage among them. Conversation, of almost any kind, may disclose features of character and disposition, by which one heart may be drawn to another; and indications of such inclination may be given, in all degrees, from the slightest to the most marked. Among such a variety of elements, it may often be doubtful how far such marks of preference, on the one side and on the other, may be equivalent to an Offer of Marriage, or to an Engagement. Nor can any general Rule be laid down; for much must depend upon the conventions of society. But we may say, in general, that Morality requires of us a most serious and reverent estimate of the marriage state, and of the union of heart and community of moral purpose by which the parties ought to be drawn together. Any behaviour, therefore, which, while it appears to tend to such a purpose, is really frivolous and unmeaning, or prompted only by vanity, or love of amusement, is at variance with Duty. Such behaviour is a very unfit portion of a life which has our Moral Culture for its constant purpose; and which looks upon the prospect of marriage, and the tone of intercourse with women, as means to this end." — Vol. I., pp. 287 – 290.

Cases of necessity are next discussed, — cases in which one is prompted to violate common rules and duties under the pressure of extreme danger or fear, whether for himself or others. It is useless to lay down maxims of conduct for such cases; for the course which an individual will take under a sudden emergency will depend for the most part on his previous moral culture, — on the intensity of his regard for the class of duties which self-preservation or sympathy with the person endangered would tempt him to violate. But when under such circumstances an essentially immoral act is committed, the moral nature receives a severe shock, and the moral progress is for the moment suspended. Yet the shock may be transient, and the progress may be resumed with but brief interruption; for a temptation, which is not likely to recur, and which was yielded to in a paroxysm of dread, will probably do much less harm than a temptation to some transgression of far inferior magnitude, met and yielded to in the common course of the daily life. Sometimes the violation of common rules in a case of necessity is connected with signal self-devotion and self-sacrifice. It then becomes an *heroic* act, and may be attended with manifestations of character which will compel the admiration of the sternest moralist, while still, as it violates these general rules of mo-

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rality, which cannot be regarded with excessive reverence, he is unable to present it for approval and imitation.

Ignorance and error are often deemed to render wrong actions excusable. The first question, however, is, whether the ignorance or the error was unavoidable, or whether it resulted from the neglect of the duty of self-culture, or from the lack of investigation or caution as to the case in hand. In the latter alternative, the wrong action deserves no less censure than if it had been committed with full consciousness of the wrong, though the blame attaches itself to antecedent steps rather than to the ultimate act. Unavoidable ignorance or error may exist either with reference to the external *facts* which furnish the occasion for the wrong action, or with reference to the supreme *law* of actions as applicable to the case in hand. Ignorance or mistake as to facts which we have not the means of knowing, even though it leads to deeds essentially wrong, can imply no personal guilt, nor can it do any injury to the moral nature. The man who purchases stolen goods, under circumstances not adapted to excite suspicion as to their ownership, incurs neither blame nor harm. But ignorance of the law of duty, however involuntary, if not blameworthy, still is not harmless. It implies a suspended or inverted moral culture; and the wrong acts which flow from such ignorance tend to cloud over the conceptions of right and duty, to deepen vicious tendencies of the moral nature, and to lead the individual farther and farther from that conformity to the supreme law in which consists the supreme good. Thus in the divine government we recognize the workings of those cardinal maxims of human jurisprudence, "*Ignorantia facti excusat; ignorantia juris non excusat.*"

Nations and communities, as well as individuals, have their own standards of right and wrong, more or less conformed to the supreme law; and these standards are generally progressive, as, with growing intelligence, moral conceptions gradually become clearer and clearer. We can conceive of no settled human society, without the distinct and well established conception of the general rights of person and property. Equally essential is the conception of the State, as legitimately sovereign and the guardian of individual rights. But the state may be invested with its supremacy and sacredness, before rights in general are distinctly defined and circum-

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scribed ; and in that case the state will sanction many alleged rights founded on injustice. As the state advances in moral culture, it will perceive the arbitrary and wrongful origin of titles, distinctions, and immunities thus founded, and will aim gradually to remedy the inequalities established by ancient prescription and usage. But it cannot do this suddenly, or except stepwise and by prospective legislation ; for what was arbitrary at the outset may have become relatively right by the historical sanction of long consent and habit ; and the hasty reversion of historical precedents, the righting, in paroxysms of strong moral feeling, of wrongs established by immemorial prescription, would break up the continuity of a state, destroy its identity, unhinge the confidence of its citizens, and unsettle the mutual understandings on which they had been wont to base their contracts and their enterprises. Law, therefore, in a well constituted community, will always, in its progress, keep somewhat in the rear of the national conception of justice. "Law, who must constantly travel on towards justice, must always have some part of her journey yet to perform." But on this intervening ground some crushingly hard individual cases may arise, — cases for which the law in its present condition provides no remedy, but which the sense of justice in the community will not suffer to remain unremedied. This space is covered by *equity jurisdiction*, which exists in some form in every enlightened community, and which always marks the next steps which law will take in its progress onward towards the supreme rule of right. As man's moral nature developes itself in the lapse of time, the conception of humanity, as a principle requiring each individual to own in others the same rights which he claims for himself, acquires definiteness, consistency, and universality. Humanity points constantly to an equality of civil rights, and thus to the emancipation and enfranchisement of whatever classes of men, as serfs or slaves, may have been interdicted from the free exercise of some or all of these rights. The laws of a state, with their retributive sanctions, are among the chief means of establishing, and may be highly instrumental in elevating, the national standard of morality. It is not their only function to command or forbid express acts ; but they perform a most important part in the moral education of the people. They impress certain characteristics of good and of evil on the acts which they

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command, permit, and forbid. By their scale of punishments, they graduate the guilt of different crimes, and thus affect the relative estimate in which different vices and their opposite virtues are held by the great body of the people, who never become criminally amenable to the laws. This teaching of the laws combines with the moral education which children receive from their parents and instructers, and with that which results from the self-culture of individuals more advanced in life; so that laws which there is seldom occasion to execute may exert an incalculable influence in creating and sustaining the state of general sentiment which makes them seem otiant and superfluous.

We would here pause and ask, whether this last consideration has the weight which it deserves in the proceedings of legislative bodies, and in the discussions designed to influence them. Humane and philanthropic reformers are constantly demanding a mitigation of legal penalties, on the plea, that such mitigation, especially if the administration of justice be rendered sure and prompt, will still leave punishments sufficiently severe to exercise a salutary restraint upon evil-doers. They maintain a perpetual protest against punishments more severe than are absolutely necessary for the prevention of crime. We agree with them that punishments should be limited by this essential end. But it is not the vicious portion of the community that is chiefly affected by them. Depraved men are too much under the influence of their passions, to calculate coolly the chances or the degrees of penalty which they are going to incur. Most great crimes are committed under the impulse of overmastering desires or enmities, which render the malefactor reckless of consequences. The prevention of crime is an end much more likely to be attained among those who have their characters yet to form, and who will grow into the tone of feeling which pervades the statute book. When in England the killing of a man might be atoned for by a fine, while the knocking down of a deer by an unqualified person was a capital offence, multitudes of youth grew up with a much more sacred reverence for the royal forests than for human life, and the stain of "blood-guiltiness" was regarded by the whole community as slight and transient. In our own country, fraudulent bankruptcy and some of the more genteel forms of swindling are looked upon with a leniency of judgment which is train-

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ing young men in all our commereial cities for lives of dishonesty ; and this mainly because the law has failed to set its penal brand of reprobation upon these practices. On the other hand, there are forms of impurity and unnatural vice, that used to be unblushingly practised and gloried in before the Christian era, but which have almost died out of Christendom, not because few reach the depth of depravity which renders these crimes possible, but because the severest penalties stand written against them in the statute books of every civilized nation. The judicious philanthropist will wish not for mild, but for just punishments. He will desire to see the moral scale as distinctly recognized in the penalties which society inflicts on the guilty, as it is in the instructions of the Christian family or pulpit ; and will be contented that those crimes which imply an abnegation of common humanity should be visited (whether by death or by hopeless imprisonment) with the perpetual excision of the offending member from the body politic.

It was conclusively shown in our January number, that capital punishment is neither necessary for the prevention of the last steps of crime, nor effectual in the prevention of the crimes to which it is attached. The question remains, whether it may not be needed for the moral education of the community at large, in order to sustain a general and profound sense of the sacredness of human life, and of that purity in the weaker sex, which is to be regarded as dearer than life. And we say unhesitatingly, that, if imprisonment nominally for life is to continue what it now is in our country, a brief restraint, almost sure to be terminated by the irresponsible and ill-judged clemency of the executive, or, yet worse, to be bought off by money or by votes, we cannot afford to have the death-penalty removed. This sham imprisonment does not brand with sufficient ignominy those outrageous crimes which ought to be held in universal detestation. But could certain classes of criminals be made civilly dead, beyond the possibility of restoration except by new evidence casting doubt upon their guilt, we will then grant that the community may give added sanction to the sacredness of human life by forbidding its violation even by the stern hand of public justice.

But to return to our author. We have followed him so far as morality can go without new light and added sanctions

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from a higher source of authority. Man's intuitive moral conceptions cannot but identify duty with happiness. But the connection is often apparently interrupted, and at best but dimly traced. Expediency and right often seem to point to divergent paths ; and the temptation is strong, and frequently irresistible, to pursue happiness in opposition to the dictates of moral principle. Here morality seeks the aid of religion. The idea of God becomes unfolded and fixed, in the course of man's intellectual and moral progress. The evidences of design in the outward creation, the structure and powers of the human soul lead irresistibly to the belief of a supreme First Cause. The harmonious course of nature points to an unceasing Providence. The creature cannot but feel himself the subject, and thus learns to regard the moral law, as enacted by the universal Creator and Governor. The system and course of nature also abound with traces of a benevolent purpose, and indicate the happiness of his creatures as the will of the Creator. Here, then, is found the desired thread that connects duty and happiness. If the moral law is the law of God, it must be a law of supreme benevolence, and obedience to it cannot fail in every instance to promote human happiness ; and if this end cannot always be traced in the present life, there are numerous analogies that point to a future state of being in which it may be fully attained.

These ideas of natural religion, when established, prepare the way for the reception of revealed religion ; and in the history of the world we find a series of well authenticated revelations, of which the central, or rather the culminating, point is the advent of Jesus Christ. His teachings expound the supreme law of duty, sanction it by promises extending into the boundless future, establish the identity of duty and happiness, and prescribe new means and offer new aids for man's moral progress. Taking the divine origin of Christianity for granted, Dr. Whewell brings together the precepts of our Saviour and his Apostles with reference to the several classes of duties previously discussed ; and the chapters devoted to this synopsis consist of the express words of Scripture, with only here and there a connecting or explanatory sentence.

But religion not only sanctions the obligations of natural morality ; it prescribes a new class of duties, of which God is the object and the centre, — duties of reverence,

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worship, praise, and prayer. Nay, more, it makes God the object of all other duties, and prescribes their performance as an essential portion of the homage which we owe to him. As religious truth is simply an outline of the actual relations of moral beings to each other and their Creator, of course religious belief is essential to the full moral culture of each individual, and without it, he must omit the discharge of many positive and essential duties. To religious unbelief or error, then, are applicable the same principles which were laid down as to ignorance or error with regard to the moral law. Unbelief, in consequence of the lack of suitable religious teaching, is a misfortune as regards the moral nature, arresting its progress at a very low point, if not inverting it; while unbelief, with ample means of ascertaining the truth, is necessarily blameworthy. Religious belief being thus essential to man's moral progress and well-being, there results the duty of *Christian edification*, or mutual religious improvement, which suggests a system of social means for the acknowledgment, the preservation, and the diffusion of religious truth, for the initiation of the young and ignorant, and for the embodiment of Christian ideas in men's social relations and intercourse. That these supremely important ends may be adequately answered, they must not be left to the random and fickle impulses of irresponsible individuals; but they demand an *established system of means*. Such means are Christian ordinances. Our author enumerates four sources of rules for Christian ordinances; namely, Natural Piety, Early Revelation, Apostolic Institution, and Catholic Tradition.

These sources we readily admit, with a qualification, to which he would undoubtedly assent, by which we would assign to early revelation and Catholic tradition the mere office of interpreting and authenticating apostolic institution. Thus, for instance, we would defend *infant baptism*, not on the mere ground that the circumcision of infants was practised under the Jewish revelation, and that the baptism of infants comes down to us sanctioned by the unvarying practice of the early church, but because these facts render it morally certain that infants were included in the apostolic institution. In addition to these sources, the right is claimed for each national church of regulating the forms and details of ordinances, where they are not specially prescribed, — a right which none will question where a national church exists.

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Under the head of Christian ordinances, Dr. Whewell treats of the Lord's day, the consecration of places of worship, forms of prayer, baptism, the Lord's Supper, marriage and funeral rites, oaths, and the Christian ministry. As a member of the Church of England, he of course decides in favor of forms of public prayer, though he has reinforced the exceedingly jejune argument from authority by few of those obvious collateral considerations, on which, in the absence of express command or institution, the stress of the discussion ought to rest, and on which it is no difficult task to defend the expediency of an established liturgy. He also defends the distinction of orders in the ministry, and the vesting of the exclusive right to ordination in the bishops; but evidently takes ground with the Evangelical party (so called) in his own church, in that he says not a word of the apostolic succession, and denies the alleged priestly character and office of the Christian ministry.

We pass now to the chapters which treat of Polity. The state is defined to be "a necessary society," existing, "in the order of reasoning," before the individual, that is, involving conditions of being without which man could not live as man. The state, thus endowed with underived and inherent attributes, is represented not merely as the guaranty, but as the source, of individual rights, and as deriving its own rights not from any social contract or from cession by its individual members, but from an *a priori* necessity. The state, it is said, cannot be conceived of as divested of these rights; and they are rights *sui generis*, such as can never in any sense or degree have belonged to individuals, — nay, some of them such as it would be grossly immoral for any individual or body of men, considered apart from that abstraction, *the State*, to claim and exercise. These rights (in addition to the general rights of government) are "the right to the national territory; the right of war and peace; the right of capital punishment; and the right of imposing oaths." Corresponding to these rights are the obligations of self-preservation, of national defence, of upholding law, and repressing sedition.

Now we are constrained to regard this whole statement as a specimen of special pleading for certain established usages of states, which no recognized moral principles can justify. The author is sufficiently aware that individuals have no right to murder or to plunder their enemies; he traces no

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charter for such privileges either in natural morality or in revelation ; and in order to legitimate them for nations, he is driven to regard the state as a distinct, nondescript personality, devoid of human attributes and responsibleness, half God, half devil. But admitting for a moment this vague abstraction, whence are we to infer its rights or its duties ? If it have rights not analogous to those of individuals, and over and above those included in man's intuitive conception of government and of social order, they are rights which cannot be brought to the forum of conscience, or tested by moral principle. How, then, shall it be ascertained that they are rights, and not mere facts ? They are legitimated solely by their existence ; for they are not necessary facts, — we can conceive of government and social order as existing independently of them. Are we not, then, on our author's ground, driven to the conclusion, that, in the constitution of the state, "whatever is, is *right*," and in earlier ages would not the same mode of reasoning have legitimated slavery, despotism, and the slaughter of women and children in time of war ?

The state, so far from being an *a priori* conception, is an after-growth of society, and may be traced historically from its origin through every stage of its progress. Government is indeed an essential condition of society, and the "virtues of order" are the dictates of natural morality. But in the earliest times, the functions of government were exercised by the father of each separate household, and then by the centre of regard and influence (whether on the score of age or character) in each larger family group. Under this simple organization, men acquired property, both movable and immovable, by individual acts of appropriation, while all was free and there was room for all, and by the proceeds of their own industry ; and this property was secured to the owners, not by virtue of an imagined lease from the family or tribe, or from its head, but by an intuitive sense of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, which induced every man to respect his neighbour's property, that his own might be respected in turn. As men's mutual transactions grew complicated, and as the collateral branches from the same common stock became too numerous and too widely separated to cherish equal regard for every individual patriarch or leader on merely personal grounds, some more stringent form of government became necessary ; and at this epoch men began to resign,

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whether by express or tacit consent, such portions of their individual rights as were necessary for the mutual protection of the residue. There were certain relations and functions in which a community had to stand and act unitedly, if at all; and the central authority, under whatever name, was endowed with powers requisite to occupy those relations and discharge those functions. This process took place in different ways, under the control of varying circumstances. Where there was a single individual of overmastering influence and character, he was enabled to avail himself of the exigencies of his associates, so as to usurp the powers that needed to be vested somewhere; and thus was laid the foundation of the early despotisms. Where there were none or many possessed of these commanding traits, the general voice was more distinctly recognized in the organization of the state; and the governments thus formed bore and transmitted strongly marked features of freedom. But in both cases, the acquiescence of the people must have been implied in the origin of the state.

In confirmation of the position, that landed property is not necessarily derived from the state, but may exist prior to the development of a state organization, we might appeal to the existing condition of things among the aborigines of New South Wales. Their tribes have no recognized chiefs; but the only authority is that exercised by the fathers of separate families, and by the elders of each tribe, through the influence which age and wisdom may give. There is no central source of power, — no authorized and recognized headship or magistracy, — nothing that corresponds to the idea of a sovereign state with underived rights of its own. Yet we have assurance from various independent authorities of the existence of landed property among these people, under the guaranty of their intuitive sense of right. We quote the following from a recent work of Mr. Eyre, for twelve years a resident magistrate in the colony, and the enterprising explorer of a large portion of the Australian continent.

"As far as my own observation has extended, I have found that particular districts, having a radius, perhaps, of from ten to twenty miles, or, in other cases, varying according to local circumstances, are considered generally as being the property and hunting-grounds of the tribes that frequent them. These districts are again parcelled out among the individual members of

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the tribe. Every male has some portion of land of which he can point out the distinct boundaries. These properties are subdivided by a father among his own sons during his lifetime, and descend almost in hereditary succession. A man can dispose of, or barter, his land to others; but a female never inherits, nor has primogeniture among the sons any peculiar rights or advantages."

Here we have an instance in which property in land, even without occupancy for tillage or for permanent dwellings, is protected by the natural sense of right and order. Should these tribes become civilized, instead of being exterminated, we shall witness the growing up in the midst of each tribe, or group of tribes, of some central organization and seat of power, in which will become vested those protective rights and duties over individual property, which are now left to private good faith and mutual justice.

We would therefore elect "the social contract," as the formula that most nearly embodies the facts connected with the formation of organized governments. Not that a contract in express form was ever made between the members of an infant state; but in every instance, there must have been an implied mutual understanding tantamount to a contract. And in every instance, men yielded to the central authority certain supposed rights, which it was no longer possible for them to exercise personally without the violent and prolonged disturbance of social order. These supposed rights corresponded to their degree of moral culture. Certain rights (that of *way*, for instance) over other men's estates had become necessary for the use and enjoyment of one's own estate; and these were necessarily yielded to the government, in which they will always remain vested, to prevent undue encroachment and unceasing litigation. The right of war was also yielded to the state, not as a matter of divine and necessary right; but because wild, rude men had at first conducted their own quarrels with the arms which nature gave, but could do so no longer, on account of the multitude of confederates that could be readily enlisted on either side. The right of capital punishment was in like manner yielded to the state, because men had from the first exercised the right of private retaliation, even to blood for blood; but such practices could no longer be continued, without doing perpetual violence to the growing sense of justice and order. In process of time, the right of imposing oaths became vested in the state

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(where it belongs, if anywhere), because, from the legitimate or factitious sanctity attached to this ceremony, it was possible for private combinations of men, united by extra-legal oaths, to disturb or outrage the public tranquillity.

According to the view which we have now presented, a state is to be regarded as a body of individuals so combined under the essential principles of social order, and by an organization based upon those principles, as to constitute a political unit, and to act as such for the joint protection of individual rights, and for the maintenance of suitable relations with other political units. The state, then, can have no rights which the people cannot give; nor can it have a moral code exclusively its own. Political organization cannot make wrong right, or evil good. Men cannot do guiltlessly, in their corporate capacity, deeds which they are forbidden to do singly. The *existing rights* of a state will, indeed, be determined by the degree of moral culture to which the people have attained; but its *real* rights must needs be commensurate with the supreme rule of right.

Let us now look separately at the rights claimed for the state by our author. The first is a right to the national territory. It is alleged, that individuals derive their rights to special property in land from the state. We have shown, however, that individual property in land existed prior to any distinct political organization. The state, indeed, regulates the descent and alienation of national property; but it does this in such a way as to perfect, not to invade, individual rights. If men wish to sell or bequeath their lands, the state prescribes forms by which the will of the seller or testator can take effect without the suspicion of mistake or fraud; and with reference to the landed property of intestates, it simply carries out the prevalent idea of rightful descent. A state which should depart from this course, and enact laws which obstructed the right of transfer or bequest, or impeded the mode of natural descent most in accordance with the ideas of the nation, would be regarded as chargeable with the most arrant despotism, even though important public ends were the alleged plea; but such laws would be within the legitimate scope of a state which had a right to the national territory. The state, indeed, appropriates the land of individuals for public uses; but this is a power requisite for the perfecting of individual rights; for what would private

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property be worth, without means of intercommunication adapted to the condition and the direction of business and markets? But in these cases, the sacredness of private property is recognized both by the imminent necessity, which is held to be the only justifying cause for a procedure seemingly arbitrary, and by the full remuneration tendered for the property taken. In no nation that has made any sensible advancement in civilization would a government dare to perform any acts that implied public ownership of the whole country; and we feel constrained to regard such ownership as an unauthorized figment.

The right of war comes next on the list. This right will undoubtedly be claimed and exercised, so long as Christian nations rest in their present imperfect degree of moral culture. But if, by the supreme law of duty, individuals are bound to love their enemies, and to overcome evil with good, we are unable to perceive how they can be authorized in their corporate capacity to hate their enemies, and to overcome evil by inflicting greater evil. In war, states command, compel, individuals to commit the very acts which are forbidden to individuals by the moral law. They constrain their subjects to become thieves and murderers. It is said, indeed, that there is no tribunal before which nations can plead their rights and prosecute their claims. There is indeed none; but can we not conceive of such a tribunal, created by the joint consent of nations recognizing the same moral standard, and its decisions enforced by a public opinion pervading those nations to such a degree as to render them inviolable? Or, without such a tribunal, may not the progress of moral sentiment render arbitration the established mode of settling national disputes, especially as in the same progress the conduct of nations will be marked by a uniform reference to justice and good faith, so as to render the differences between them few, slight, and easy of adjustment?

But what is to be done in case of a wanton invasion of the territory of a nation that has committed no aggressive act and sanctioned no aggressive measure? We might fairly doubt the possibility of such an event. But supposing it to take place, and supposing the invading army to be forcibly repelled, still the seeming necessity of such a measure does not settle the question of abstract right. The case is a case of necessity, corresponding to those cases in which an indi-

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vidual is constrained to kill another to save his own life. The nation invaded may not have attained a sufficient degree of moral culture to submit to quiet martyrdom, — to suffer all wrong rather than do wrong; and the violent acts by which the invasion is repelled would be regarded by the moralist with great leniency. Yet still they would produce the reflex consequences that were enumerated as flowing from the violation of ordinary moral rules in cases of individual necessity. The national morality would receive a violent shock. The moral progress of the nation would be arrested and inverted. The laws of private duty would be outraged in multitudes of instances, and for a series of years. Idleness and profligacy would make rapid inroads; the sanctions of religion would be weakened; and the nation, when restored to tranquillity, would demand an intense and prolonged concentration of its energies to repair the moral waste and desolation that had followed in the train of war. Such consequences have confessedly flowed from the most righteous wars. The demoralizing effects of the war of our Revolution lasted for more than one generation, and were most intensely felt and most deeply deplored by many of those whose sense of duty made them prominent in its counsels and transactions. But if war must, in the course of Providence, be uniformly attended with these calamitous results, though we may admit that it is sometimes necessary in the existing condition of moral sentiment, and though we yield to none in the honor which we would render to those who, believing in its necessity, engage in it from purely patriotic motives, we cannot defend it as in accordance with the supreme rule of right.

We would apply similar principles to the alleged right of capital punishment. The death of another may be the incidental, undesigned result of the lawful measures by which an individual prosecutes his own rights; and in that case the manslayer is undoubtedly guiltless. In like manner, death may sometimes be the incidental, undesigned result of the lawful measures of a government in protecting the rights of its citizens. For government must needs be possessed of sufficient physical force to serve as a last resort in the execution of its laws, and in the restraint of malefactors; and physical force must have for its basis the possibility of violent death to him who resists it; — otherwise a desperate individual might keep a whole nation at bay. But if a person

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thus loses his life, there is no need, in order to justify the state, to claim for it the right of disobeying the law, "Thou shalt not kill"; for in this case the state does not mean to kill, — nay, does not kill; the contumacious member rushes with suicidal madness against the public sword, and "his blood is upon his own head." A condition of things is also supposable, in which, from the difficulty of keeping the most dangerous subjects in perpetual restraint, or from the impossibility of preventing certain classes of crimes by a less fearful penalty, a state might deem itself constrained to annex capital punishment to these crimes. In this case, while we might not condemn capital punishment, we could not defend it on the ground of abstract right; but should regard it as a case of necessity. And we should expect to trace in every instance in which capital punishment was thus inflicted, in a larger or narrower circle, the consequences resulting from the suspension of moral rules in cases of necessity. In point of fact, such consequences are to be invariably traced in connection with the gallows. Whatever effect the execution of a criminal may have upon the community at large, it is always morally calamitous in its immediate vicinity, outraging the moral sensibility of many, letting loose the fiercest and vilest passions of many more, and often succeeded by anomalous and unaccountable instances of violence and suicide, that are to be referred to no other cause. For these reasons, and in the absence of any principle of natural morality or any divine command conveying such a right, we should be slow in giving the right of capital punishment a place among the absolute rights of the state.

We pass over the remaining right, of imposing oaths, and come to the subsequent chapters of the work, which present a summary view of the progress of government, and of the history of the Roman and the English constitution. The chief *desideratum* in a government is the union of the two elements of order and freedom in such proportions, that each member of the state shall have the largest liberty consistent with the rights of others. But, until this union is effected, order and freedom present themselves as opposite polarities, towards one of which the state gravitates, till it is repelled towards the other. These oscillations are violent and convulsive in the infancy of states; but gradually become less and less so, with the growth of intelligence and of moral sentiment,

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by which those who hold the reins of government become indoctrinated with principles of liberty, while the subject classes learn to revere order as an essential condition of the highest social good. In England, as we infer from the terms of unqualified approbation in which the English constitution is described, the oscillations have ceased, and order and freedom have leaped from their opposite poles into inseparable union. But before we admit this statement in full, we should like to learn the opinions of the manufacturing operatives, the poorer tenantry, and the colliers of England, and to collect the suffrages of Ireland.

The state, considered as a moral personality, not only has rights and obligations, but is also capable of virtue, and subject to positive laws of duty. The duties of the state are accordingly laid down, in correspondence with each of the cardinal virtues. The chapters devoted to this summary contain little that demands animadversion, and constitute for the most part a faultless and most admirable compend of political morality. But the duty of providing for the moral education of the people naturally suggests the subject of ecclesiastical establishments. Here the author examines cursorily, and rejects, the polity of indifference to religion on the part of government, that of protection extended to various sects, and that of ecclesiastico-secular supremacy ; and of course makes the argument turn triumphantly in favor of an established national church. It would be idle for us to join issue with him on this point ; for we can have no American readers who need to be convinced of the expediency and duty of affording equal protection to all forms of Christian belief, and all classes of conscientious worshippers. And were we writing for a Transatlantic public, we would simply ask leave to place side by side the ecclesiastical statistics of Great Britain and of the older American States, and would then submit the case without argument.

The closing book of the work before us treats of international law. It is brief and hurried. It barely marks out the ground covered by this designation, enumerates the points that have become settled by usage, prescription, and authority, and indicates the more numerous points still *sub lite*. The author enters into no discussion, gives no opinion of his own, and makes no reference to any absolute standard of right. This portion of the work, therefore, affords no

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scope for comment; and for a synopsis of it, we refer the reader to the table of contents, rather than extend our article by copying it.

In commencing the perusal of this work, our first emotion was that of disappointment. We felt that we were passing over ground as familiar to us as the alphabet, renewing discussions that had been settled long before our manhood, and at the same time gliding over, with hardly a reference to them, those deep questions which the logomachy of centuries still leaves unfathomed. But we have read the work through with growing gratitude to the author for the distinctness of his definitions, for the transparency of his statements, for his accuracy in the use of terms, and for the minuteness and thoroughness of his analysis of moral ideas and conceptions. He has given new clearness and definiteness to truths which we thought that we had fully apprehended before, has interpreted elements of self-consciousness which were vague and dim, and has embodied in appropriate and available forms of speech glimpses and glimmerings of thought which we could not have written down. He has furnished and strengthened us for the work that he has left undone; and no one, who would gird himself for the investigation of the more difficult and complex portions of moral science, could fail to derive the highest benefit from his labors. Yet the work has some decided faults and repulsive features. It is often needlessly minute and tediously prolix. It abounds in repetitions. The same topic is frequently treated with but little variation of detail, under different heads, when a reference to a former chapter would have been sufficient. Condensation to two thirds of its present bulk would make the work much more readable, without any sacrifice of perspicuity, or the suppression of a single essential thought or statement.

We have said that Dr. Whewell generally stops short at the English point of moral progress. He seems perfectly satisfied with the present English standard of morality, government, and law. The chief deficiency of the work is, that, while it exhibits the great principles on which all the future moral attainments of the race must be based, there is nothing prospective in its details, — no graduated view of the successive steps yet to be taken, — no specification of rules by which its fundamental principles are to be yet more fully embodied and more perfectly realized. In the distinc-

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tively Anglican tone and character of his book, the author has given us an undesigned commentary on one of his own favorite topics, — the agency of a state, through its institutions and laws, in the moral education of its subjects. He has illustrated the tendency of the great body of intelligent and virtuous fellow-citizens to move onward *pari passu* towards a higher moral standard. He has shown us how difficult it is, even for a highly enlightened and devout mind, to rise above the average tone of sentiment and feeling of those with whom his social and national sympathies are all bound up. We have thus been led to discern more clearly and to feel more deeply the obligation resting upon those who think that they have attained higher views and a more perfect standard, not to veil the light that is in them, but to make themselves the heaven-appointed leaders of their fellows to a loftier stage of moral progress and attainment.

In reading this book, we have often been reminded of the world-wide difference between the Englishman supremely satisfied with every thing that is English, and the American constantly finding fault with every thing that is American; and our preference is most decidedly for the latter mood of mind. It results in part from the consciousness of power. The Englishman found his constitution ready made to his hands, and he could not hope to remodel it. Our constitution is still in the process of formation, its documentary provisions liable to change, its unwritten construction on many points still mooted; and every citizen may have his voice in determining what it shall be, and how it shall be interpreted. Then, too, this fault-finding with our institutions corresponds with the healthful exercise of repentance for individual misdoings and shortcomings. It indicates an active sense of the possibility of something truer and better, and a latent but constant reference to the supreme standard of right. It is the spirit of progress. It is born of our political freedom; and will give itself no rest, till it has attained the highest liberty under the most perfect supremacy of law.

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ART. II. — 1. *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare.* With Notes. By CHARLES LAMB. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 16mo. pp. 448.

2. *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 16mo. pp. 216.

AMONG the English critics of the present century, none was entitled to speak with more authority of the Old English Dramatists than Charles Lamb. His letters and essays show that his choicest hours were spent in their company. Their scenes and characters did not merely pass before his mind for review, but seemed to run into his blood and imagination, and blend with his life. He was the representative of the Elizabethan age to the nineteenth century, and enforced the claims of his stalwart veterans to attention with a nicety of criticism which had the sureness of a fine instinct. The notes to his Specimens, quaint, keen, and short, are good examples of penetrating and interpretative criticism. The fine fusion in Lamb's mind of humor and imagination gives to these meagre notices a peculiar raciness and sweetness, unlike most retrospective criticism. Marlowe, Decker, Webster, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, were not to him mere names of persons who once existed, but he had a genial sense of their presence, as he bent lovingly over their time-stained pages. Their hearts and imaginations spoke directly to his own; theirs were the old, familiar faces, known from his youth upwards. We conceive of him, at times, as being present at the wit contests at the Mermaid, and as feeling the "words of subtile flame" which flashed from the lips of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher. From his realization of them as persons, he was less likely to exaggerate their merits as authors. He saw them as they were in their lives, and judged them as a kindly contemporary spirit. Consequently, his volume of Specimens is infused with the very soul of the time; and it may be set down as one of the most fascinating of compilations.

The Lectures of Hazlitt on the same period are a good counterpart to Lamb's book. They display more than his usual strength, acuteness, and eloquence, with less than the

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usual acerbities of his temper. His stern, sharp analysis pierces and probes the subject down through the surface to the centre ; and it is exercised in a more kindly spirit than is common with him. His volume is enriched with delicious quotations. Hazlitt had a profound appreciation of the elder dramatists, though a less social feeling for them than Lamb ; and their characteristic excellences drew from him some of his heartiest bursts of eloquent panegyric. From his Lectures and Lamb's Specimens the general reader would be likely to gain a more vivid notion of the intellectual era they commemorate, than from any other sources, except the originals themselves.

The period of time in which those whom we call the Old English Dramatists flourished runs from the middle of the reign of Elizabeth to the Great Rebellion, — about sixty years. The most brilliant portion of this period was the reign of James the First. The drama commenced with Buckhurst, and died out in Shirley. In the intervening time, we have the names of Marlowe, Shakspeare, Webster, Decker, Tourneur, Heywood, Middleton, Chapman, Ben Jonson, Marston, Massinger, Ford, and Beaumont and Fletcher, — a constellation of genius, which, in power and variety, in imagination, passion, fancy, wit, sense, philosophy, character, nature, is unexampled in the intellectual annals of the world. Bacon, Hooker, Hobbes, Browne, Cudworth, Barrow, Taylor, Napier, Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, and, we may add, Milton, may be classed in the same generation. These sixty years were most emphatically "rammed" with intellectual life. Great men, men of originating minds in different departments of literature and science, men eminent in action and speculation, men whose names ring now as sweet music in the ears of all who speak the English tongue, seemed to have been crowded and crammed into this era, "infinite riches in a little room." Yet the age was what we would call rude and coarse in its manners, the language had not been trained into a facile instrument of thought, few people were "educated," in our sense of the term, and civilization had but imperfectly done its work on the old barbarism ; and yet we doubt if external circumstances were ever more propitious to the development in a people of the greatest energies of intellect and passion.

The age to which we refer was one of vast intellectual

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and moral activity. That great movement of the European mind at the revival of letters, whose splendid results were seen in the invention of gunpowder and printing, in the Reformation, the discovery of the American continent, the overthrow of feudalism, the new importance given to the middle class, the spread of the classics, the creation of national literatures, the assertion of individual rights, and the general tendency to transfer the sceptre of influence from the soldier to the thinker, was most deeply felt in England during this period, and, as regards literature, it achieved there its mightiest triumphs. When we contrast the age with that which immediately preceded it, we seem almost to realize the vision of Milton, of a "mighty and puissant nation, rousing itself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking his invincible locks." Every thing was in motion. Great events stimulated great passions. An old order of life, with its institutions, its manners, its superstitions, was shaken to its foundations. New ideas and images were rushing into the national life from a thousand sources. Greece, Rome, Italy, Spain, poured into the one great channel their blended streams. In the vast background of the national history, in the manners and passions of the feudal age, were exhaustless materials of heroic romance. What was passing away in actual life was transferred to the imagination, to reappear idealized in poetry. The old times were sufficiently recent to be ideally apprehended. They lingered in knightly feelings and accomplishments, and shaped the highest minds of the age in a mould of heroism. An artificial civilization had neither tamed nor refined the energies of the heart. There were great diversities of culture, character, manners, ranging from extreme coarseness to high delicacy, and a corresponding external costume, which afforded the poet a wide variety of subjects, from which to select striking individualities and picturesque images. The intellect of the country was prying, inquisitive, bold, disposed to innovation, and yet creative. The understanding and the imagination were both alive and active. There was a certain fulness, roundness, and harmony of mental development in the great men of the time, which gives a character of majestic ease to their sturdiest exertions of power. None of their faculties acquired a diseased activity at the expense of the rest. It was not a time to produce Humes or Schellings in philosophy, Crabbes

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or Wordsworths in poetry. Taken altogether, it would be difficult to find a class of minds more comprehensive, profound, practical, and available. The philosophers were poets, and the poets philosophers. There was a strong development and happy equipoise of those powers which relate to actual life, and those which refer to the world of imagination. The literature of the period has body as well as soul. Things were grasped in the concrete, and so stated that their substance and vital spirit could not be separated. Great minds nursed Utopias in their capacious and far-darting imaginations, without being troubled with a diseased self-consciousness, and without whining about their circumstances. The noblest spirit of them all was an actor and manager of a theatre, who excelled all his contemporaries as much in prudence as in genius, and is one of the three professional authors of Great Britain who obtained a competence by literature. The age was not troubled with "gifted spirits," "earnest minds," or "poet-souls."

The intellectual and moral activity of which we have spoken, though it was felt in nearly all departments of philosophy, literature, and action, and produced in all magnificent results, left perhaps its most wonderful traces on the dramatic literature of the period. The originality and power of this as a mirror of life cannot be contested, however much may be said against the rudeness and inartistical shape of the majority of its products. Were a man to exhaust the literatures of all other times and nations, he could not be introduced to the English drama without being startled from the complacency of his settled tastes, and compelled to acknowledge the existence of a new province of imagination, not implied or foretold in any canons of criticism. The reading of the Old Dramatists to such a person would be like gazing at the earth's central fires through cracks in the ground made by an earthquake. He would see the nature of man revealed in its most terrible aspects of crime and suffering, — all the restraints both on depravity and virtue torn violently away, — and the heart in its naked reality laid open to view. All the conventional proprieties and even decencies of language he would find continually violated. The bad and the good, the great and the mean, wisdom and folly, mirth and grief, he would see jostling each other in seeming inextricable confusion. He would hear not only the natural language of passion,

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even to the lowest tone that the heart half whispers to itself, but that language as modified by the thousand diversities of character. Oaths and vulgarities would ring through his brain, just as some exquisite strain of poetry had died away on his ear. He would stand amazed to find so much of genius and impassioned action associated with so much flutter and rant, and perhaps would seek, in the phrase "irregular genius," a convenient passage out of astonishment into contented ignorance.

The fine audacity that distinguishes these writers has, we believe, no parallel in literature. It led often to monstrous violations of taste and probability, but it still enabled them to reach heights and sound depths, which equal powers, wielded by a less daring will, could never have achieved. We shall see, also, that, though plain to coarseness in speech when they undertook to represent coarse characters, they rarely, with the exception perhaps of Fletcher, tampered with moral laws. A good, wholesome English integrity generally underlies their vulgarities. Their works would not be so likely to corrupt the mind as some of Byron's and Moore's, for, though they represent immorality, they do not inculcate it. Their robust strength of nature preserved them from sentimentality, if not from bombast and buffoonery. Their minds breathed the bracing air of their time, — a time which would tolerate what would now be considered breaches of decorum, but would not tolerate the smaller vices of intellect and sentiment. Of course, in these remarks, as far as they touch upon gross faults, we do not mean to include Shakspeare among his brother dramatists. He excelled them all as much in judgment as in genius.

The first playhouse built in England was erected in Blackfriars, in the year 1569 or 1570 (Hallam says 1576), about twenty years before Shakspeare commenced writing for the stage. Previously to this establishment of the "regular drama," there had been three different species of theatrical representations, — miracles or mysteries, written by priests on religious subjects, and performed by them on holydays, in which, as Campbell phrases it, "Adam and Eve appeared naked, the devil displayed his horns and tail, and Noah's wife boxed the patriarch's ears before entering the ark"; — moralities, which sprang from the mysteries, and approached nearer to regular plays, their characters being composed of allegorical personi-

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fications of virtues and vices; — and free translations from the classics, performed at the inns of court, the public seminaries, and the universities.

In 1574, the queen licensed a company of actors, called the Earl of Leicester's Servants, to play throughout England, "for the recreation of her loving subjects, as for her own solace and pleasure when she should think good to see them." Theatres rapidly increased. In 1606, there were seven in London; in 1629, we believe there were seventeen. They were opposed, in an early stage of their career, by the Puritans and the graver counsellors of the sovereign. In 1583, at the time that Sir Philip Sidney published his Defence of Poesy, he could find little in their performances to approve. Though forbidden, after the year 1574, to be open on the Sabbath, the prohibition does not appear to have been effective during the reign of Elizabeth. Secretary Walsingham laments over the whole matter in this wise: — "The daily abuse of stage plays is such an offence to the godly, and so great a hindrance to the gospel, as the Papists do exceedingly rejoice at the blemish thereof; for every day in the week, the players' bills are set up in sundry places in the city, — some in the name of her Majesty's men, some of the Earl of Leicester's, some the Earl of Oxford's, the Lord Admiral's, and divers others, so that, when the bell tolls to the lecture, the trumpet sounds to the stage. The playhouses are filled, when the churches are naked. It is a woful sight to see two hundred proud players jet in their silks, when five hundred poor people starve in the streets."

As the taste for theatrical exhibitions increased, the task of providing the theatres with plays became a profession. Most of the precursors, contemporaries, and successors of Shakspeare were young men of education, who came down to the city from the universities, to provide themselves with a living by whatever cunning there was in their brain and ten fingers. Some became actors as well as writers. The remuneration of the dramatist was small. Poverty and dissoluteness seem to have characterized the pioneers of the drama. As the theatre was popular as well as fashionable, the "groundlings," who paid their sixpences for admission, had their tastes consulted. This accounts, in some degree, for the rant and vulgarity which strangely disfigure so many of the plays. The usual miseries and vices which char-

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acterize men of letters in an unlettered age, when authors are numerous and readers are few, distinguish the lives of many of the elder dramatists. Ben Jonson, in the Poetaster, makes Tucca exclaim, with a side reference to the poets of his own day, that "they are a sort of poor, starved rascals, that are ever wrapt up in foul linen; and can boast of nothing but a lean visage peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblem of beggary." We suppose this was too true a picture of many, whose minds deserved a better environment of flesh and raiment.

Of those who preceded Shakspeare, the best known names (leaving Buckhurst and Hill out of the list) are Lyly, Kyd, Nash, Greene, Lodge, and Marlowe. Much cannot be said in praise of these, if we except the latter. Lyly is full of daintiness and conceit, with sweet fancy and sentiment occasionally thrown in. He translates every thing into quaint expression. Thus, his Endymion professes that "his thoughts are *stitched* to the stars." Another of his characters looks forward to the time when "it shall please the fertility of his chin to be delivered of a beard." Peele has melody of versification, and a sort of Della-Cruscan fancy. His David and Bethsabe contains striking passages, as when Zephyr is addressed: —

> "Then deck thee with thy loose, delightsome robes,
> And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes";—

or the resolution of David: —

> "To joy her love I 'll build a kingly bower,
> *Seated in hearing of a hundred streams.*"

Kyd wrote The Spanish Tragedy, a play bad enough in itself, but singular from the additions made to it by "eminent hands." Its bombast was probably popular. Ben Jonson was one of those engaged to write additional scenes; but he has ridiculed the whole play in Every Man in his Humor, in the scene between Bobadil and Master Mathew, the town gull. Bobadil says, "I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!" Greene's death was more tragic than any thing he wrote or conceived. He is now principally remembered for having called Shakspeare "an upstart crow."

But a more potent spirit than any of these, and beyond all

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question the first in rank among the precursors of Shakspeare, was Christopher Marlowe. His "mighty line" has been celebrated by Ben Jonson; Drayton finely ascribes to him "those brave sublunary things that the first poets had"; and according to old George Chapman, —

"He stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood."

Marlowe, indeed, towers up among his contemporaries, huge, lawless, untamable, the old Adam burning fiercely within him, his frame of mind

"Betokening valor and excess of strength,"

and in his strange compound of sublimity and rant, giving an impression half way between a thunder-scarred Titan and an Alsatian bully. From the impress of perverse and turbulent power that his dramas bear, and the evident heartiness with which he deifies self-will, we may well suppose that his life diverged considerably from the strait line of the commandments. The two prominent features of his biography are exceedingly characteristic. In his life, he labored under the imputation of infidelity, and was said to have blasphemed the Holy Trinity; and he died in a tavern brawl, in 1593 or 1594, about the time that Shakspeare was writing Richard the Second. Campbell suggests, that, had Marlowe lived, Shakspeare might have had something like a competitor. This we think is too high praise; for Marlowe, with all his fire and fancy, is limited in his range of character, and stamps the image of himself on all his striking delineations. He is intense, but narrow. The central principle of his mind was self-will, and this is the bond which binds together his strangely huddled faculties. Of all English poets, he most reminds us of Byron; ruder, it may be, but at the same time more colossal in his proportions. He is a glorious old heathen, "large in heart and brain," — a fiery and fickle Goth, on whose rough and savage energies a classical culture has been piled, tossed among the taverns, and theatres, and swelling spirits of London, to gratify the demands of his senses in some other way than by acts of brilliant pillage. In his lustiness, his absence of all weak emotions, his fierce delight in the mere feeling of self, in the heedlessness with which he heaps together rubbish and diamonds, and in the

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frequent starts and strange far-flights of his imagination, he is the model of irregular genius. His mind, in its imperiousness, disregarded by instinct the natural relations of things, forced objects into the form of his individual passions, and lifted his vices into a kind of Satanic dignity, by exaggerating them into shapes colossal. His imagination, hot, swift, impatient of control, pervaded by the fiery essence of his blood, and giving wings to the most reckless desires, riots in the maddest visions of strength and pride. Of all writers, he seems to feel the heartiest joy in the mere exercise of power, regardless of all the restraints which make power beneficent. His most truculent characters, Tamburlaine, Eleazar, Barabbas, Faustus, all have blazoned on their brows, "Kit Marlowe, his mark." There is no mistaking his heaven-defying energy, nor his Ishmaelitish strut and swagger. His soul tears its way through his verse, "tameless, and swift, and proud," scorning all impediments, and ever ambitious to go

> "Right forward, like the lightning
> And the cannon-ball, opening, with murderous crash,
> Its way to blast and ruin."

From this headlong haste come his bombast and extravagance, "his lust of power, his hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, his glow of imagination, unhallowed save by its own energies." Whether his Muse cleave the upper air, or draggle in the dirt, it ever gives unity of impression. In "Lust's Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen," the rapid movement of the man's mind is very characteristic, — rattling recklessly on through scenes of murder, cruelty, and lust, — now striking off "burning atoms" of thought, and now merely infusing fire into fustian, — his faculties at times stretched on the rack, writhing in fearful contortions, and smiting the ear with the wild screams of a tortured brain, — but still marching furiously forward, daring every thing, and playing out the game of tragedy freely and fearlessly. In this play he somewhat reminds us of the actor who blacked himself all over when he performed Othello, and called that "going thoroughly into the part." Marlowe scatters lust and crime about in such careless profusion, that they cease to excite horror. His Muse must too often have appeared to him in some such form as the hideous phantom in Clarence's dream, —

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"A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood."

But amidst all his spasmodic and braggart lines in the vein of King Cambyses, his mind continually gives evidence of possessing pathos, sweetness, and true power. Imaginations of the greatest beauty and majesty will sometimes rush up, like rockets, from the level extravagance of his most ranting plays, "streaking the darkness radiantly"; — as in that celebrated passage in Tamburlaine, which Shakspeare condescended to ridicule through the lips of Ancient Pistol:

"*Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them.*

"*Tamb.* Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia:
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine?
But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
To Byron here, where thus I honor you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gate above the glades,
Are not so honor'd in their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine."

Lamb, Vol. I., p. 18.

From the same play, which has passed into a synonyme of bombast and "midsummer madness," but which contains lines that Beaumont and Milton have not hesitated to appropriate, Leigh Hunt extracts the following exquisite passage.

"If all the pens that ever poet held
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And ev'ry sweetness that inspired their hearts,
And minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness;
Yet should there hover in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the best,
Which into words no virtue can digest."

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The description of Tamburlaine's person has a rude Titanic grandeur, which still tells on the ear and brain as in the lines, —

> "Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned;
> Like his desire, lift upwards and divine,
> So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
> Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
> Old Atlas' burthen."

In the whole description, his predominating desire to accumulate round his characters the images of strength and majesty, and dwarf all other men in comparison, is finely exemplified. Tamburlaine is

> "Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion";

his eyes are "piercing instruments of sight,"

> "Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
> A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres."

The breath of heaven "delights" to play with his curls of "amber hair"; his bent brows "figure death," their smoothness "amity and life"; his "kindled wrath can only be quenched in blood"; and he is "in every part proportioned like a man," who has the right divine to subdue the world. We are astonished that Carlyle has not yet puffed Tamburlaine as made after Marlowe's image. The Scythian shepherd deserves a proud place among his heroes.

Most of Marlowe's powerful scenes are well known. His best plays are The Rich Jew of Malta; Edward the Second, the "reluctant pangs of whose abdicating royalty," says Lamb, "furnished hints which Shakspeare scarce improved in Richard the Second"; and The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus, which is his greatest and most characteristic performance, sadly disfigured, however, by bathos and buffoonery, and inspired in part by the very imp of mischief. Barabbas, the Jew, has been mentioned as sug gesting Shylock. The character, however, has little resemblance to Shakspeare's Jew. It is Marlowe all over. In the celebrated scene where Barabbas gloats over his vast wealth, his imagination glows like his own "fiery opals." The death-scene in Edward the Second, according to Lamb, "moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern," with

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which he is acquainted. We think this praise altogether too extravagant, but we place it before our readers for judgment.

"*Berkley Castle. The King is left alone with Lightborn, a murderer.*

"*Edw.* Who 's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
"*Light.* To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
"*Edw.* Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
"*Light.* To murder you, my most gracious lord?
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery;
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
"*Edw.* Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's* is,
Or as Matrevis',* hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
"*Light.* O villains!
"*Edw.* And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind 's distemper'd, and my body 's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.
"*Light.* O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
"*Edw.* These looks of thine can harbour naught but death!
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
"*Light.* What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

* His keepers.

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" *Edw.* What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
" *Light.* These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they be tainted with a king's.
" *Edw.* Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king; O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive?
" *Light.* You 're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down and rest.
" *Edw.* But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?
" *Light.* If you mistrust me, I 'll be gone, my lord.
" *Edw.* No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.
" *Light.* He sleeps.
" *Edw.* O let me not die! yet stay, O stay awhile!
" *Light.* How now, my lord?
" *Edw.* Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
" *Light.* To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.
" *Edw.* I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 25–27.

We take leave of Marlowe with an extract from the last scene in Faustus. The verse has the sinewy vigor and sonorous chime which generally distinguish his style. It is, however, intensified by the agony one might feel on viewing his own name traced in flaming characters on the black rolls of the damned.

" Faustus *alone.* — *The clock strikes eleven.*

" *Faust.* O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.

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Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but.
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I will leap to heaven! Who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me; O, my Christ,
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him. O spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 't is gone!
And see, a threat'ning arm, and angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.
No? then I will headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth. O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount, and ascend to heaven.
The watch strikes.
O half the hour is past! 't will all be past anon.
O if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain!
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
O Pythagoras, Metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engender'd me:
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.
The clock strikes twelve.
It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,

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Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul, be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.
Thunder, and enter the Devils.
O mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile:
Ugly hell, gape not: come not, Lucifer:
I 'll burn my books: O Mephistophilis!"

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 36 – 38.

It is supposed that Marlowe wrote the principal portion of the old plays which Shakspeare altered into the Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth. Malone, on comparing the latter with their originals, found that 1,771 lines had been taken without alteration, 2,373 altered, and only 1,899 had been added. Greene, in his Groat'sworth of Wit, published in 1592, addressing, it is conjectured, Marlowe, exclaims, — "Yes, trust them not [the players], for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with a tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as any of you, and, being an absolute Johannes factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake*-scene in a country."

Next to Shakspeare, there is no dramatist of the period whose name is so familiar to English ears as that of Ben Jonson, though he is probably less read than either Massinger or Fletcher. The associations connected with his name have contributed to keeping it alive, for he is, in most points of his character, the very embodiment of England, a veritable, indubitable John Bull. The base of his character is sound, strong, weighty sense, with that infusion of insular prejudice which keeps every true Englishman from being a cosmopolite, either in literature, arts, government, or manners. He has also that ingrained coarseness, which, in the Anglo-Saxon mind, often coexists with the sturdiest morality, and, though it disconnects virtue from delicacy, prevents vice from allying itself with refinement. In reading Jonson we continually fall upon expressions which "no young lady ought to read"; still there is nothing which tends to corrupt the morals as well as to vulgarize the speech. Virtue and vice, honesty and baseness, indulge in no coquetry in his representations. We are acquainted with no dramatist whose characters, bad and good, are better adapted to excite

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in us the same feelings that we should experience, if we met them in actual life.

With this basis of sound English sense, Jonson has fancy, humor, satire, learning, a large knowledge of men and motives, and a remarkable command of language, sportive, scornful, fanciful, and impassioned. One of the fixed facts in English literature, he is too strongly rooted ever to be upset. He stands out from all his contemporaries, original, peculiar, leaning on none for aid, and to be tried by his own merits alone. Had his imagination been as sensitive as that of many of his contemporaries, or his self-love less, he would probably have fallen into their conscious or unconscious imitation of Shakspeare; but as it was, he remained satisfied with himself to the last, delving in his own mine. His "mountain belly and his rocky face" are good symbols of his hard, sharp, decided, substantial, and arrogant mind. His life and writings both give evidence of great vitality and force of character. Composition must have been with him a manual labor, for he writes with all his might. The weaknesses of his character, his perversity, his bluff way of bragging of his own achievements, his vanity, his domineering egotism, his love of strong food, his deep potations, and the heartiness, good-will, and latent sense of justice which underlie all, are thoroughly English, and make him as familiar to the imagination as a present existence. We speak of Shakspeare's mind, but Jonson starts up always in bodily proportions. He seems some boon companion whom we have seen in a preëxistent state. Shakspeare's creations, from Hamlet to Falstaff, are more real to us than Shakspeare himself; but we have a more intense conception of Jonson than we have of any of his characters, not even excepting Bobadil and Sir Epicure Mammon. His life was commensurate with the whole generation of great poets to which he belonged. He survived Shakspeare twenty-one years. His biography is better known than that of any of his contemporaries.

Jonson's life was checkered by many vicissitudes. He was born in the city of Westminster, in the year 1574. His father went out of the world about a month after our poet came into it; and his worthy mother shortly after married a master-bricklayer. By the aid of some friend, whose name is unknown, he was sent to Westminster school and

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transferred thence to Cambridge university. After staying there a short time, his resources failed him, and he returned home to work at the trade of his father-in-law. This occupation, however, he could not long endure, and he went as a volunteer in the army serving in Flanders. He distinguished himself by his valor, and prided himself no little on having conquered and killed an enemy, in the view of both armies, in single combat. The trade of arms, however, does not appear to have been attended in his case with any lucrative results, and he returned home at the end of one or two campaigns. Shortly after, at about the age of nineteen, he went upon the stage, as actor and journeyman writer; but for four years seems to have done little more than make additions to old plays, or furnish scenes to other dramatists. In 1596, however, when he was only twenty-two years old, his Every Man in his Humor, the most generally popular of his plays, was produced. Previously to this he had killed a brother-player in a duel, and came near being hanged for it; had turned Roman Catholic, and been suspected of a share in a Popish conspiracy; and had got married; three incidents in the life of a young man just at maturity, which show quite an extraordinary aptitude for affairs.

The scene of Every Man in his Humor, as originally written, was in Italy. It was popular from the first. In 1598, Jonson became acquainted with Shakspeare, and through his influence was enabled to bring out his play, as now remodelled with English names, at the Blackfriars theatre. Shakspeare is supposed to have acted the part of the elder Knowell in this comedy. In 1599, Jonson brought out Every Man out of his Humor, the first representation of which was attended by Queen Elizabeth. In the epilogue to the play, hyperbole is racked to find terms of adoring admiration for the queen. Jonson, in his conversations with Drummond, did not hesitate to give his real opinion about the haughty Tudor's susceptibility to flattery. In this play the author shows that contempt for public opinion which breaks out in so many of his prefaces. He calls the public "that many-mouthed, vulgar dog." Cynthia's Revels was acted in 1600, and excited much opposition. Decker and Marston were prominent among those it offended; and in consequence, Jonson's next play, The Poetaster, was especially devoted to satirizing them and exalting himself. To

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any one who desires to know his tremendous sway over the vocabulary of scorn, contempt, hatred, and invective, we would commend this comedy. Decker and Marston are introduced under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius, and remorselessly ridiculed. The opinions they are made to express of Jonson himself are exceedingly racy, and enable us to judge what were the feelings experienced towards him by some of his contemporaries. Thus, Demetrius (Marston) says, — "Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but humors and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again." Another calls him "a sharp, thorny-tooth'd, satirical rascal"; one that would "sooner lose his best friend than his least jest"; a thing "all dog and scorpion, that carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail." In the arraignment, Decker is called poetaster and plagiary; Marston, play-dresser and plagiary; and they are accused of taxing Jonson falsely of "self-love, arrogance, impudence, railing, filching by translation," &c., for a base and envious purpose. In their sentence we are favored with a view of the "local habitations" of the poets of the day; for they are forbidden to defame our poet "at booksellers' stalls, in taverns, two-penny rooms, tyring-houses, noblemen's buttresses, and puisné's chambers." The enemies of Jonson are summed up as "fools or jerking pedants," "buffoon, barking wits," tickling "base, vulgar ears," with "beggarly and barren trash." In the "Apologetical Dialogue," at the end of the play, all phrases of scorn and contempt are exhausted to cover his opponents with infamy. He speaks of his own works as

> "Things that were born when none but the still night
> And his *dumb* candle say his pinching throes";

and he closes with a lofty expression of his own studious habits and devotion to letters: —

> "I that spend *half my nights and all my days*
> Here in a cell, to *get a dark, pale face*
> To come forth with the ivy or the bays,
> And in this age can hope no other grace, —
> Leave me! There 's something come into my thought
> That must and shall be *sung high and aloof,*
> *Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof.*"

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There is in this play a good representation given of the different feelings with which different classes at that day regarded poetry. Thus, one of the characters calls Homer "a poor blind rhyming rascal, that lived obscurely up and down in booths and tap-houses, and scarce ever made a good meal in his sleep, the *** hungry beggar"; but Jonson, speaking through the lips of another, exclaims,

> "Would men but learn to distinguish spirits,
> And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits
> That run a broken pace for common hire,
> *And the high raptures of a happy muse,*
> *Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,*
> *That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,*
> *And beats at heaven's gates with her bright hoofs,*
> They would not then, with such distorted faces
> And desperate censures, stab at Poesy;
> They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds
> Should ne'er *descend on so unworthy objects*
> *As gold, or titles.*"

The character of Virgil, in this play, has been conjectured to refer to Shakspeare, and Horace's (Jonson's) encomium on him is characteristic and true.

> "*Hor.* His learning savors not the school-like gloss,
> That most consists in echoing words and terms,
> And soonest wins a man an empty name:
> Nor any long, or far-fetch'd circumstance,
> Wrapt in the curious general'ties of arts;
> But a direct and analytic sum
> Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
> And for his poesy, 't is so rammed with life,
> That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
> And live hereafter more admired than now."
>
> *Lamb*, vol. II., p. 68.

The Poetaster made Jonson many enemies, as well it might. Decker replied in The Satiromastrix, or the Untrussing of a Humorous Poet. It contains some beautiful poetry, and some capital hits. One of the females in the play says, "That same Jonson has a most ungodly face, by my fan; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet apple, when 't is bruised. It 's better than a spoonful of cinnamon-water next my heart, for me to hear him speak; he sounds it so i' th' nose;—and O, to see his face make faces, when

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he reads songs and sonnets." Again, — "Look at his parboiled face, look, — his face puncht full of eyelet holes, like the cover of a warming-pan." This is characteristic, and gives probably as true a representation of the personal appearance of Jonson as the "dark, pale face" he has himself celebrated.

In 1603, Jonson produced his weighty tragedy of Sejanus, a noble piece of work, full of learning, ingenuity, and force of mind in wielding bulky materials. It was brought out at the Globe theatre, with the greatest poet the world ever saw acting in one of the inferior characters. It is difficult to conceive that a man who had at this time produced A Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like it, Hamlet, and Henry Fourth, should play in one of Ben Jonson's tragedies. Jonson and Shakspeare seem at this period to have been at the height of their friendship. The "wit-contests" at the Mermaid Tavern date from the appearance of Sejanus. Fuller, speaking of these, compares Shakspeare to an English man-of-war, and Jonson to a Spanish great galleon. "Master Jonson was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances; Shakspeare, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Fuller speaks further of Ben, as a man whose parts "were not so ready to run of themselves as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit, wrought out by his own industry." Those must have been great meetings where Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, Selden, Camden, and Donne were among the party. Beaumont, in a letter to Ben, gives his testimony to the brilliancy of the conversation, when he exclaims, —

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one, from whom they came,
> Had put his whole wit in a jest."

Jonson seems to have held anger but a short time, and was far from being malignant. On the accession of James, he chose his old opponent Decker to be his associate in designing an entertainment for the reception of the king,— a

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metrical job given to him by the court and city; and was connected, also, shortly after, with Marston and Chapman, in writing Eastward Hoe, a comedy which came near subjecting all three to the grossest indignities, on account of some satire it contained against the Scotch. They were all imprisoned for a short time, and it was rumored that their ears and noses were to be slit. Jonson's mother, who seems to have been a strong-minded woman, told her son, after he had been liberated, that she intended to have mixed some "strong and lusty poison in his drink," sooner than have him thus disgraced. This little event in his life does not appear to have injured him with King James, who was his patron through life. Between the years 1605 and 1611, he wrote his three comedies, Volpone, Epicœne, and The Alchemist, and also his tragedy of Catiline, together with a number of masques represented at court. These last contain much of his most delicate and fanciful poetry, and many of his most bewitching lyrics. About the year 1616, he succeeded Daniel as poet laureate, and probably wrote his noble poetical tribute to Shakspeare soon afterwards. In the summer of 1618, he set out on his celebrated pedestrian journey to Scotland. After some hospitable delays, he arrived at the house of Drummond of Hawthornden, in April, 1619. He talked rather recklessly to his brother-poet, and probably swaggered considerably on his reputation. The record left by his host of this free and easy conversation is honorable to neither, and has irretrievably damned Drummond. His name, which might have been preserved as an agreeable bewailer of imaginary love miseries, has become associated with treachery and inhospitality.

In 1625, King James died. From this period, Jonson's life assumes its darker aspects. Poverty and sickness came upon him. He suffered from the palsy. In 1629, he had sufficiently recovered to produce his play of The New Inn. This was unsuccessful, though it contains some of his best scenes, and the character of Lovel has sweet and noble traits, not common to Jonson's heroes. Lovel's definition of true love in this play is Platonic in its fineness and purity. The following lines, in which he speaks of the power of the passion on himself, have a winning beauty of expression which is exquisite.

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"*Lov.* There is no life on earth, but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!
And now I can out-wake the nightingale,
Out-watch an usurer, and out-walk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure;
And all that fancied treasure, it is love!"

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 78, 79.

In this comedy, also, the author's tough diction melts, at one moment, into this melodious imagination: —

"Then shower'd his bounties on me, *like the Hours*,
That open-handed set upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men."

The last eight years of Jonson's life vacillated between comfort and want. He seems to have had friends, who came to his assistance in his extreme need. His habits of expensive living must have kept him poor. To support a man of his "unbounded stomach" required more than the ordinary remunerations of literature. He seems, however, to have had intervals of prosperity in his later years. Howell, writing in 1636 to Sir Thomas Hawk, has a most vivid picture of him, as he appeared in all the glory of conviviality. "I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper, by B. J., where you were deeply remembered. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened which spoiled the relish of the rest,— that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapor extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own Muse. . . . . But, for my own part, I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of Ben, now that time has snowed upon his pericranium." In Sir John Suckling's Session of the Poets, we have another most characteristic portrait of Jonson, as he appeared in his old age.

"The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works where others' were but plays.
. . . . . .

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Apollo stopp'd him there, and bade him not go on;
'T was merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry 't; *at which Ben turn'd about,*
And in great choler offer'd to go out."

Jonson died on the 6th day of August, 1637, at the age of sixty-three. He survived both his wife and his children. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. A common pavement stone, laid over his grave, bears the inscription, "O Rare Ben Johnson!" (not Jonson, as it is always printed), — a phrase which has passed into the current speech of England.

Jonson drenched his large and heavy brain freely with stimulants. It was said that every line of his poetry cost him a cup of sack. "He would," according to Aubrey, "many times exceed in drink; Canary was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, he would then to study." In the bacchanalian phraseology of that day, he was called a Canary bird. He is said to have weighed twenty stone. Barry Cornwall has the courageous gracelessness to commend Ben's festivities, saying that "the Muses should be fed generously, — that good meats and sound wines nourish and invigorate the brain, and enable the imagination to send forth spirited and sounding strains." In Jonson's case, we imagine wine was necessary to set the huge substance of his brain in motion. Charles the First probably understood the poet's wants, when he added the tierce of Canary wine to his yearly stipend of £100, as poet laureate. Habits of hard drinking were common in those days.

With the exception of this too potent conviviality, and bating some inherent faults of character, Jonson seems to have been one of the best men of his time. He was honest and honorable. He had a hearty hatred of meanness and baseness, and shot his sharp invective at the crimes and follies of his day with commendable courage. More than most of his contemporaries, he estimated the dignity of the poet's vocation. In the dedication of Volpone he feelingly alludes to the bad reputation into which his order had fallen; and in the midst of much pedantry and arrogance, we see a true love for his art. He anticipates Milton in asserting "the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man." With terrible force he lashes those of his craft who have betrayed the good cause

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by ribaldry and profaneness, and also declaims against the depravity of the age which supports them in their sins. But that all the dramatic poets are "embarked on this bold adventure to hell," he calls a malicious slander; and to show his own innocence, pounces on those "miscelline interludes," where, he says, "nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brothelry able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy to turn the blood of a Christian to water." He laments, that, through the insolence of these writers, the name of poet, once so honorable, has become "the lowest scorn of the age"; and in a sentence worthy of Milton, asserts, that, if the Muses be true to him, he will "raise the despised head of poetry again, and, stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master spirits of our world." These are brave and bright words, and show deep feeling. His works display, in a hundred places, a similar spirit. He rails at the age continually for its degeneracy and wickedness; and takes the strong ground, that the "principal end of poesie is to inform men in the best reason of living." Jonson really scorned the office of pander to depraved tastes. We do not think that he ever consciously surrendered principle to profit. The exaggerated notion he entertained of his own powers made him more disposed to lead than to follow; and the worst that can be said of him is, that, if he failed in an honest effort, he went growling back into his den, savage but unconquered. Fletcher's lighter brain and looser principles allowed him to slide more easily into the debasing habit of meeting a demand for brilliant profligacy with ample supplies.

The dramas of Jonson are formed of solid materials, bound and welded rather than fused together. Most of his comic characters are local, and representative of particular traits or humors, — dramatic satires on contemporary follies and faults. Of course, most of his plays are dull to a modern reader. They are, however, well worthy the attention of every student of English literature. His greatest delineation we conceive to be Sir Epicure Mammon, in The Alchemist, though Volpone and Bobadil might contest the palm. The

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"riches fineless" of learning and imagery lavished upon this character perfectly astound the imagination. Nothing can be more masterly than the manner in which it is sustained ;— the towering sensuality of the man, the visions of luxury and wealth in which his mind roams and revels, his intense realization of the amazing fictions he himself creates, the complete despotism established by his imagination over his senses, and the resolute credulity with which he accommodates the most obstinate facts to his desires, make up a character which in originality, force, and truth of delineation, seems to us only second to Falstaff, or at least, to have, out of Shakspeare, no peer among the comic creations of the English drama.

Volpone, Bobadil, Sejanus, and Catiline are strong delineations which we cannot pause to consider. As a specimen, however, of Jonson's ponderous style, we cannot refrain quoting a few lines in the tragedy of Catiline, from the scene in the first act, on the morning of the conspiracy. Lentulus says :—

> "*Lent.* It is methinks a morning full of fate.
> It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
> Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it.
> She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoln black.
> Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
> And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
> As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day.
> It does not look as it would have a hail
> Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns."
>
> *Lamb*, Vol. II., p. 75.

Catiline, in allusion to the massacres of Sylla, gives a stern and terrible image of death :—

> "*Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretched himself*
> *To seem more huge*" ;

and he exclaims afterwards :—

> "Cinna and Sylla
> Are set and gone ; and we must turn our eyes
> On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
> But view him with me here ! He looks already
> As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
> And the aw'd purple dropt their rods and axes.
> The statues melt again, and household gods

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In groans confess the travails of the city:
The very walls sweat blood before the change;
And stones start out to ruin, ere it comes."
Lamb, Vol. II., p. 78.

It would be easy to extract largely from Jonson's plays to illustrate his powers of satire, fancy, observation, and wit; and to quote numberless biting sentences, that seem steeped "in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire." His masques are replete with beautiful poetry, as delicate as it is rich. We have only space, however, to introduce from The Sad Shepherd one specimen of his sweetness, which seems to have been overlooked by others.

"Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot."

Tennyson has a similar idea in The Talking Oak, but has added a subtle imagination, which our old bard's mind would not have been likely to grasp: —

"And light as any wind that blows,
So fleetly did she stir,
The flowers, she touched on, *dipt and rose*,
And turned to look on her."

The plays of Thomas Decker, honest old Decker, are the records of one of the finest and most lovable spirits in English literature. His name has suffered much from Jonson's sharp, cutting scorn, and, indeed, with many readers he still bears about the same relation to old Ben that Cibber does to Pope. But he has found strong and acute friends in Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt, and his rare merits as a poet have been felicitously presented. He is, in fact, one of the most fascinating dramatists of his generation, and, with much vulgarity and trash, has passages worthy of the greatest. He is light, airy, sportive, humane, forgetive, and possesses both animal and intellectual spirits to perfection. He seems flushed and

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heated with the very wine of life ; throws off the sunniest morsels of wit and wisdom with a beautiful heedlessness and unstudied ease ; and in his intense enjoyment of life and motion appears continually to exclaim, with his own Matheo, "Do we not fly high ?" Though he experienced more than the common miseries and vexations of his class, still, like Old Fortunatus, he seems to be "all felicity up to the brims" ; to have "revelled with kings, danced with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen fantasticoes, conversed with humorists, been ravished with divine raptures of Doric, Lydian, and Phrygian harmonies." Every thing in him is swift, keen, sparkling, full of quicksilver briskness and heartiness. His sentiment and his fancies run out of him in the overflowing exuberance of a happy disposition. There is something delightfully simple in his cheerfulness and humanity. His genial imagination plays with divinities. His quiver is full of those winged arrows which strike the mark in the white, though seemingly sent with a careless aim. His sympathies with nature and his kind are wide, deep, and instinctive. His mind speeds freely out among external things, with nothing to check its wide-wandering flights. His Muse leaps, laughs, and sings, of its own sweet will. Even when he condescends to what Hunt calls an "astounding coarseness," in representing the bloods and men of wit and pleasure about town, which inhabit most of the comedies of the time, there is still a sharpness and quickness of movement which carries the mind swiftly through the mud into a better region. Decker has, strictly speaking, no morality ; for nothing in his works seems to depend on will or principle, but to spring from instinctive sentiments, and when these are delicate or noble he is among the purest of writers. His sweetness and humanity are exquisitely fine. Thus, one passage in his celebrated lines on Patience has become almost world-renowned.

> "Patience, my lord, why, 't is the soul of peace ;
> Of all the virtues, 't is nearest kin to heaven ;
> It makes men look like gods. *The best of men*
> *That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,*
> *A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,*
> *The first true gentleman that ever breathed.*"

In the same spirit is his dialogue between the Christian lady and the angel, in the Virgin Martyr, a tragedy written in

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connection with Massinger. The refinement of the feeling is almost unmatched by any dramatist under Shakspeare. Dorothea is attended by an angel, disguised as a page, — a "smooth-faced, glorious thing," a thousand blessings "dancing upon his eyes."

"ANGELO. DOROTHEA. *The time, midnight.*

"*Dor.* My book and taper.
"*Ang.* Here, most holy mistress.
"*Dor.* Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.
"*Ang.* No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I 'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most lov'd mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.
"*Dor.* Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I 'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-fac'd, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.
"*Ang.* Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
"*Dor.* I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do 't ten times more.

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I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.
"*Ang.* I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heav'nly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heav'n; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
"*Dor.* A bless'd day!"

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 189–191.

Decker's brain was fertile in fine imaginations and choice bits of wisdom, expressed with great directness and point. We give a few specimens.

"See, from the windows
Of every eye Derision thrusts out cheeks
Wrinkled with idiot laughter; every finger
Is like a dart shot from the hand of Scorn."

"The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,
And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years
Death needs must marry you; those short minutes,
That dribble out your life, must needs be spent
In peace, not travail."

"Beauty is a painting; and long life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation."

"Though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."

"An oath! why 't is the traffic of the soul,
The law within a man; the seal of faith;
The bond of every conscience; unto whom
We set our thoughts like bands."

The Duchess of Malfy, and The White Devil, by John Webster, are among the greatest tragic productions of Shakspeare's contemporaries. They are full of "deep groans and terrible ghastly looks." "To move a horror

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skilfully," says Lamb, "to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, *to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop*, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit, — this only a Webster can do." Few dramatists, indeed, equal him in the steadiness with which he gazes into the awful depths of passion, and the stern nerve with which he portrays the dusky and terrible shapes which flit vaguely in its dark abysses. Souls black with guilt, or burdened with misery, or ghastly with fear, he probes to their innermost recesses, and both dissects and represents. His mind had the sense of the supernatural in large measure, and it gives to many of his scenes a dim and fearful grandeur, which affects the soul like a shadow cast from another world. He forces the most conventional of his characters into situations which lay open the very constitution of their natures, and thus compels them to act from the primitive springs of feeling and passion. He begins with duke and duchess, he ends with man and woman. The idea of death asserts itself more strongly in his writings than in those of his contemporaries. In The White Devil, the poisoned Brachiano exclaims, —

> "On pain of death, let no man name death to me:
> *It is a word most infinitely terrible.*"

No person could have written the last line without having brooded deeply over the mystery of the grave. It belongs to that "wild, solemn, preternatural cast of grief which *bewilders* us" in Webster. He fully realized, in relation to tragic effect, that present fears are *less* than "horrible imaginings. With this sombre and unearthly hue tinging his mind, he is still not deficient in touches of simple nature, wrought out with exquisite art and knowledge, and producing effects the most pathetic or sublime. The death-scene of the Duchess of Malfy is a grand example. This proud, high-hearted woman is persecuted by her two brothers with a strange accumulation of horrors, designed, with a devilish ingenuity, gradually to break her heart and madden her brain. We give the whole scene, commencing at that point where she hears the noise of the madmen. Lamb very truly remarks, — "She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a snatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale. What are 'Luke's iron crown,' the brazen bull of Perillus, Procrustes'

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bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of madmen, the tomb-maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees!"

"DUCHESS. CARIOLA.

"*Duch.* What hideous noise was that?
"*Car.* 'T is the wild consort
Of madmen, Lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny,
I think, was never practis'd till this hour.
"*Duch.* Indeed, I thank him; nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad; sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
"*Car.* O 't will increase your melancholy.
"*Duch.* Thou art deceived.
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
"*Car.* Yes: but thou shalt live
To shake this durance off.
"*Duch.* Thou art a fool.
The Robin-red-breast and the Nightingale
Never live long in cages.
"*Car.* Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, Madam?
"*Duch.* Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleep.
"*Car.* Like a madman, with your eyes open?
"*Duch.* Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
"*Car.* Yes, out of question.
"*Duch.* O that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat I am sure
I never shall know here. I 'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad:
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
"*Car.* Like to your picture in the gallery;
A deal of life in show, but none in practice:

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Or rather, like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.
" *Duch.* Very proper:
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
To behold my tragedy: how now,
What noise is that?
" *A Servant enters.*
" *Serv.* I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke: the selfsame cure
The duke intends on you.
" *Duch.* Let them come in.

" *Here follows a Dance of Madmen, with Music answerable thereto: after which Bosola (like an old Man) enters.*

" *Duch.* Is he mad too?
" *Bos.* I am come to make thy tomb.
" *Duch.* Ha: my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?
" *Bos.* Yes, and the more dangerously since thy sickness is insensible.
" *Duch.* Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?
" *Bos.* Yes.
" *Duch. Who am I?*
" *Bos.* Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What 's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in: more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o 'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.
" *Duch. Am not I thy duchess?*
" *Bos.* Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

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" *Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still.*
" *Bos.* That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.
" *Duch.* Thou art very plain.
" *Bos.* My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living. I am a tomb-maker.
" *Duch.* And thou comest to make my tomb?
" *Bos.* Yes.
" *Duch.* Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?
" *Bos.* Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?
" *Duch.* Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?
" *Bos.* Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the tooth-ache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but, as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the same way they seem to turn their faces.
" *Duch.* Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.
" *Bos.* Now I shall. [*A Coffin, Cords, and a Bell, produced.*
Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
" *Duch.* Let me see it,
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
" *Bos.* This is your last presence chamber.
" *Car.* O my sweet lady.
" *Duch.* Peace, it affrights not me.
" *Bos.* I am the common bell-man,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.
" *Duch.* Even now thou saidst,
Thou wast a tomb-maker.
" *Bos.* 'Twas to bring you
Bydeg rees to mortification: Listen.

" *Dirge.*

Hark, now every thing is still;
This screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.

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Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping;
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet:
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'T is now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.
" *Car.* Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.
" *Duch.* To whom; to our next neighbours? They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her pray'rs ere she sleep. — Now what you please;
What death?
" *Bos.* Strangling. Here are your executioners.
" *Duch.* I forgive them.
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
" *Bos.* Doth not death fright you?
" *Duch.* Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?
" *Bos.* Yet methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.
" *Duch.* Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know, death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 't is found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way: (for heav'n sake)
So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers,
That I perceive death (now I 'm well awake)
Best gift is they can give or I can take.

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I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I 'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces ; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for Mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet. [*They strangle her kneeling.*

"FERDINAND *enters.*

"*Ferd.* Is she dead ?
"*Bos.* She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.
"*Ferd. Constantly.*
"*Bos.* Do you not weep ?
Other sins only speak ; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.
"*Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.*
"*Bos.* I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.
"*Ferd.* She and I were twins ;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 198–203.

Vittoria Corombona, the White Devil, is a great bad character, "fair as the leprosy, dazzling as the lightning." Her conduct at her arraignment is the perfection of guilt in all its defying impudence. We have no space for extracts. Webster seems to have imitated the spirit of Shakspeare more directly than any of his brother dramatists. In the prreface to this play he has a curious reference to his master, alluding to the "right happy and copious industry of Master Shakspeare, Master Decker, and Master Heywood."

Marston, Heywood, Chapman, and Middleton are stirring names of this era. John Marston is a bitter satirist of crime and folly, and often probes the heart to its core in his dark thrusts at evil. He shows a large acquaintance with the baseness and depravity of men, and exposes them mercilessly. His mind was strong, keen, and daring, with hot and

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impatient impulses, controlled by a stern will, and condensed into scorn. He often "plays the weapon" of his satire "like a tongue of flame." He seems to have borne somewhat the same relation to his contemporaries, that Hazlitt did to the authors of our time. He quarrelled and fought with many of them, in metrical battles. In one of the satires of the time he is termed a "ruffian in his style," one who

> "Cuts, thrusts, and foins at whomsoe'er he meets";

one who in his satire is not content with "modest, close-couch'd terms," but uses

> "Plain, naked words, stript from their shirts,
> That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine."

We have already referred to his quarrels with Ben Jonson. He was doubtless unpopular, as most satirists must be. Jonson accuses him of envy and other bad passions. His comedy, though often brilliant, has no hearty mirth in it. He seems to have been deficient in humor; but his stern, sharp, scornful mind repeatedly touched the sources of pathos and terror, though, in his tragedy, he was too apt to shed blood as fluently as ink. We extract some short passages from his plays, clipped from their connection with character and incident, to show the strength of his powers, and their poetical side. The first has great sweetness and beauty.

> "As having clasp'd a rose
> Within my palm, the rose being ta'en away,
> My hand retains a little breath of sweet;
> *So may man's trunk, his spirit slipp'd away,*
> *Hold still a faint perfume of his sweet guest.*"

The eloquent ravings of Andrugio, in Antonio and Mellida, are replete with imagination, as when he asks,—

> "Is not yon gleam the *shudd'ring* Morn that flakes
> With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?"

And again:—

> "Would'st have me go unarm'd among my foes?
> Being besieg'd by Passion, entering lists
> To combat with Despair and mighty Grief:

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My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength
Of sharp Impatience. Ha, Lucio; go unarm'd?
Come, soul, resume the valor of thy birth;
Myself, myself will dare all opposites:
I'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power:
Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth:
This hollow-wombed mass shall inly groan
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms:
Ghastly Amazement, with upstarted hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamor with a sound of death."

Lamb, Vol. I., p. 69.

The following is very powerful and impressive, — misery dressed out in the very robes of despair, and darkening earth and heaven with its baleful gloom.

"The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth,
While snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the nak'd shudd'ring branch, and pills* the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects.
O now methinks a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.

. . . . .

But if a breast,
Nail'd to the earth with grief; if any heart,
Pierc'd through with anguish, pant within this ring;
If there be any blood, whose heat is choak'd
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If aught of these strains fill this consort up,
They arrive most welcome."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 70–71.

The following passages tell their own story, in strong and sometimes terrible language:

"*Day breaking.*

"See, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky."

* Peels.

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" *One who died, slandered.*

" Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest Speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loth to post
From out so fair an Inn: look, look, they seem
To stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy."

" *Wherein fools are happy.*

" Even in that, note a fool's beatitude;
He is not capable of passion;
Wanting the power of distinction,
He bears an unturn'd sail with every wind:
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean: the chub-faced fop
Shines sleek with full cram'd fat of happiness:
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wisard's cheeks, who making curious search
For nature's secrets, the First Innating Cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes
When they will zany men."

" *Description of the Witch Erictho.*

" Here in this desart the great Soul of charms
Dreadful Erictho lives; whose dismal brow
Contemns all roofs, or civil coverture.
Forsaken graves and tombs (the ghosts forc'd out)
She joys to inhabit.
A loathsome yellow leanness spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like paleness loads her cheeks,
Unknown to a clear heaven. But if dark winds
Or black thick clouds drive back the *blinded* stars,
When her deep magic makes forc'd heaven quake
And thunder, spite of Jove: Erictho then
From naked graves stalks out, heaves proud her head
With long unkemb'd hair loaden, and strives to snatch
The night's quick sulphur."

" *Scholar and his Dog.*

" I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learn to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,

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Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words: and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of Antick Donate: still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima;*
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold; at that
They 're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.
Then whether 't were corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce, but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pryed,
Stufft noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
At length he wak'd, and yawned; and by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 73 – 79.

Lamb calls Thomas Heywood, very finely, "a sort of *prose* Shakspeare," and adds, "his scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss *the poet*, that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature*. Heywood's characters, his country gentlemen, &c., are exactly what we see (but of the best kind of what we see) in life. Shakspeare makes us believe, while we are among his lovely creations, that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old: but we awake, and sigh for the difference." Heywood was a rapid writer, claiming, in one of his prefaces, the authorship of some two hundred and twenty plays, in which he had "either an entire hand, or at least a main finger." Of these, but twenty-five have been preserved. He appears to have been a modest, amiable man, not especially stirred by the fiercer passions, and writing with singular facility a sweet and harmonious, though not poetical, style. Hazlitt calls it "beautiful prose, put into heroic metre." It is not dotted over with those sharp and fiery points of passion and fancy, nor brightened by those quick flashes of imagination which characterize the general style of the period. A Woman Kill'd with Kindness is his most affecting play. The character of

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Mrs. Frankford in this drama has been advantageously compared with that of Mrs. Haller, in The Stranger. The Englishman of the seventeenth century is a better moralist than the German of the nineteenth. Lamb's extracts from four of Heywood's plays will give the reader a good idea of his manner and his powers. The most celebrated passage in his works is the shipwreck by drink, related in The English Traveller, in his peculiar frank, light-footed style.

"*Shipwreck by Drink.*

"This gentleman and I
Passt but just now by your next neighbour's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth: his father now at sea.
——— There this night
Was a great feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of ships and storms at sea: when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel: this conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main top, and discover. He
Climbs up the bed-post to the tester there,
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wills them, if they 'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading over-board. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles;
They take him for the boatswain: one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
A third takes the base-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labors, and rows;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler played:
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern. —— The rude multitude,

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Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it;
The Constable is call'd to atone the broil;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of eminent ship-wreck, enters th' house, and finds them
In this confusion: they adore his Staff,
And think it Neptune's Trident; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 111, 112.

George Chapman, the translator of Homer, was the author of several tragedies and comedies. Lamb places him next to Shakspeare in didactic and descriptive passages, but "he could not go out of himself, as Shakspeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences." His genius was reflective rather than dramatic. His plays are full of striking imaginations, and stern, deep comments on life, with here and there starts of tragic passion. Hazlitt says that he "aims at the highest things in poetry, but tries in vain, wanting imagination and passion, to fill up the epic moulds of tragedy with sense and reason alone, so that he often runs into bombast and turgidity, — is extravagant and pedantic at one and the same time." This does not do justice to what Webster called "the full and heightened style of Master Chapman." Though not a man of harmoniously developed genius, there are few writers of the period, whose personal character, as stamped on their serious poetry, makes a graver and deeper impression than that of Chapman. He is the impersonation of a lofty, daring, self-centred soul, feeling within itself a right to achieve the mightiest objects of human pursuit, and reposing with a proud confidence on the sense of its own power and dignity. His feeling is Titanic, but his capacity is not up to his feeling. He resolutely plants himself on the soul, and subordinates all things to it, like some of our modern Transcendentalists; but he holds a braver, fiercer, and more defying attitude towards external things than they. In some respects he reminds us of Marlowe, but slower, more weighty, more intensely reflective and self-sustained. Perhaps he may be called the Fuseli of our old dramatists. We can imagine him, as he sat patiently and painfully fashioning, in "the quick forge and working-house

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of thought," his colossal and irregular shapes of power, making some such remark as Fuseli made to the pleasant gentleman who asked him if he believed in the existence of the soul : — " I don't know, Sir, as you have any soul ; but by ——, I *know* I have." There is about Chapman a rough grandeur, firmly based, and as sufficient for itself as an old knotty and gnarled tree, rooted in rocks, and lifting itself up in defiance of tempests, — not without fine foliage, but principally attractive from its hard vitality, its capacity of resistance, and the sullen content with which it exposes to the eye its tough, ragged, and impenetrable nodosities. He has no need of bluster or bombast to confirm his good opinion of himself, as is often the case with Marlowe and Byron ; but his mind is calm, fixed, and invincible in its self-esteem. The citadel of self cannot be conquered, can hardly be attacked, though the universe marshals all its pomp and circumstance to shame him from his complacency.

" I am a nobler substance than the stars :
And shall the baser overrule the better ?
Or are they better since they are the bigger ?
I have a will, and faculties of choice,
To do or not to do ; and reason why
I do or not do this : the stars have none.
They know not why they shine, more than this taper,
Nor how they work, nor what. I 'll change my course :
I 'll piece-meal pull the frame of all my thoughts :
And where are all your Caput Algols then ?
Your planets all being underneath the earth
At my nativity : what can they do ?"

Lamb, Vol. I., p. 89.

And again, hear the brave old heathen discourse of the invulnerability of a true master spirit, who has trust in himself : —

" *The Master Spirit.*

" Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty win d ,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low,
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is : there 's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful

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That he should stoop to any other law :
He goes before them and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational."

Lamb, Vol. I., p. 90.

The lines in Italics furnished Shelley a fit motto for his Revolt of Islam.

Chapman is supposed by Dr. Drake to be the author of those lines On Worthy Master Shakspeare and his Poems, signed J. M. S., and commencing, —

"A mind reflecting ages past," —

the noblest and justest of the poetical tributes to Shakspeare's supreme genius. We think the conjecture a shrewd one, and borne out by the internal testimony which the lines themselves offer. They are in Chapman's labored and "enormous" manner, — the images huge and intellectual, and shown through the dusky light of his peculiar imagination. Here is a specimen : —

"To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality."

The reputation of Thomas Middleton, with modern readers, is chiefly based on his Witch, several often quoted scenes of which have been supposed to have suggested to Shakspeare the supernatural machinery of Macbeth. If this be true, it only proves Coleridge's remark, that a great genius pays usurious interest on what he borrows. The play itself is tedious, and not particularly poetical, and the witches are introduced to effect an object very far from sublime. Lamb, after extracting copiously from the play, adds the following eloquent and discriminative remarks: —

"Though some resemblance may be traced between the charms in Macbeth, and the incantations in this play, which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare. His witches are distinguished from the witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the

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moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches can hurt the body: those have power over the soul. — Hecate in Middleton has a son, a low buffoon: the hags of Shakspeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul Anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. — Except Hecate, they have no names; which heightens their mysteriousness. Their names, and some of the properties which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The weird sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot coexist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power, too, is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life.*" — *Lamb*, Vol. I., p. 163.

The plays of Middleton are not, in general, up to the level of the time. He rambles loosely through his work, and taxes the patience of his readers without adequately rewarding it. Numerous passages in his dramas, however, show that he had that sway over the passions, and that fertility of fancy, which seemed native to all the dramatists of the period. Hazlitt concedes to his Women beware Women "a rich, marrowy vein of internal sentiment, with fine, occasional insight into human nature, and cool, cutting irony of expression." In this play occurs the noted rhapsody on marriage, spoken by one who was returning, as he supposed, to a faithful wife, but who finds her a vixen and adulteress. It reminds us of an early chapter in Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house:
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight,
To cast their modest odors.

. . . . .

Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man:

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A kiss now, that will hang upon my lip,
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long."

Cyril Tourneur is a prominent name among the dramatists of the period. His two plays, The Atheist's Tragedy and The Revenger's Tragedy, are copiously quoted by Lamb. He has touches of the finest and highest genius. There runs through him a vein of the deepest philosophy. His tragedies evince a mind that has brooded long over its own thoughts, and sent searching glances into the unsounded depths of the soul. In his delineation of the stronger passions, he often startles and thrills the mind by terrible and unexpected flashes of truth. His diction is free, fearless, familiar, and direct, but pervaded by fancy and imagination, and rarely bald and prosaic. There is one passage in The Revenger's Tragedy which is almost unequalled for tragic grandeur. Castiza is urged by her mother and her disguised brother to accept the dishonorable proposals of a duke. Vindici, the brother, whose object is simply to test the virtue of his sister, eloquently sets forth the advantages she will gain by sacrificing her honor. The mother adds: — "Troth, he says true"; and then Castiza vehemently exclaims: —

"False. I defy you both.
I have endured you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there!
"*Moth.* Where?
"*Cast.* Do you not see her? she's too inward, then."

At the close of this scene, there is one of those beautiful touches of nature, conveyed by allusion, in which the old dramatists excel. Vindici says: —

"Forgive me, Heaven, to call my mother wicked!
O, lessen not my days upon the earth!
I cannot honor her."

Lamb says, that the scene in which the brothers threaten their mother with death for consenting to the dishonor of their sister, surpasses, in reality and life, any scenical illusion he ever felt. "I never read it," he says, "but my ears tingle, and I feel a hot blush spread my cheeks, as if I were presently about to 'proclaim' some such 'malefactions' of myself, as the brothers here rebuke in their unnatural parent, in words

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more keen and dagger-like, than those which Hamlet speaks to his mother."

We extract one passage from this tragedy. Vindici addresses the skull of his dead lady.

"Here 's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man — to serve God;
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble,
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run thro' 'em.
Here 's a cheek keeps her color, let the wind go whistle:
Spout rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All 's one with us: and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other God but wind and wet?
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labors
For thee? for thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing? keep his horse and men,
To beat their valors for her?
Surely we 're all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not.
Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this? and grieve her Maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves
For her superfluous outside, for all this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night? prepares
Music, perfumes, and sweet meats? all are hush'd.
Thou may'st lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels: sure, 't would fright the sinner,
And make him a good coward: put a reveller
Out of his antick amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself. — See, ladies, with false forms,
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 171, 172.

Those renowned twins of poetry, Beaumont and Fletcher, long held a rank among English dramatic writers second

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only to Shakspeare; as, in a more profligate period, they were deemed his superiors. Though as poets, lyrical and descriptive, they are entitled to a high place for fancy and sentiment, yet they appear to us thin men, when compared with Marlowe, Jonson, Webster, Chapman, and some others. In the delineation of character, and in the exhibition of great passions, they lack solidity, depth, condensation of style, rapidity of action; and we cannot mention two prominent English writers more destitute of moral principle. Fletcher, it must be allowed, is the more volatile and fertile sinner of the two. During their lives, they enjoyed a vast reputation, for they were preëminently the panders of their generation. The commendatory verses on their works would fill a small volume. Shirley, in a preface to the folio edition of their plays, published in 1647, signs himself their "humble admirer," and pours out his admiration for their genius in the highest strain of panegyric. To mention them, he says, "is but to throw a cloud upon all other names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages." It would be easy to quote other eulogies almost as insanely extravagant.

Both these dramatists were men of family and education. Beaumont was born in 1586, ten years after Fletcher, and died in 1615, ten years before him. His faculties ripened early. At the age of ten, he became a gentleman commoner at college. When only sixteen, he published a translation of one of Ovid's fables; and was a close friend of Ben Jonson, and one of the lights of the Mermaid, at the age of nineteen. His "judgment" seems to have been as universally admitted as Fletcher's "fancy." Jonson, it is said, consulted him often about the plots of his plays. His partnership with Fletcher seems to have commenced when he was about twenty-two, and to have run to his death.

Fletcher was born in 1576, and was less precocious than Beaumont. There is no evidence that he wrote for the stage before 1606, when he was thirty years old. He seems to have had expensive habits, and some property; the latter probably left him in advance of the former. The fact, that during the last four years of his life he wrote eleven plays,

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seems to indicate a dependence on his pen for support. He died in 1625, of the plague. Of the fifty-two plays published under his and Beaumont's name, it has been contended that the latter had part in only seventeen. Among these, however, are The Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, and King and No King, three of the most celebrated in the collection. There is also some reason to believe that Beaumont had a share, more or less, in Valentian, and Thierry and Theodoret; but none in The Faithful Shepherdess or the Two Noble Kinsmen. Many critics have thought they traced indubitable marks of Shakspeare's mind and manner in some scenes of the latter. Lamb countenances this conjecture from the internal evidence afforded by some of the striking Shakspearian scenes. He says that the manner of the two dramatists is essentially different. Fletcher's "ideas move slow; his versification, though sweet, is tedious; it stops every moment; he lays line upon line, making up one after the other, adding image to image so deliberately, that we see where they join. Shakspeare mingles every thing; he runs line into line, embarrasses sentences and metaphors; before one idea has burst its shell, another is hatched, and clamorous for disclosure." Fletcher wrote twenty-seven plays after Beaumont's death, and, it is supposed, four before; and there are eight written in connection with other authors, which swells the whole list from fifty-two to sixty.

This speaks volumes for Fletcher's fruitfulness of fancy; and if the dramas evinced a range and depth of character corresponding to their number, it might well excite wonder. But this is not the case. The frame-work of Fletcher's *dramatis personæ* is generally light and thin, and he continually repeats a few types of character. What he lacks in depth and intensity of mind, he seeks to make up in point, bustle, incident, intrigue, and comic or tragic situation. If we subtract from his plays all that is not wit, fancy, imagination, and passion, if we strike out what is mere buffoonery, ribaldry, or exaggerated commonplace, we shall have left much that is brilliant and beautiful, it is true, but also a larger and more detestable mass of ignoble depravity and slang than could be scooped out of the works of any other man of genius. When he began to write, the morality of the fashionable and educated classes had become relaxed. The court of James the First was dissolute and intrinsically vulgar. The ears of

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high-born ladies did not tingle at the coarsest jests, nor their cheeks burn in viewing the most licentious situations. A change had come over the "public" taste, since the time of Sidney and Spenser. Debauchery and the maxims of libertinism, were more in vogue. The line separating the gentleman from the rake had imperceptibly narrowed, not to be altogether obliterated until the reign of Charles the Second. Falsehood, folly, sin, and decay seemed natural attendants on the Stuarts. Fletcher must be set down as a poet who wilfully or heedlessly prostituted his genius to varnish this "genteel rottenness." His mind freely obeyed external direction. Like his own Mistress Bacha, in Cupid's Revenge, he seems to say to the age:—

> "I do feel a weakness in myself
> That can deny you nothing; if you tempt me,
> I shall embrace sin as it were a friend,
> And run to meet it."

His quick animal spirits, and his absence of depth, preserve his immorality from that malignity and brutality which shock us in some of his successors at the Restoration; and as the sweetness of the poet never absolutely leaves him, he rarely sinks into their diabolical hardness of heart. But where he is better than they, it seems more the result of instinctive sentiment than any moral principle. His volatility makes his libertinism shallow, brisk, and careless, rather than hard and determined. It is Belial, with the friskiness of Puck. He was as bad as his nature would admit,—as bad as a mind so buoyant, apprehensive, and susceptible of romantic ideas and feelings would allow him to be. Shakspeare did not yield to these corrupting tendencies of his day.

It is generally conceded that Beaumont and Fletcher are more effeminate and dissolute than the band of dramatic authors to which they must be still considered to belong. Their minds had not the grasp, tension, insight, and collected energy, which characterized others who possessed less fertility. Their tragic Muse carouses in crime, and reels out upon us with bloodshot eyes and dishevelled tresses. From this relaxation of intellect and looseness of principle comes, in a great degree, their habit of disturbing the natural relations of things in their representations of the sterner passions. The atmosphere of their tragedy is too often hot, thick, and filled with

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pestilential vapors. They pushed every thing to excess. Their weakness is most evident, when they strain the fiercest after power. Their strength is flushed, bloated, spasmodic, and furious. They pitch every thing in a high key, approaching to a scream. In what has been considered the most imaginative passage in their whole works, — the speech of Suetonius to his soldiers before battle, in Bonduca, — the lines seem torn from the throat of the speaker: —

"The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the under world, all nations,
The seas, and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwells;
Wakens the ruined monuments, and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues."

Even their heroism has, generally, the lightness of romance; something framed from fancy, not from nature. Their heads grow giddy among the true horrors of tragedy, and their action becomes hurry and bustle instead of progress. The style of their dramas, where the text is not butchered by misprinting, is sweet, colloquial, voluble, and voluptuous, but rarely condensed and powerful. It has been finely said, in respect to their agency in weakening the diction of the drama, that "Shakspeare had bred up the English courser of the air to the highest wild condition, till his blood became fire, and his sinews Nemean; Ben Jonson put a curb into his mouth, subjected him to strict *manége*, and fed him on astringent food, that hardened his nerves to rigidity; but our two authors took the reins off, and let him run loose over a rank soil, relaxing all his fibres again." The flush and hectic heat of this unbitted racing is ever observable; but the bright hoofs of the courser strike off few lightning sparks, and he is a long time arriving at his goal.

The Maid's Tragedy, which Hallam gravely says is no tragedy for maids, and one which, with all its beauties, no respectable woman can read, contains much exquisite poetry among its portentous obscenities. The character of Aspatia is the model of a love-lorn, patient maiden,

"Whose weak brain is overladen
With the sorrow of her love";

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such as we meet, in a degraded state, among the Arabella Dieaways of old novels. Shirley probably refers to the vein of sentiment touched in this drama, when he says, "Thou shalt meet, almost in every leaf, a soft, purling passion, or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins." Lysippus thus describes Aspatia: —

"This lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief
That strikes all her beholders: *she will sing*
The mournfull'st things that ever ear have heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course that fill the room
With laughter, she will with so sad a look
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She 'll send them weeping one by one away."

Lamb, Vol. II., p. 103.

Amintor, in this play, forsakes Aspatia, and marries Evadne, at the command of the king. The scene in which his wife avows herself the mistress of the monarch, and tells Amintor that her marriage with him is merely one of convenience, is wrought out in Fletcher's most characteristic manner. That, also, in which the brother of Evadne compels her to promise to murder the king, is spirited and powerful. The following scene between Aspatia and her maidens has much softness and richness of diction and sentiment.

"Aspatia. Antiphila. Olympias.

"*Asp.* Come, let 's be sad, my girls.
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow; mark, Antiphila,

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Just such another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen: now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when from a cold sea rock,
Full with her sorrow, *she tied fast her eyes*
To the fair Trojan ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear, Antiphila.
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble: 't is enough, my wench;
Show me the piece of needle-work you wrought.
" *Ant.* Of Ariadne, Madam?
" *Asp.* Yes, that piece.
This should be Theseus, h' as a cozening face;
You meant him for a man?
" *Ant.* He was so, Madam,
" *Asp.* Why then 't is well enough. Never look back,
You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus.
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?
" *Ant.* Not as I remember.
" *Asp.* It should ha' been so: could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storm?
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest;
Just such another caught me; you shall not go so, Antiphila;
In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it, and then a fear.
Do that fear to the life, wench.
" *Ant.* 'T will wrong the story.
" *Asp.* 'T will make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long and be believ'd; but where 's the lady?
" *Ant.* There, Madam.
" *Asp.* Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila,
You are much mistaken, wench;
These colors are not dull and pale enough,
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was; do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desart, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken; do my face

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(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila ; strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leaveless ; *let the rocks*
Groan with continual surges, and behind me,
Make all a desolation ; look, look, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture.
Olym. Dear Madam !
Asp. I have done ; sit down, and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there ;
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls."

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 105, 106.

Philaster has much romantic sweetness, and deservedly takes a high rank among the joint creations of our authors. Bellario is especially beautiful. Beaumont and Fletcher's fair and fine women have been considered models of womanhood by many critics, and by some placed above those of Shakspeare, — as if their best delineations of passion or constancy approached Juliet or Cordelia! Shakspeare's women are ideal ; theirs, romantic. The following passage, in which Bellario, discovered to be a woman, tells the story of her love for Philaster, is exceedingly sweet and touching.

" My father would oft speak
Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd ; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing ; to be lost
As soon as found ; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates;
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had puft it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath ; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a sheep-cot to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I ; you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever ; I did hear you talk
Far above singing ; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas ! I found it love,
Yet far from lust, for could I but have liv'd

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In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and drest myself
In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd; that I might ever
Abide with you: then sate I by the fount
Where first you took me up."

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 117, 118.

A King and No King is another play in which Beaumont and Fletcher's characteristic faults and beauties are displayed. Arbaces is well delineated, and so is Bessus, — both braggarts in different stations. Hallam and Hazlitt concur in admiring this drama. Thierry and Theodoret contains two female characters, Brunhalt and Ordella, representing the two phases under which Fletcher commonly delineated women. The latter Lamb pronounces, we think incorrectly, to be "the most perfect idea of the female heroic character, next to Calantha, in the Broken Heart of Ford, that has been embodied in fiction." The former is a monstrosity, compounded of fiend and beast. Valentinian is one of the best tragedies in the collection, though the plot is absurdly managed. There are three songs in it of peculiar merit, one relating to love, another to wine, and a third, full of solemn beauty, addressed to sleep, which we extract. Valentinian is brought in sick, in a chair, and the song is introduced as an expression of the deep and silent love of Eudoxia, the empress, who leans over him.

"Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,—
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; — easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses: — sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!"

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The scene which succeeds this reminds us of the last in King John. The ravings of the poisoned emperor, however, though clothed in a drapery of similar imagery, have not the intense grandeur of the death-scene of Shakspeare's monarch.

Fletcher's comedies are light, airy, fluttering, vivacious, full of diverting situations, and often sparkling with fancy and wit; but still superficial and farcical, compared with Shakspeare's and Jonson's. They have none of that intensity of humor, little of that substantial life, which we demand in English comedy. The gentleman, as understood by Fletcher, is of a different type from that indicated by old Decker. Beaumont and Fletcher, according to Dryden, understood and imitated much better than Shakspeare "the conversation of *gentlemen*, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done." We trust that they never will be equalled in this department of character. Their "studiously protracted" indecency, and their command of all the gibberish and slang of lust and vulgarity, make their comedies curious libels on the taste and morals of their audiences. Fletcher could not escape from the foul imp that had taken possession of his imagination, even in The Faithful Shepherdess, which, with all its poetic beauty and pastoral sweetness, is still so defiled in parts as to merit Schlegel's ironical comment, of its being an immodest defence of modesty. The tone and pitch of Fletcher's mind, as compared with Milton's, may be seen in the contrast between The Faithful Shepherdess and Comus. Milton is indebted to Fletcher for the suggestion of his subject, but this debt is paid a thousand fold in the treatment of it.

Of Massinger and Ford we have space to say but little. Hazlitt remarks, that "Massinger is harsh and crabbed, Ford, finical and fastidious"; and that he cannot find much in their works, but "a display of great strength or subtlety of understanding, inveteracy of purpose, and perversity of will." Hunt accuses them of beginning that corruption of the dramatic style into prose, which "came to its head in Shirley." Hallam, on the contrary, ranks Massinger as a tragic writer second only to Shakspeare; but Hallam is often strangely infelicitous in his judgments on the old poets. The truth seems to be, that Massinger's spirit was unimpassioned, com-

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pared with his great contemporaries ; his imagination was not pervaded by that fiery essence which gives to their style its figurative condensation, its abrupt turns, and its quick, startling flights. His mind was more gentle, equable, and reflective. There is a majestic sadness in Massinger, — an indication of great energies preyed upon and weakened by inward sorrow, — a stifled anguish of spirit, — which seem to point to unfortunate circumstances in his life. There is every reason to believe that he was a disappointed man, though little of his biography is known. He was born in 1584. His father was a gentleman in the service of the Earl of Pembroke. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Oxford, and, after residing there four years, left without taking a degree, and went to London, where he gained a precarious subsistence as a dramatic writer. Anthony Wood says, that while at Oxford he "gave his mind more to poetry and romance, for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done, being patronized to that end." This shows that he offended a patron. Massinger's spirit was independent, though not fiery, and probably would not brook any exercise of power which controlled his disposition. There runs through his plays an almost republican hatred of arbitrary rule. As a man, Massinger seems to have been much esteemed for his virtues. The panegyrists of his plays address to him terms almost of endearment ; he is their "beloved," "dear," "deserving," "long known," and "long loved friend." As a dramatist, however, though his plays appear to have been successful, and written at the rate of two or three a year, he never raised himself above the poor gentleman. Reynolds and Morton, at the close of the last century, generally obtained five hundred pounds for their five-act farces and sentimental dramas ; Massinger, in his day, could not hope to average more than fifteen for his comedies and tragedies. He is known to have written, in all, thirty-seven plays, of which sixteen and the fragment of another are extant. Eleven of them, in manuscript, were in the possession of a Mr. Warburton, whose cook found them very serviceable, as waste paper, in the prosecution of culinary operations.

Massinger died on the 17th of March, 1640, at the age of fifty-six. According to Langbaine, he went to bed in good health, and was found dead in the morning. He was buried

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in the church-yard of St. Saviour's. No stone marks the place of his interment; and "the only memorial of his mortality," says Gifford, "is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life: 'March 20, 1639–40, buried Philip Massinger, *a stranger.*'"

Massinger did not write so closely to the heart of things as some of his contemporaries. His sweet and serious mind was better fitted for description and contemplation than for representation. Possessing neither wit nor humor in any eminent degree, he had not that quick, joyous sympathy with external things, which sent the souls of many of his brethren running genially out to animate other forms of being. His characters are framed rather in the region of the understanding and the moral sentiments, than conceived by the imagination; and though often morally beautiful, have not the free, flowing, substantial life which we require in dramatic representation. The resistance of virtue to all temptations is his favorite theme; but the temptations are often contrived out of the natural course of things, and exist rather as possibilities to the intellect than realities to the imagination. Had he possessed a little more of spontaneous creative energy, he would have been a great dramatist. His reflective habit of mind tended at once to restrain his passionateness within the bounds of a preconceived order, and to dim that keen vision by which the poet penetrates into the inmost recesses of the soul, and lays open the finest veins of thought and sentiment. Still, Massinger is one of the most original of the old dramatists, and his plays, though they do not reach the heights nor strike the depths of some others, are sustained throughout with more skill and level power. His style has been long celebrated for its sweetness and majesty of march, and its freedom from "violent metaphors and harsh constructions." "He is read," says Lamb, "with composure and placid delight." His plays exhibit a more pervading religious feeling than those of his contemporaries; and, strange to add, a coarseness of expression, in some parts, more vulgar and disgusting than the same quality in others, because utterly wanting in wit and fancy. His indecencies seem coldly and atrociously contrived in the understanding, without the concurrence of his other powers, and only introduced in obedience to "the spirit of the age." They are

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most essentially of the mud, muddy. They affect us like lewdness muttered from the lips of age; and his jests must be considered, on the whole, more tragical than his pathos. We never gaze on his fine serious face, as it looks out so mournfully from the canvass, without feeling how sad and degrading, how replete with that self-contempt "bitterer to drink than blood" must have been to him the task of coining vile indecencies, and bespattering his creations with the phraseology of the fish-market. It is due to Massinger to say, that his coarseness is introduced, rather than woven, into his dramas, and that the string which binds the seraph to the corpse can be easily severed.

Massinger's most powerful male characters are Sforza, in The Duke of Milan, Sir Giles Overreach, in the New Way to pay Old Debts, and Luke, in The City Madam. The second of these still keeps the stage, and the third sometimes appears in a modern version, called Riches. Luke is a fine villain, forcibly conceived and strongly sustained. As we have but little space for extracts from Massinger, we can hardly do better than give Luke's soliloquy on taking a survey of his new wealth.

"*Luke.* 'T was no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth, no dream. I did not slumber;
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon 't! it did endure the touch;
I saw and felt it. Yet what I beheld
And handled oft did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er),
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician, [*To the Key.*
That without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy to possess
What wise men wish and toil for! Hermes' Moly,
Sybilla's golden bough, the great elixir
Imagin'd only by the alchemist,
Compar'd with thee, are shadows, thou the substance
And guardian of felicity. No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever. In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver, in bags heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold,

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That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light, the splendor
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd.
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome. Rubies, sapphires,
And robes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on gold with contempt. And yet I found,
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these. Here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment;
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting.
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day; which is not in
The unthrift's power. There being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my moneys are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more."

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 172, 173.

John Ford, a scholar and gentleman, occupies a prominent place in English dramatic literature, as a poet of pathos and sentiment. His most splendid successes are in the handling of subjects which are, in themselves, unwritten tragedies, — the deepest distresses of the heart and the terrible aberrations of the passions. His works make a sad, deep, and abiding impression on the mind, though hardly one that is pleasing or healthy. He had little of that stalwart strength of mind, and heedless daring, which characterize the earlier dramatists. Like Massinger, he is deficient in wit and humor, and like Massinger resorts to dull indecencies as substitutes. His sentiment is soft, rich, and sensuous, informed by a mild, melancholy heroism, often inexpressibly touching, and expressed in a fine, fluent diction, which melts into the mind like music. We give below the celebrated contention of a bird and a musician, described in The Lover's Melancholy, as a specimen of his grace and sweetness of mind. In Lamb's opinion, it almost equals the strife it celebrates.

"Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd

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To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and, living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early,
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art or nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranc'd my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming (as it seem'd) so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.
A Nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge; and, for every several strain
The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her down;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she
The nightingale did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger; that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of diff'ring method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds: which when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief down dropt she on his lute
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.

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He looks upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and cried,
'Alas, poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end'; and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in." — *Lamb*, Vol. II., pp. 1, 2.

Lamb, in a note to the last scene of The Broken Heart, ranks Ford in the first order of poets. "He sought for sublimity," he says, "not by parcels, in metaphors and visible images, but directly, where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds." We do not think this is the impression that his works make as a whole; it is true only of the high-wrought grandeur of detached scenes. Ford, in manners and character, seems to have been, like Jaques, melancholy and gentleman-like. Little is known regarding his life. He is supposed to have been a lawyer, and seems to have had a dislike to the reputation of a dramatist, in so far as it confounded him with those who were authors by profession; for, as Dr. Farmer says in reference to Shakspeare, with exquisite meanness of expression, "play-writing, in this poet's time, was hardly considered a creditable employ." Ford probably had something of the vanity which Congreve manifested to Voltaire, in desiring to be considered rather as a gentleman than as a dramatist. There was much of the "nice man" in his disposition. He evidently belonged not to the school of "irregular" genius, so far as regarded worldly reputation; and we can imagine what disdain would have shot from the burning eyes of Marlowe, had that sublime vagabond lived to see a dramatist studious of conventional decorum, and fastidious in small things. A contemporary satire, The Lines, quoted by Gifford, has a thrust at Ford, which illustrates as well as caricatures his peculiarity: —

"Deep in a dump, John Ford by himself gat,
With folded arms and melancholy hat."

He wrote sixteen plays, four of which, in manuscript, shared, with eleven of Massinger's, the distinguished honor of being consumed by Mr. Warburton's remorseless cook, for

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waste-paper. He seems to have retired to the country or the grave, it is uncertain which, shortly before the breaking out of the civil wars. The date of his last published play, The Lady's Trial, is 1639. We refer the reader to Lamb's Specimens for the celebrated scenes in the fifth act of The Broken Heart.

In this hurried survey of some of the Old English Dramatists, we have not been able to do more than faintly indicate their genius and individual peculiarities. It would be impossible in our limited space to do full justice to the merits of each. Indeed, though separated by individual differences, and influenced by the changes which came over the spirit of their age, they have all a general resemblance. Fletcher and Ford, perhaps, best indicate the gradual relaxation of the old sturdy strength, — that passage of comedy from humorous character into diverting incident, of tragedy from the sterner into the softer passions, — that gradual weakening of the poetic diction by too strong an infusion of sweetness, — which distinguish an age slowly sinking from the region of heroic ideas into those merely romantic. But still, all these writers have, more or less, that depth, daring, vitality, comprehension, objectiveness, — that quick observation of external life and nature, and that ready interpretation of both by inward light, — that varied power and melody of versification, at times so soft and lingering, bending beneath its rich freight of delicious fancies, at others so fierce and headlong, glowing in every part with the fire of passion, — that wide sway over the heart's deepest and most delicate emotions, — and that thoroughly English cast of nature, — which associate them all in the mind as belonging to one era of literature, and partaking of the general character stamped upon it. It would be impossible to point out a class of authors, who have appeared in any of the Augustan ages of letters, more essentially brave and strong, — any who have spoken the language of thought and passion more directly from the heart and brain, — any who more despised obtaining fame and producing effects by elaborate refinements and petty brilliancies, — any who have stouter muscle and bone. Whenever English literature has been timid and creeping, whenever the natural expression of emotion has been debased by a feeble or feverish "poetic diction," it has been to the old dramatists that men have recurred for examples of a more courageous spirit and a nobler style.

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ART. III. — *An Introduction to Entomology, or Elements of the Natural History of Insects; comprising an Account of Noxious and Useful Insects, of their Metamorphoses, Food, Stratagems, Habitations, Societies, Motions, Noises, Hybernation, Instinct, &c.* With Plates. By WILLIAM KIRBY and WILLIAM SPENCE. From the sixth London Edition, which was corrected and considerably enlarged. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1846. 8vo. pp. 600.

THE question, whether the human mind differs from that of the brute in kind, or only in degree, is one that has exercised the wits both of ancient and modern philosophers, though but to little purpose. It is not likely that the doubt will ever be entirely resolved, as we are altogether ignorant of the inward nature, the essential constitution, of both subjects of inquiry. We can compare only the outward acts, and thence dimly infer radical differences of internal organization. The *acts*, we say, not the *qualities;* for as any two material substances are distinguishable from each other only by their attributes or qualities, in other words, by the different impressions which they make on our senses, it would seem at first sight as if we might separate the mental constitution of man from that of the lower animals as easily as the mineralogist divides quartz from feldspar. But it is not so; intellect differs from instinct, not as chalk differs from flour, but rather as gravitation differs from chemical affinity, or the unknown principle of heat from the equally subtile and obscure essence of light. With respect either to the human or the brute mind, we can ask *what it does;* it would be wholly futile to inquire *what it is.* Now, there is no action whatever, considered merely as a visible fact, as an exercise of nerves and muscles, which many brutes cannot perform nearly or quite as well as men. They walk, leap, run, and climb; they eat, drink, and propagate their species; they weep, cry, and even articulate.*

* *Laughter* may be considered as an exception to our remark, since the laughing hyena will hardly be admitted as a case in point. We reply, that the word *laughter* indicates not merely a visible act, but also the feeling of which this act is the exponent. Animals are susceptible of the emotion, and can perform the act, but they combine them differently; they express this particular emotion in a different manner, and this particular act with them

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From their outward acts alone, then, it seems impossible to deduce the characteristic feature of their mental nature. Luckily, a third question remains to us, the answer to which directly involves the subject of our present inquiry, while it appears to be within the reach of human investigation. In regard either to instinct or intelligence, though we cannot tell what it is, we may ascertain *what it is not.* As we affirm without hesitation that mind is not material, so we may find sure reason to believe that it is radically different from instinct. And this is our present object.

The unsatisfactory character of most speculations upon the mind of brutes seems to have proceeded from overlooking the distinction here pointed out, and attempting to discover the *cause*, instead of merely pointing out the *characteristics*, of the phenomena in question. It would be well to show what thought, reason, and reflection are, inquiries in which we have the direct testimony of consciousness to aid us, before we grapple with the far more difficult problem respecting the origin and nature of instinct. The pretended solutions of this problem are wholly hypothetical and unsatisfactory. Descartes considers all animals inferior to man as mere machines ; a supposition so extravagant, that some have supposed that his language, though apparently very explicit, has been misunderstood, and that he meant to say only that brutes did not act from their own free will, but were constantly under the guidance of a superior power. This supposition agrees in the main with the doctrine of Newton and Addison, who maintain that animals act only as they are immediately moved by their Creator. The hypothesis is certainly intelligible, though it appears as yet devoid of proof, and it is open to the obvious objection, that many of the arbitrary and purposeless actions of animals appear quite inconsistent with the infinite wisdom which framed their bodies with such marvellous skill, that not a joint, muscle, or fibre exists without an obvious use. To avoid this difficulty, Mr. French supposes that animals act only as they are moved, not indeed by the Deity, but by a class of superior agencies or beings who fill the void between man and the Creator. As this is a mere hypothesis, and a very unsatisfactory one too,

indicates a different emotion. The grin of a beast shows its ferocity, while that of a man indicates merriment. But two dogs gambolling together show mirth as clearly as two men laughing at each other.

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since it refers mysterious effects to causes still more mysterious, and wholly beyond the range of human knowledge, it hardly deserves serious refutation.

Mr. Kirby proposes, but with much apparent hesitation, another theory, which really coincides, though the author seems not to be aware of the fact, with the doctrine of Descartes. He supposes, that all the phenomena of instinct are produced by physical action upon the varied organization of animals; that light, heat, electricity, and perhaps other agencies still more subtile, exert as much influence upon the actions of animals as upon the growth of plants. He compares "the sunflower and the hive-bee, the compound flowers of the one, and the aggregate of combs of the other, — the receptacle with its seeds, and the combs with the grubs." The analogy here is so far-fetched that it is hardly any analogy at all, for the author compares the *body* of the sunflower not with the *body*, but with the *works*, of the bee. The phenomena of growth have no similarity with those of action; we might as well compare fermentation with falsehood. The sunflower properly resembles, not the bee, but the hive.

But argument is not needed to expose the futility of such speculations. An attempt to explain the ultimate *cause* of any phenomena, whether of matter or mind, is a hopeless undertaking; and it argues only a confusion of ideas, and an ignorance of the proper objects of human inquiry, to make the trial. We investigate the qualities of an object, or determine the character of a phenomenon, with a view only to its proper classification, — to determine its relations to other objects and phenomena, and thereby to assign to it a proper place in the scale of things. We now seek to ascertain the true character of instinct, or rather of the brute mind, of which, perhaps, instinct is only one of the manifestations. We narrow the inquiry still further by asking what the mind of animals is, not in itself considered, but in relation to a single class of other phenomena, the manifestations of the human mind. Is instinct only a lower degree of intelligence, or a modification of it, or is it wholly peculiar and distinct, so as not properly to be classed with human reason any more than with electricity?

It is first necessary to determine the meaning of the word, or to ascertain the phenomena to which the term instinct is usually applied. Some writers speak of "physical instincts,"

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among which they class the beating of the heart, the peristaltic motion of the bowels, the secretions in the animal economy, and the like. But as these motions are regular and involuntary, they are more properly considered as automatic or mechanical, and are classed with the phenomena of life rather than with those of instinct. Operations corresponding to them, or exactly similar, are carried on in vegetables ; and some of them, even in animals after death, may be renewed through the application of a galvanic battery. At any rate, as they are wholly independent of the action of mind, they may be put aside in the present investigation.

As the appetites and passions seek their own gratification without the aid of reason, and frequently in spite of it, they also are often called instinctive in their operation. But these are common to man and the brute, and they differ, at least in one important respect, from those instincts of the lower animals which are usually contrasted with human reason. The objects towards which they are directed are prized for their own sake ; they are sought as *ends*, while instinct teaches brutes to do many things which are needed only as *means* for the attainment of some ulterior purpose. Thus, instinct enables a spider to entrap his prey, while appetite only leads him to devour it when in his possession. Nay, the two impulses often act in opposition to each other, as when the bird restrains its own hunger for the sake of feeding its young. Appetite is blind, and affords a motive, but no guidance, for effort ; instinct, on the other hand, both supplies an object for action, and points out a course for its attainment. It is true that appetite sometimes appears to direct the choice, yet so far only as the want of it leads the animal to reject unsuitable food, and to devour that which is adapted for its physical organization. That a dog will not eat hay, nor a horse swallow raw meat, is no more a proof of instinct, than the corresponding fact in man, that sweet things are pleasant to the taste, while bitters are disagreeable, is an indication of reason.

Yet the two are often confounded both by physiologists and metaphysicians. Thus, the celebrated experiment of Galen is quoted by Dugald Stewart, as it was devised by its author, in order to show that instinct is antecedent to experience, when it only proves that the appetites of animals distinguish between different classes of food, or that they mani-

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fest preference and aversion. "On dissecting," says Galen, "a goat great with young, I found a brisk *embryon*, and having detached it from the *matrix*, and snatched it away before it saw its dam, I brought it into a room where there were many vessels, some filled with wine, others with oil, some with honey, others with milk, or some other liquor, and in others there were grains and fruits. We first observed the young animal get upon its feet and walk; then it shook itself, and afterwards scratched its side with one of its feet; then we saw it smelling to every one of those things that were set in the room, and when it had smelt to them all, it drank up the milk." Thereupon Galen and his friends cried out with admiration, "seeing clearly," as he says, "that the natures [actions] of animals come not from instruction," but from instinct. He might also have said, that human actions of this class are equally untaught, for the infant readily accepts its proper food, while it loathes the nauseous medicine.

It is evident that the appetites are called instinctive only because they are not acquired by experience or instruction; they are innate. But this is far from being the only characteristic of what are usually termed the instincts of the lower animals, which often lead to complex and prolonged tasks, involving a constant sacrifice of their natural desires and inclinations. We place the more stress upon this point, because, as will be shown hereafter, if the name of instinct be denied to these original and simple preferences and aversions, there will appear good reason to doubt whether man is ever governed by instinct properly so called, whether all his actions are not reducible to passion, appetite, and reason. Instinct *may* exist in the brute conjointly with a low degree of intelligence; but the intellect of man is pure and unmixed. It may be obscured by appetite, or stormed by passion; habit may render its operations so swift and easy, that we cannot note their succession; but when free from these disturbing forces, it acts always with a full perception of the end in view, and by a deliberate choice of means aims at its accomplishment. Instinct is marvellous and inscrutable in its operations, as much so as reason itself. But that the appetites have their appropriate objects, and reject all others, is no special cause for wonder, any more than the fact that glass transmits light, while it is impervious to air. Such is its original constitution.

How may we describe instinct, then, as distinguished from

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appetite on the one hand, and from reason on the other, as all three are motives or guides to action? It is an impulse conceived without instruction, and prior to all experience, to perform certain acts which are not needed for the immediate gratification of the agent, but are useful only as means for the attainment of some ulterior object; and this object is usually one of preëminent utility or necessity, either for the preservation of the animal's own life, or for the continuance of its species. The former quality separates it from intelligence properly so called, which proceeds only by experience or instruction; and the latter is its peculiar trait as distinguished from appetite, which in strictness uses no means at all, but looks only to ends.

Instances without number may be adduced to establish the existence of both these characteristic features of instinct. Chickens hatched by steam, which have never seen any older birds of the same species, perform all the duties of incubation and feeding their young as perfectly as if they had been the constant objects of Dame Partlet's care in their own callow infancy. Insects born only after the death of their parents still run the little cycle of their appointed tasks, and make provision for their own future progeny, which they are never to see, with as much labor and foresight as were exercised in preparing and storing their own cradles. In such cases, there is no opportunity for experience, and no source of instruction. Again, certain insects, governing for the moment their own appetites, which would lead them to devour their food as soon as found, store up in subterranean cells a provision for the coming winter, though as yet they have experienced only the warmth and abundance of summer and autumn. The moth with great care collects food of a kind which it never uses for itself, as a provision for its young when in the transition state. Other instances may be found to any extent in works on the several branches of zoölogy; but these are sufficient for our present purpose.

It is important to look rather at the great number of these unquestioned instances of true instinct, than at a few doubtful cases, in which it may seem difficult to determine whether the action is attributable to instinct or to reason. We may not be able to draw with mathematical precision the line where intelligence begins; but there is no doubt that a multitude of cases lie far beyond that line, where we cannot hesitate for a

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moment in assigning them to their proper class. Some naturalists have shown great ingenuity to little purpose in the attempt to resolve into reason one or two instances of what had commonly been considered as instinct, without reflecting that by so doing they required a greater amount, or higher degree, of wisdom than could safely be attributed to a Solomon. One such instance as that of a duck, which had been hatched from an egg laid under a hen, taking to the water immediately after it was released from its shell, to the great consternation of its foster parent, is enough to upset Darwin's whole theory.

Another peculiarity of instinct, and one of the broadest grounds of distinction between it and reason, is that it is not susceptible of improvement or education. It is complete from the beginning; it makes no progress either in the individual or the race. The bee, as soon after its disclosure from the pupa as its body is dried and its wings expanded, takes its part in the labors of the little commonwealth with as much apparent activity and efficiency as its elders. It collects honey and builds a cell as adroitly in the first as in the last hour of its existence. And so it is with the species; the internal economy of a hive was just as marvellous in the days of Aristotle and Virgil as in those of Huber. It is sometimes asserted, indeed, that the descendants of animals trained for domestic purposes show greater docility, and may more easily be taught to perform their required tasks, than individuals of the same species whose parents had remained in a wild or undisciplined state. The alleged fact is a very questionable one, and may very probably have arisen from the circumstance, that the training of the former class began at an earlier age than that of the latter. As the imitative principle exists to a greater or less degree in all quadrupeds and birds, the habits of their young must be affected to some extent, from the earliest period of their existence, by observation of the movements of the elder animals around them. If a wild colt could be taken from the prairies *immediately* after it was foaled, and placed at once in the stable or the pasture by the side of the domesticated animal, it would probably show as much docility as the proper offspring of that animal, while a very short experience of entire freedom with the wild herd might render it less tractable. But even if we were to give full credit to the story, it would prove nothing as to the

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nature of instinct, properly so called, which constitutes only a part of the mental constitution of animals. Some faculties they unquestionably possess in common with man, the imitative principle just alluded to being one of them.

It is important to observe, that the power of instinct in many cases quite transcends that of reason. If it differs from human intelligence not in kind, but in degree only, it is undoubtedly the superior. Man may go to school to the dog, the swallow, and the bee; but however long a time he may remain there, he will never equal his teacher. Let him attempt, for instance, *without the aid of any tools or machinery*, and with the utmost possible economy of space and material, to construct a symmetrical hexagonal cell, closed at one end by a trihedral pyramid, each side of which is a rhombus, with its obtuse angles measuring precisely 109° 28′, and its acute angles 70° 32′. Without instruments or a pattern, he probably could not cut such a rhombus with perfect accuracy out of a piece of paper after a thousand trials. But the bee does this before it is a day old. And in this statement of the task we have left out the greatest difficulty of all; we have solved the most abstruse problem in it, so as to make its performance more easy. In order to make the cell with as little wax and space as possible, it is necessary that the angles of the rhombus should have precisely these dimensions and no other. It was only after the invention of the calculus that man was able to determine the angles required for this purpose, or, in other words, to discover how far the wisdom of the bee transcended his own. In Virgil's time, the bee was wiser than the greatest *human* mathematician of its day.

Those who are familiar with the habits of animals can produce a multitude of other instances to show the vast superiority of instinct, in its proper and limited sphere, to the best efforts of the human reason; especially when we make the proper qualification, that the animal usually works without instruments of any kind, except those furnished in its own body, which affords nothing to be compared, in point of convenience, with the human hand. But we give one other case, which needs not this qualification; it is found in the explanation of the proverbial phrase, "a bee-line." Remove a man blindfold several miles from his home, by a route with which he is entirely unacquainted, and require

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him to return to his own door by a mathematically straight line. The bee will do so, but a man's path under such circumstances would probably be rather crooked. And the difference between them cannot be explained on the supposition of the insect's greater sharpness of vision; let the hive be in the midst of a vast forest, so that the intervening trees hide it when one is a rod off in any direction, and the bee still flies straight to its home.

The consideration of this manifest preëminence of instinct *in its limited sphere* over reason was necessary in order to put in a proper light the next peculiarity of it which we have to notice, and which certainly divides it by a very broad line from any thing in the mental constitution of man. Instinct is limited to a very few ends, mostly to those which are essential for the preservation of the animal itself or of its species. It works in a prescribed and narrow path, to accomplish these purposes and no others; its methods are invariable, or nearly so, its power of adapting itself to circumstances being confined within a very narrow range. Beyond these limits, it is powerless. Take the animal out of its sphere, and its mental endowments cease to be even comparable with those of man; it falls infinitely far below him. The bee, which in its own sphere is wiser than a Euclid or an Arkwright, is, when compelled to labor for any other purpose than that for which nature has specifically adapted it, more stupid than an idiot. If one accidentally flies into a room through the lower half of an open window, and, seeking to return, happens to strike against the glass above, it will continue buzzing about and knocking its head against the same pane oftentimes for an hour, though it would find free egress a few inches below. The hen shows great apparent sagacity, during the period of incubation, in preserving the egg from cold or harm of any kind, and, when due time arrives, in assisting the chick to break out of its prison; but she mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner; she heeds not any change in the number of her eggs; and if one of another species be placed in the nest, she cherishes the little stranger, when hatched, with as much care as she shows for her own offspring. In fact, the natural affection of birds, and even of many quadrupeds, for their young is quite blind. A cheat may easily be put upon them, and they may even be deceived into nourishing those that are

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naturally their deadliest enemies. Cats have been found suckling young rats, a fact which shows the stupidity both of the foster mother and the nursling.

Nothing can be more unlike the action of human reason than such incongruities. The pliability of the mind, its astonishing power of adapting itself to circumstances, is one of its most marvellous attributes. Sagacity shown in one direction is a good test of general ability for all occasions. Increased facility in performing particular tasks may, indeed, be acquired by habit; but the mind is master also of its own habits, forming or destroying them at pleasure. A great deal of nonsense is uttered about men being born for particular employments; and this is said with reference not merely to what is an undoubted fact, the unequal measure of general talent possessed by different individuals, but to a supposed innate bias of that talent towards a particular task. That popular humbug, phrenology, has had a great share in perpetuating this erroneous doctrine, if not in giving birth to it, as well as to many others of the same class. We hold, with Dr. Johnson, that the true genius is a mind of large natural powers accidentally determined in a particular direction. The greatest general of ancient times showed himself also one of the greatest historians; and in our own day, England's most illustrious captain is also her wisest statesman. Posterity will probably rank the civic abilities of Napoleon even higher than his military genius. At this time, the prime minister of France is her most philosophical historian, and his competitors in politics are a distinguished poet and an eminent journalist.

Not so in the orderly little communities of the ant and the bee. The soldiers and the workers have their appointed tasks from the first moment of their existence, and never change their professions. The drones are *born* sluggards. The queen emerges from the pupa with the crown already on her head; she was fed with royal food while still only a worm. After her birth, like a true sovereign, she does nothing but lay eggs and fight, while her subjects support her. And this law of the invariability of instinct holds throughout the animal kingdom. In all that goes beyond the mere sensations of the present moment, in every thing that relates to the future, and therefore requires the use of means, which in a human being would imply sagacity and foresight, the several classes

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of brutes do one thing in only one way. Following that narrow path, they appear like prodigies of wisdom; remove them ever so little from it, and they again become — brutes. In this respect, the parallel between the human and the brute mind fails entirely; instinct is no longer to be compared with reason, but with a machine. The analogy here is perfect; a jenny or a mule can spin yarn much better than man could with the aid only of his fingers; but it cannot card, weave, or dress; it can do nothing but spin. A machine performs a single task, usually with wonderful speed, neatness, and precision; but its utility is limited to this one purpose. So a bee constructs its combs with admirable art; but it cannot build a hive, or a house for these combs. If man does not come to its aid with a properly fashioned hive, it will use the hollow of a decayed tree, or some other less convenient receptable. The wasp, on the other hand, builds not only its combs, but a house to cover them with, and it manufactured *paper* for these purposes many centuries before man learned how to make it. Neither the wasp nor the bee can dig subterranean chambers for its home, as the ant does; but the latter cannot manufacture paper, nor construct combs. Each of these animals, indeed, can perform several tasks of its own; just like a complex machine, which cuts the wire, sharpens it, and affixes a head to the pin, — doing all, as it were, by a single volition. The operation is complex, but invariable.

We do not say that instinct *is* the action of a machine, but only that it *resembles* one more nearly than it does the curious, flexible, and far-reaching operation of reason. In one respect it is like a cunningly devised engine which admits of several adjustments, so that, though it still performs but one kind of work, it allows of a few variations in its pattern and fabric. These variations are limited in extent, and never amount to a change of the main object in view; but if accident or man's device interferes with the animal's ordinary mode of attaining that object, it will often slightly modify the operation so as to get rid of the difficulty. Though walking in a narrow path, it can still turn aside a little to the right or the left, so as to avoid an obstruction in the way. We quote from the fascinating work of Kirby and Spence a few instances of this limited flexibility of instinct.

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"It is the ordinary instinct of bees to lay the foundation of their combs at the top of the hive, building them perpendicularly *downwards;* and they pursue this plan so constantly, that you might examine a thousand (probably ten thousand) hives, without finding any material deviation from it. Yet Huber in the course of his experiments forced them to build their combs perpendicularly upward; and what seems even more remarkable, in an horizontal direction.

"The combs of bees are always at an uniform distance from each other, namely, about one third of an inch, which is just wide enough to allow them to pass easily and have access to the young brood. On the approach of winter, when their honey-cells are not sufficient in number to contain all the stock, they *elongate* them considerably, and thus increase their capacity. By this extension the intervals between the combs are unavoidably contracted; but in winter well-stored magazines are essential, while from their state of comparative inactivity spacious communications are less necessary. On the return of spring, however, when the cells are wanted for the reception of eggs, the bees contract the elongated cells to their former dimensions, and thus reëstablish the just distances between the combs which the care of their brood requires. But this is not all. Not only do they elongate the cells of the old combs when there is an extraordinary harvest of honey, but they actually give to the new cells which they construct on this emergency a much greater *diameter* as well as a greater depth.

"The queen-bee in ordinary circumstances places each egg in the centre of the pyramidal bottom of the cell, where it remains fixed by its natural gluten; but in an experiment of Huber, one whose fecundation had been retarded had the first segments of her abdomen so swelled that she was unable to reach the bottom of the cells. She therefore attached her eggs (which were those of males) to their lower side, two lines from the mouth. As the larvæ always pass that state in the place where they are deposited, those hatched from the eggs in question remained in the situation assigned them. But the working-bees, as if aware that in these circumstances the cells would be too short to contain the larvæ when fully grown, *added to their length*, even before the eggs were hatched.

"Bees close up the cells of the grubs, previously to their transformation, with a cover or lid of wax; and in hanging its abode with a silken tapestry before it assumes the pupa state, the grub requires that the cell should not be too short for its movements. Bonnet having placed a swarm in a very flat glass hive, the bees constructed one of the combs parallel to one of the principal sides,

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where it was so straight that they could not give to the cells their ordinary depth. The queen, however, laid eggs in them, and the workers daily nourished the grubs, and closed the cells at the period of transformation. A few days afterwards he was surprised to perceive in the lids holes more or less large, out of which the grubs partly projected, the cells having been too short to admit of their usual movements. He was curious to know how the bees would proceed. He expected that they would pull all the grubs out of the cells, as they commonly do when great disorders in the combs take place. But he did not sufficiently give credit to the resources of their instinct. They did not displace a single grub — they left them in their cells; but as they saw that these cells were not deep enough, they closed them afresh with lids much more convex than ordinary, so as to give to them a sufficient depth; and from that time no more holes were made in the lids.

"The working-bees, in closing up the cells containing larvæ, invariably give a convex lid to the large cells of drones, and one nearly flat to the smaller cells of workers; but in an experiment instituted by Huber to ascertain the influence of the size of the cells on that of the included larvæ, he transferred the larvæ of workers to the cells of drones. What was the result? Did the bees still continue blindly to exercise their ordinary instinct? On the contrary, they now placed a nearly *flat* lid upon these large cells, as if well aware of their being occupied by a different race of inhabitants.

"On some occasions, bees, in consequence of Huber's arrangements in the interior of their habitations, have begun to build a comb nearer to the adjoining one than the usual interval; but they soon appeared to perceive their error, and corrected it by giving to the comb a gradual curvature, so as to resume the ordinary distance.

"In another instance, in which various irregularities had taken place in the form of the combs, the bees, in prolonging one of them, had, contrary to their usual custom, begun two separate and distant continuations, which in approaching instead of joining would have interfered with each other, had not the bees, apparently foreseeing the difficulty, gradually bent their edges so as to make them join with such exactness that they could afterwards continue them conjointly." — pp. 576, 577.

We observe in all these instances, that neither the ruling purpose, which is the preservation and nourishment of their young, nor the general form and character of the cradle-cell, is ever changed. The bees can modify their work just enough to avoid what may be termed the ordinary casualties

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of the hive. When extraordinary disorders in the combs take place, such as cannot be met by slight repairs or trifling changes, Huber tells us that they pull the grubs out of the cells to perish, demolish the structure, and begin anew. We quote a portion of the authors' very just remarks on these slight variations of instinct.

"Bees cemented their combs, when becoming heavy, to the top of the hive with mitys, in the time of Aristotle and Pliny, as they do now; and there is every reason to believe that then, as now, they occasionally varied their procedures, by securing them with wax or with propolis only, either added to the upper range of cells, or disposed in braces and ties to the adjoining combs. But if in thus proceeding they were guided by reason, why not under certain circumstances adopt *other* modes of strengthening their combs? Why not, when wax and propolis are scarce, employ *mud*, which they might see the martin avail herself of so successfully? Or why should it not come into the head of some hoary denizen of the hive, that a little of the *mortar* with which his careful master plasters the crevices between his habitation and its stand might answer the end of mitys? 'Si seulement ils élevoient une fois des câbanes quarrées' (says Bonnet, when speaking as to what faculty the works of the beaver are to be referred), 'mais ce sont éternellement des câbanes rondes ou ovales': and so we might say of the phenomena in question — Show us but *one* instance of bees having substituted mud or mortar for mitys, pissoceros, or propolis, or wooden props for waxen ties, and there could be no doubt of their being here guided by reason. But since no such instance is on record; since they are still confined to the same limits — however surprising the range of these limits — as they were two thousand years ago; and since the bees emerged from their pupæ but a few hours before will set themselves as adroitly to work, and pursue their operations as scientifically as their brethren, who can boast the experience of a long life of twelve months' duration; — we must still regard these actions as variations of instinct." — p. 583.

Instincts have sometimes been called *innate habits*, and it must be confessed that the parallel thus indicated is a very just and striking one. Cuvier long since remarked, that animals guided by instinct appear, like a man in a dream, to be haunted by one idea, or, like a somnambulist, to perform a very difficult task without being conscious of it. In the human mind, frequent repetition appears to unite the parts of

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a long and complex mental process into one whole, so that the several volitions that are required follow each other with as much order and facility as if they were links of the same chain. There is no need of delay in order to dwell upon any part of the operation, and consider what is to be done next. The needful step is suggested precisely at the right moment, and instantly performed, so that we have no recollection that any effort of the will was necessary, and we say that the whole was performed unconsciously. Thus, an absent-minded man may undertake a long walk by a route with which he is perfectly familiar, his mind being occupied all the while with some knotty subject of thought which has nothing to do with the cause of his excursion; and he arrives safely at the desired point, without being aware of the bodily exertion he has made, or of having paid a moment's attention to a single object on the road or to a single incident of his journey. There may be several diverging routes, yet he constantly selects the right path, without being aware that he has ever exercised a choice. At each step, a distinct volition is required to lift his foot from the ground; but he is no more aware of it than a rapid writer is that a separate determination of the will is necessary for the smallest stroke or curve in every letter in his manuscript. Speaking fancifully, we may say that there is a latent idea in his mind, never rising into the sphere of consciousness, which still governs every motion of his will, and brings out the desired result at last, though the man himself is as ignorant of the process whereby it was obtained as if he was a mere machine. The very phrase "absent-minded" implies that his mind had nothing consciously to do with any part of the operation.

The bee, in constructing the comb, works like a somnambulist, or like this person laboring under absence of mind. It reflects not upon the object of its labors; for, having had the experience but of one season, or perhaps of one day, it knows not what that object is. Foresight it has not, unless it be the foresight of a god rather than a man; for human foresight is nothing but the reflection of past scenes upon the mirror of the future. It is not conscious of design or contrivance; for this implies preconceived ideas of ends not yet realized, and such ideas we have seen it cannot possess. The bee toils on just as unconsciously as the man moves his limbs in that dreamy walk; there is a purpose, a useful end,

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to be obtained by the exertion, but neither of them is aware of it at the moment. In the man, indeed, the purpose was preconceived, and it will come back to his mind at the end of the walk. The bee knows nothing of a purpose, but toils on as an humble instrument in the hands of another. Its vocation is that only of the common laborer, to bring bricks and mortar for the construction of those wonderful cells which are built by a divine architect, the same who fashioned the curious mechanism of the bee's own body, and who appears in this instance at least, if not in every other, constantly superintending and acting in his own works.

A writer in the Zoological Journal for 1824, Mr. J. O. French, who has speculated very boldly on the metaphysical part of our subject, supposes the fundamental distinction between the human and the brute mind to consist in the want of ability, on the part of the latter, to become objective to itself, or to reflect upon its own moral and intellectual qualities as such, or as proper objects in themselves considered of desire or aversion. When stated in this form, the theory appears objectionable, because it must ever remain destitute of proof; supposing that animals did possess this faculty, they could never manifest it to man, for, the process being purely intellectual, it can be made known to others only by language; brutes have no power of communicating pure thought. The fact, that the animal mind does not improve, or that it has no power of educating itself, is held to indicate this defect; but there are many other supposable imperfections in the mental constitution which are equally inconsistent with the power of self-improvement. Consciousness of defect may or may not suggest the means of progress or melioration. Mr. French's theory, in truth, amounts to no more than this, that animals never act from reflection, but always from impulse. They will certainly make no progress, if they act in this manner. To recur to the illustration just given, the operation that is continued from the mere force of habit will never be improved. If our pedestrian suddenly quickens or slackens his pace, it is a sure sign that he has begun to think about the object of his journey. So a practised musician may play a familiar tune without appearing to bestow any attention upon it; though the required movements of the fingers are very swift, and it is certain that a distinct volition is required for every touch, he will continue to converse upon some indifferent

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topic with as much apparent readiness as if his hands were at rest. Yet most certainly he will never become a better musician than he is at present, if he continues to play only in this manner. In order to improve, he must pause and dwell upon the process, note the defects in his execution, and by distinct and conscious effort try to remove them.

Here we see an obvious reason why the instincts of animals do not become more acute and remarkable, as they advance in age. Acting under them as a man acts when guided only by habit, ignorant of the object of their toil, and therefore never reflecting upon the best means for attaining that object, their last labor is precisely like their first. Their physical powers improve; the dog and the horse, by practice, become more swift, and the senses of the elder animals often appear more acute than those of their young. But their instincts are unchangeable, and consequently, when not trained by man, their *modes* of operation are never altered.

But how do we account for the great changes and improvements of which they are undoubtedly susceptible, under regular training, when man seeks to increase their powers, in order that they may become more convenient instruments of his will? It will probably be found that all the marvellous changes effected in this way are attributable to the imitative faculty, and to the continued association of reward or pleasure with one class of actions, while punishment is invariably connected with others. That animals are often governed by sympathy, and show a strong propensity to mimic the actions of their fellows as well as of other animals, is a familiar fact. The monkey has become proverbial for his inclination to mimicry; most singing birds may be taught portions, at least, of regular tunes; and wild animals generally are most easily tamed, when in the company of their domesticated brethren. The wonderful feats which they may be brought, through much labor and attention, to accomplish in this way, are no proofs whatever of the existence of the reflecting faculty, or of any of the higher endowments of mind. Sympathy and imitation often appear as blind propensities even in man. A yawn will often pass round quickly, through a whole circle of companions, without one of them being conscious of it. "The mob," to quote an instance from Adam Smith, "when they are gazing at a dancer on the slack rope, naturally writhe and twist and balance their own bodies, as they see him do, and

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as they feel that they themselves must do, if in his situation." In such cases, to use a common phrase, the spectators do not know what they are about; for such contortions being wholly useless, both to themselves and to the dancer, if conscious of the movement, they would repress it. This faculty of unconscious imitation is a most useful endowment of our nature; for, by its aid, the infant makes some of its earliest and most important steps in knowledge. As some of the most remarkable exhibitions of it in man are blind and purposeless, we may reasonably conclude that it is always so in the brute.

Feats which animals have been trained to accomplish, therefore, afford no proof that they possess one spark of intelligence. How little weight, then, is due to the ingenious speculations of the author of The Vestiges of Creation, who argues that the human and the brute mind must be of the same species, because a mountebank had taught his two dogs how to play dominoes! It appears strange that he did not also adduce the instance of the Learned Pig, in order to prove that swine may be taught to spell. An animal blindly repeats some movement, which a man performs only from a perception of its true meaning and purpose; we must not, therefore, attribute such a perception to the brute. Parrots may be taught to articulate, but they do not thereby learn to talk. A monkey in a painter's studio will seize his brush and cover the walls of the room with unmeaning scrawls; it imitates the physical act, but without any glimpse of its intention and real character. The comparative teachableness of the different tribes seems to depend on the strength of the imitative propensity, and on the want of fierceness or fickleness of disposition. The monkey can very readily be taught, but its excessive fickleness soon dissipates all the effects of instruction. The mocking bird can be made to repeat snatches of many tunes, but it will hardly ever sing one entirely through, though this is done by the bulfinch and the Canary bird. The gravity and steadiness, so to speak, of the elephant's disposition, and the keenness of its senses, united with its perfect gentleness and imitative talent, render it very susceptible of instruction; and the docility of its pachydermatous brother, the hog, Dr. Darwin thinks has been much underestimated. By observing such qualities as these, we shall find much reason to doubt the alleged natural sagacity of certain species. That they learn more readily is no proof of higher natural

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endowments, when the lesson is repeated blindly and mechanically, and enforced by no perception of its useful results, but by a dread of hunger or the whip.

The acquired habits of domesticated animals mostly override and conceal their natural inclinations, so that it appears questionable whether they possess as many or as striking instincts as some wild brutes which are certainly inferior to them in the scale of being. Many of these instincts, also, are of a social character, and therefore can be manifested only when the individual is in the wild herd with its fellows. Thus, the domestic horse, though very gentle, seems much inferior in intelligence to the dog, the cat, or the elephant ; its life of service is a very constrained and artificial one, being passed almost constantly in harness or in the stall, while the other favorite attendants of man still enjoy considerable range and license of movement. It is even supposed that instinct becomes more varied and exquisite, the lower an animal is in the scale of being. This is true, if we look only at the great divisions of the scale ; the instincts of birds are more remarkable than those of the mammalia, while the insect in the same way exceeds the bird. But within these classes, instinct seems quite capriciously distributed, if we look only at the anatomical development of the animal, and not at the wants of its peculiar situation and mode of life. The common theory, that instinct exists only as the supplement, or in the inverse ratio, of the intelligence, certainly admits of numerous exceptions. At the bottom of the scale, among the radiata, we find hardly any signs either of intellect or instinct ; and among beasts of prey, those which are less strong and swift are led by instinct to use more curious stratagems in order to obtain their ends. We attribute these stratagems to instinct rather than to intelligence, because many species can use but one or two modes of ensnaring their prey, and show little or no power of adapting these to circumstances.

In one degree or another, instinct is displayed by all the animals inferior to man. We find the plainest marks of it precisely where one would expect to see them, among the means provided for the continuation of the species. We see it in the young of all the mammalia, who find and suck the dugs of the mother immediately after birth. What directs the young colt or the calf, at once, to the only source of its proper nourish-

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ment for the time; or why does it not attempt to crop the herbage for food, like its dam? Why does maternal affection cease, just at the time when the offspring becomes capable of taking care of itself, and then cease so entirely that the animal seems incapable ever afterwards even of recognizing its own young? How many other instincts are naturally conjoined with these it is impossible to tell, because we cannot study minutely the habits of the animal in its wild state, where alone these wonderful powers are freely manifested. Man's officious care teaches them artificial habits so soon, or removes so diligently the occasion for the development of their instincts, that we can learn little from them in this respect while they are under his tutelage.

In one respect, however, they are admirably fitted by nature's cunning hand for all the exigencies of their situation immediately after birth, while the human infant is left to perfect itself by the slow inductions of experience, under the fostering care of its elders. The first and most important step in the acquisition of knowledge by man is to acquire the use of his own eyes, or to learn how to *see*. It is a fact now firmly established, both by *a priori* reasoning and observation, that the eye directly sees nothing but colors, and cannot perceive immediately either distance, figure, dimension, or situation. Colors are the only visible things, just as sounds alone are audible; experience teaches us from slight variations or peculiarities of these to *infer* the distance, magnitude, shape, or other tangible qualities of the objects which possess or emit them. This fact, first discovered by Berkeley, has been demonstrated by experiments on persons born blind and subsequently restored to sight, and may be confirmed at any time by watching the movements of an infant soon after its birth. Place some bright or gaily-colored toy before its eyes, and its looks and movements instantly betray its desire to grasp it, and if the object be actually placed in its hands, it will hold it firmly, and seem unwilling to relinquish it; but hold it at a little way off, and the hands grope for it, seemingly at random, or in a manner which shows the infant's entire ignorance of its distance and true position. The child betrays the same uncertainty, when it attempts to convey anything to its mouth; place the object in contact with its lips, and it will eagerly seize it. If its bungling attempts be attributed, in part, to its ignorance of the right mode of using

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its arms and hands, — to its incapacity, in fine, to make any proper *use* of them, — this only places in a stronger light its inferiority, for the time, to the young brute. In the beautiful experiment already quoted from Galen, the kid just snatched from the *matrix* of its dead mother used its limbs at once, with perfect facility and success, and with the characteristic movements of its species. Like the newly born colt or calf, also, it walked with freedom, inspected objects near at hand, and avoided those which were in its way, — not, as in the case of man, with an acquired judgment, but with an instinctive knowledge of their true position.

The ability of the inferior animals to see distances as soon as their eyes are opened is so evident, that Mr. Bailey has recently alleged this fact in an attempt to controvert Berkeley's whole theory of vision, as applied to man. He might as well adduce the innate constructive power of the bird and the bee, as a proof that men know how to build houses by intuition, or without the aid of experience. The ancient anatomists committed many errors in attempting to learn the internal structure of the human body by dissecting the carcasses of brutes. Yet no anatomical differences are so striking as the entire want of similitude between instinct and reason ; the one being blind, unconscious, invariable, and infallible, — while the other is self-taught, cognizant of its own actions, constantly liable to error, but capable of indefinite progress. Berkeley's theory is susceptible of demonstration, from the laws of light and the physical structure of the eye, independently of any experiments. The eye certainly can determine the distance of an object only by a line directed endwise to itself, and such a line, be it longer or shorter, projects but one point upon the retina. By what means, then, can a man ascertain the length of that line ? Instinct cannot inform *him* of its true measurement ; for he is constantly deceived, when guessing at the distance of an object of the size of which he is ignorant, especially when it is separated from him by a vertical, instead of a horizontal line. Every one who has seen a well executed diorama knows, that, by a skilful distribution of light and shade, not only in the painting itself, but also in the apartment in which it is viewed, a flat surface, perpendicular to the horizon, is immediately transformed, to the eye, into an extensive landscape, and hardly the most vigorous exertion of the judgment can correct the illusion. Here is a

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direct proof that the eye does not immediately see *distance*, and every one knows that the visible *magnitude* of an object depends on its remoteness. Yet chickens, as soon as they are out of the shell, run about, evidently with an immediate perception of the relative size and proximity of all the objects around them.

We have now shown, not merely that all the inferior animals are copiously endowed with instincts, but that there is good reason to suspect man to be absolutely devoid of them, or to be guided by reason alone. If, in so important a respect as the use of his eyes, on which he is dependent for safety, as well as progress, at almost every moment of his existence, while by their aid alone can his other faculties attain their full development and the extreme limit of their usefulness,— if on this cardinal point he is left entirely to the slow deductions of experience, we may well believe that in no other particular, in his case, is instinct allowed to supersede the use of reason. The utter helplessness of the human infant, compared with the independence of the young of most other animals, appears in nothing so strongly as in its inability to see, even when its eyes are opened and the physical structure of the organ is perfect.

In fact, after we have deprived the passions and appetites, for reasons already given, of all claim to the character of instinct, there is no instance commonly adduced by physiologists to prove that man is ever governed by it, except the action by which he first acquires nourishment. And even here it is admitted, though the act of sucking be instinctive at first, yet if the propensity be not very soon developed and confirmed by experience, that it ceases altogether. At the utmost, then, this is a transient instinct, given to provide for man's safety in the first helpless hours of his existence. But it is very doubtful whether even this action is properly to be called instinctive. Recurring to the definition already given, is it certain that this is an instance of action not pleasurable in itself alone, but useful only as a means for some ulterior object? That mere muscular exertion is pleasant in itself is evident enough to one who observes the uneasiness of infants and the strange gymnastic experiments of children of a little larger growth. If a small object be placed in the hand of an infant, its little fingers readily close around it, apparently from the mere pleasure of calling the muscles into activity.

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The sphincter muscle of the mouth may do the same, when any object comes within its grasp ; and then the child needs but a single inspiration, which automatically recurs at every instant, with perhaps a little aid from the parent, in order to have its first pleasant experience of the gratification of appetite. When this pleasure has been a few times repeated, the habit, aided by the uneasiness of hunger, becomes so strong, though at the same time so blind, that the infant eagerly sucks every object presented to its mouth. It is this eagerness, manifested at so early a period, which has led most observers to consider the action as instinctive.

When the means are very closely connected with the end, it is often difficult, as in the case of sucking, to say whether the action is properly instinctive, or the result of mere appetite. In respect to the instincts of animals this doubt seldom arises ; for in most of them the means are separated, so to speak, by a wide interval from the end, the utility of the action being wholly prospective. Thus, the bee builds an unusually large cell for the accommodation of a future queen, though the royal egg be not laid yet. It is very certain that there are no instincts of this sort in man. In the case of animals, too, the means are often complex and intricate, as well as far-reaching ; while in the commonly alleged instance in the human subject, the means are of the simplest character, the result, most probably, of a single volition. We have, then, only to suppose this simple action to be agreeable in itself, and it ceases to be a means, and the act loses every characteristic of instinct. If agreeable food be placed in the mouth, the gratification of the palate, or the inconvenient position of the food, especially if it be liquid, when it comes near the œsophagus, may lead to the attempt to swallow it. Deglutition certainly is not a very complex process ; and the infant's first few experiments in this way, as its posture usually brings the power of gravitation to aid it, may reasonably be thought sufficient to render it soon very expert in the process. Dr. Darwin maintains that the fœtus learns to swallow by its experience *in utero*. Whatever may be thought of this opinion, it is certainly more plausible than that of Dugald Stewart, who ascribes the operations not only of suction and swallowing, but even of respiration, to instinct. He mentions the fact, that thirty pair of muscles must be employed in every draught, and seems to believe that a distinct volition is required for the movement

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of each pair; though the well known facts respecting the catenation of the muscular actions might have convinced him of the absurdity of such a theory. It is quite remarkable that a philosopher, usually so well informed and so judicious, could make the following statement: —

"An infant, the moment it is brought into the world, performs *with the most perfect success* the function of respiration; a function which requires the alternate contraction and relaxation of certain muscles in a regular order and succession. The infant has certainly no idea that breathing is necessary to life, nor any knowledge of the means by which that end is accomplished." — *Philosophy of the Mind*, Vol. III., p. 242, Am. ed.

Having already pointed out the error of confounding the phenomena of life with those of instinct, we may pass over this strange passage without further comment. Some remote and beneficial purpose is always answered by the gratification, within due limits, of all the appetites; yet the act is performed not from a regard to that purpose, but under the immediate impulse of blind desire. Thus, taking food preserves life; yet men do not usually eat because they are afraid of death, but because they are hungry. Great uneasiness or pain is the consequence of an attempt to hold the breath for a single minute; so far as the act is at all under the control of the will, we breathe to avoid this pain. But the act of respiration, in great part, is unquestionably mechanical, — as much so as the beating of the heart, or the secretion made by the liver.

Whether we have rightly limited the meaning of the *word* instinct, so as to exclude from it all operations of this class, all the appetites and passions, and the indirect consequences of gratifying them, is a question which relates merely to the propriety of language, and does not at all concern the truth of our present theory. It has now been conclusively shown, if we mistake not, that a class of phenomena are manifested by the lower animals, which may be as sharply distinguished from the effects of human reason, on the one hand, as from those of appetite and natural desire on the other; and these phenomena alone are attributed to a power which we have chosen, for the purposes of convenience, to call instinct. Give it any other appellation, and it will answer the purpose just as well. All the lower animals manifest it, — man never

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does ; — these are the only propositions with which we are now concerned.

The Scotch school of metaphysicians, which Mr. Stewart adorned with his learning and the graces of his character and style, more than with the novelty of his views or the profundity of his reasoning, is noted for its inclination to multiply the number of ultimate and unaccountable facts in human nature. In so doing, they have often, in popular phrase, "found a mare's nest," or made a great mystery out of a very simple thing. Stewart's *naïve* astonishment, that an infant, as soon as it comes into the world, should know how to breathe "with the most perfect success," is certainly an amusing instance of this weakness. The instinct of brutes is, doubtless, a mysterious faculty ; and the Scotch philosophers have therefore sought with great eagerness for proofs that this marvellous power belongs also to man. But they have not met with great success in the undertaking. Both Reid and Stewart consider the propensity to unconscious imitation, on which we have already remarked, as an instinct ; we have classed it rather with the appetites and passions, which are the concomitants of instinct in animals, and of reason in man. And the reason for this classification is obvious. The *desire* or propensity to imitate is natural or connate ; the *power* of imitating successfully does not appear at all in the outset, is slowly acquired by observation and experience, and may be perfected by study and practice.

We have now considered all the instances that we can find adduced, either by physiologists or metaphysicians, to show that man is ever directed by instincts like those of the brute. These instances are all referable to the phenomena of life, the teachings of experience, or the class of appetites. Human nature shows no trace whatever of that marvellous power which governs the bee in the construction of its cell, and guides the migrating bird in its long flight to its winter home. But man is the only being who is not under its influence ; every other animal, from the noblest quadruped to the humblest insect, gives frequent indications of its presence and control. So numerous and striking, indeed, are the manifestations of it by every species, that there appears good reason to doubt whether it is ever mingled, even in them, with what can properly be called intellect ; whether all the marvellous cases of reputed sagacity and intelligence in the higher animals may not be re-

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solved, after all, into a mere blind propensity to imitate actions, the purpose and meaning of which they cannot understand, or into an instinct more flexible and varied, indeed, than that of the lower species, but which still shows distinctly that it is radically different from reason. But it is hard to prove a negative; and in this case, it would be necessary to analyze an indefinite number of supposed manifestations of intelligence by brutes, and to show that they may all be explained by the action of those blind and unconscious powers which certainly govern far the greater part of their actions. Without entering upon this laborious and difficult task, we leave this point to rest upon the single consideration of the striking improbability of the lower animals being endowed with reason, which they need to exercise only on infrequent and extraordinary emergencies, while all the ordinary occasions of their being, their wants, dangers, and the preservation of their species, are provided for by the lower attributes with which they are specially endowed. These certainly suffice for the most wonderful works that are performed by them; the whole insect tribe unquestionably knows no other guide than instinct; and if this power be enough to account for the actions of the ant and the bee, we hardly need seek any other key to the supposed sagacity of the dog and the elephant, as they also possess it, and nearly all their conduct must be referred to its control.

But the negative on the other side is more easily supported, and by direct evidence. However it may be with the brute, reason is not mixed with instinct (properly so called) in man. We have the immediate testimony of consciousness, that we never select means until experience has informed us of their efficacy, and never use them but with a full knowledge of their relation to the end. If instinct, then, be radically unlike intelligence, the question respecting the nature of the difference between the human and the brute mind is answered, at least, so far that we may safely declare the difference to be in kind, and not merely in degree. The relation between the works of man and those of the brute, considered as indicating the powers which produce them, is a relation of analogy, but not of affinity. The architecture of the bee is equal, is even superior, to that of man, and perfectly similar purposes are answered by the two structures; but they are erected by totally different means.

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Each of the qualities of instinct on which we have remarked is a peculiarity of it in respect to reason, and serves to distinguish it from that faculty by a line more or less broad; while the aggregate of these peculiarities shows conclusively that the difference between the two is fundamental. This will appear more clearly from a summary of the several points which we have considered. It has been shown, then, that instinct exists before experience, and is wholly independent of instruction; that it is not susceptible of education or improvement of any kind, either in the individual or the race; that it works successfully towards important and remote ends by the use of complex and laborious means, yet without any apparent consciousness of the difference between means and ends; that it acts, in truth, by impulse, and not through reflection, — at least, as much so as the man who has gained by habit the power of performing a long operation without reflecting on any part of it; that it is limited to a few objects, and out of the narrow sphere of work required for these objects it is wholly powerless; and that, consequently, it appears in the same animal, and at the same time, both as the most brutish stupidity and as the highest wisdom, in so far as its creations shame the utmost ingenuity of man. As we are confessedly ignorant of the internal constitution of both faculties, reason and instinct, and are reduced to judge of them exclusively by their outward manifestations, it is difficult to conceive of two powers which should appear more radically unlike.

It is easy to give the reins to conjecture respecting the inward essence or ultimate cause of a faculty which appears to human reason so anomalous. Though theories formed in this manner, so far as they profess to be complete, must be equally unsusceptible of proof or disproof, and are therefore idle exercises of ingenuity, yet one or two points, perhaps, may be satisfactorily made out respecting the mental constitution of brutes, which will afford us a glimpse of the final end of their being. Whether instinct be the mere action of a curious machine, or the effect of the constant agency and promptings of the Deity, or the working of some still more secret principle, which is nowhere manifested but in animal life, it is not a free and conscious power of the animal itself in which it appears and works. It is, if we may so speak, a foreign agency, which enters not into the individuality of the brute. The

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animal appears subject to it, controlled and guided by it, but not to possess and apply it by its own will for its own chosen purposes. We cannot conceive of wisdom apart from reflection and consciousness; there is an absurdity in the very terms of such a statement. The skill and ingenuity, then, which appear in the works of the lower animals are not referable to the animals themselves, but must proceed from some higher power working above the sphere of their consciousness. This assistance is meted out to them for specific and limited ends, and has no effect on the rest of their conduct, which is governed by their own individuality. In its highest functions, the brute appears only as the blind and passive instrument of a will which is not its own. The power is granted to it for a time, but is not susceptible of improvement by practice while in its keeping, is invariably applied in the same way and with perfect success, and is withdrawn as soon as the purposes for which it was given are answered. No moral character is attributable to a faculty which is unconsciously exerted, and no moral aim can exist where progress or change is impossible. When deprived of this extraneous power, or viewed apart from it, the brute appears in its true light, as the creature of a day, born not for purposes connected with its own being, but as an humble instrument, or a fragmentary part, in the great circle of animated nature, which, as a whole, is subservient to higher ends.

ART. IV. *The Life of Louis, Prince of Condé, surnamed the Great.* By LORD MAHON. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

SOME have been skeptical as to the existence of cannibals, not being able to comprehend how man, with the sharpest appetite, can get up a relish for the sort of food attributed to them; and yet, in the nature of things, it must be more excusable to destroy human life for the sake of a dinner, when one is in desperate want of it, than to sacrifice it to mere ambition. And the time will probably come, when readers will find it hard to conceive that creatures ever should have existed, who made it their sole business and pleasure to vio-

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late the sixth commandment and to murder men by thousands, with no other imaginable inducement than the pleasant excitement of the work, and the satisfaction and honor which an employment so beneficent was sure to bring. But the greatest difficulty of all will be, to understand how men, who are generally selfish and sagacious enough where their own interests are concerned, should have agreed with one consent to lick the foot that trod them down, encouraging the work of mischief by singing anthems to those who beat the breath out of their bodies, and glorifying them in exact proportion to the measure in which they plagued and desolated the world. To be sure, there is something brilliant in such labors; though not strictly benevolent nor beneficial, it is inspiring to see the exertion of mighty powers. So a conflagration which lights up the skies is fearfully beautiful; but men are tolerably alert in their efforts to extinguish it, particularly when their own property is endangered. Still, in this matter of ambition, fire and frying-pan, any and every instrument of torture which the aspirants can employ, seem to be gratefully welcomed, and nothing is thought more natural than that the many should suffer and die, not even for the benefit, but only for the gratification and glory, of the few.

It does seem, however, as if there were occasional lucid intervals in the public mind in relation to this subject; owing, perhaps, to the influence of the New Testament, a book which, as an eccentric orator once said, contains more common sense than all other books put together, and which occasionally sends a bright ray of light into the minds and hearts of men; so that, now, they begin to have serious misgivings, — doubting whether it is wise to continue that bounty on scalps, which heretofore they have thought it a privilege to pay, — and considering whether it would not be more for their interest to cheer on those who are desirous to serve them, rather than those who trample down and destroy. The matter, when once brought before the mind, is exceedingly clear; when men reflect on it, they wonder at their own insane delusion. They can hardly believe that they have brought upon themselves such multiplied wrongs and sorrows, if it were not evident that the prevailing sentiment is in favor of the same suicide still. There are many, and not fools either, who rejoice at such manifestations of homicidal energy, or rather at such perversion of great power,

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even when they are themselves the victims. They follow such destroyers with enthusiasm while they are in the blaze of their fame, and weep with thoughtful tenderness over them when they are fallen. After their death, they cling to the icy pyramid of their fame as if it were a rock of ages. But it will not always be so. Though there does not seem to be much moral feeling in exercise to condemn such proceedings, it is certain that intellectual fame is fast eclipsing military glory. Men may fight battles at the present day, without the world running wild with admiration of them; it is even doubted whether slaughtering the Chinese like sheep, or hunting out the Indians from their ancient home, is an employment quite creditable to the enlightened and humane. There is a violent suspicion that men of talent and energy might be better engaged; and since our religion has long ago written, where all the civilized world can read it, that the amount of useful service rendered to our race is the only measure of such greatness as shall endure, those monuments of skulls and cross-bones, which have been so much desired, will give place to an architecture less perishable, in better taste, and not so inauspicious to the improvement and welfare of the sons of men.

But while the subject of this memoir was a hero, as his distinctive name "the Great" implies, since men have not yet thought proper to allow that there is any greatness the foundations of which are not laid in blood, it must be admitted that he was not so great a pest to the world as most of that class have been. He did not get up wars for his own personal gratification; it was only when Christians, after their usual fashion, took each other by the ears, that his natural energy prompted him to take part in the struggle, and bore him triumphantly through. Cardinal de Retz has frequent occasion to speak of the prince in his Memoirs, that brilliant and attractive work which is familiar to so many readers; and though Condé was almost always his enemy, having no taste for faction, and not wishing to add to the perplexities of the court nor to the influence of popular leaders, that sharp-sighted man describes him as high and manly in his nature, open and frank in his dealings with others, incapable of any thing dishonorable, and full of disdain for the unworthy. This is no small praise from such a quarter; and there are few who could have deserved it,

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in that day of all ungodliness, when high and low, royal and plebeian, soldiers and churchmen, undistinguished from each other save by their dresses and titles, seemed striving to ascertain, with vicious ambition, which should plunge deepest into all depraving corruption. It must be allowed, that Condé was afflicted with an ossification of the heart; but this is the epidemical disease of all the class to which he belongs. He is not to be too severely weighed; since, if he had any heart at all, he is creditably distinguished from some of the number, and it is easier to mention many who were worse than he, than to name even a few who were better.

Apart from the interest which such a biography naturally awakens, on account of the wild and stirring adventure in which it abounds, the period of history is one which attracts the attention of thoughtful observers, since it shows how much the influence of the people had grown and extended even in France, and how powerless courts and princes were, when the populace thought fit to oppose them. Because Louis the Fourteenth overshadowed the nation with the pompous pageant of his power, establishing the delusion firmly enough to last even through the reign of his insignificant successor, many have the impression that the French were wholly unacquainted with freedom and popular influence before the Revolution, as it is called; whereas, the work of De Retz makes it manifest that the *Fronde*, or *Sling*, the cabal of which he was chief, which was always opposed to Mazarin, and generally to Condé, relied on the people as the element of their strength, and carried on their warfare, not with pebbles from the brook, but with all manner of involved and selfish factions, created and sustained in the masses of the city by the usual arts and intrigues of ambition. We see that the parliaments, local assemblies though they were, had the confidence of the people, which gave them a dignified consciousness of strength. No reader of the memoirs of that day can forget the first president, always collected and stern in the presence of the greatest dangers, and forcing all, high and low, by his grand and majestic bearing, to respect the office which he bore. The French historical writings are generally personal narratives, which of course describe events within limited circles. Men of action are seldom aware of the great movements of their times; the under-currents of opinion work beneath the surface, and do not

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appear above, though they are gathering strength to sweep all things in their own direction, and preparing for mighty manifestations and results of tremendous interest to mankind. Great houses of the nobility were perpetually tending to their decline; the illustrious line of Condé ends in the ditch of the castle of Vincennes, where D'Enghien was sacrificed to the pitiful policy of a modern hero, who, with all his littleness, is great in the estimation of the world; while the people, catching glimpses of their own rights and powers, are continually growing stronger to assert them, and after various failures and successes, are able to establish the point of great concern, that the elevation of the one shall be reconciled with the feeling and welfare of the many, instead of the many being sacrificed, as in former days, to the ambition, luxury, and selfishness of the one.

But this view, though it perpetually suggests itself in the work before us, is not directly to our present purpose; which is to make some remarks on this life of Condé, written by Lord Mahon, — a judicious and accurate writer, whose faithfulness and good sense may be depended on, though he has not the animation and spirit of style which a work of this kind requires. Still, if this book were more deficient in those respects than it is, we should be inclined to overlook all objections in our respect for the writer's good feeling. He finds his chief attraction, not in the hero, for he evidently has no great enthusiasm for that sort of people, and thinks, as Dogberry gave charge to his watchmen concerning thieves, "that the less one has to do with them the better"; but he delights rather in the hero's wife, who assumed that station at the age of thirteen, and afterwards unfolded traits of character, in consequence perhaps of her husband's neglect and desertion, which give her a clearer title to the name of great than many who have been permitted to bear it.

She was a niece of Cardinal Richelieu; and in the day when that overbearing priest saw the aristocracy of France at his feet, the father of the Prince of Condé, a selfish old worldling, solicited for his son the hand of Claire Clémence, daughter of the Maréchal Duc de Brezé, a widower of a sister of the cardinal. It was one of the most illustrious families in Anjou, and honorably distinguished in the crusades, but not equal to the pretensions of the royal blood.

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The prince, who had reached the mature age of nearly twenty, was strongly opposed to the connection; but as his father insisted upon it, they were married. At the time, Claire's character could not have been very decidedly formed; since we read, that, two years after taking on herself the duties and responsibilities of a wife, she rejoiced in the company of dolls; and the wonder is, that, thus treated like a doll herself, she should ever have risen to any thing better. She never would, perhaps, had it not been for the cold neglect of her husband, whom she loved with an affection which was something unusual in France at that day, and which he was very far from deserving. Perhaps her appearance was not sufficiently attractive, though we are told that her small person was graceful and pleasing, and her conversation very engaging; or it may have been that he was forced into the connection entirely against his will, which was as true, however, of her as of him. Certain it is, that he showed neither pride nor pleasure in her company, and she suffered accordingly the evils of neglect and desertion. But meantime, those virtues, which are more apt to grow in the shade than the sunshine, were forming within her, preparing her to act a great and generous part, such as would cover her name with more glory than that of her husband, if the world knew how to be just, which it does not yet, and some doubt if it ever will.

The young Duke d'Enghien, for such was his title during his father's life, had seen some service before his marriage; and immediately after it he was very desirous to try his skill and success in arms. It is never difficult for a person of his rank to force his way to responsible stations; and Mazarin, who was then endeavouring to establish himself in the place of Richelieu, was easily induced to intrust the army and the defence of the state to a warrior hardly of age, who was equal to the trust certainly, but whose eminent fitness he had had no opportunity to know. His force consisted of about twelve thousand, opposed to more than twice that number of Spaniards, who were employed in laying siege to Rocroy. The Maréchal de l'Hôpital was intrusted with authority which limited and restrained his own; and this leader was constantly preaching caution. But Condé, while he pretended to pay regard to his veteran adviser, was all the while determined to risk a battle with the Spaniards; and a rein-

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forcement of eight or ten thousand, which he received on his march, brought the two armies nearer to equality of numbers, and gave some reasonable hope of success. The enemy was as desirous as himself to come to action, and the armies placed themselves at night in positions for battle on the morrow. Condé had silenced all remonstrance against the bold step he was taking, by declaring that all the consequences should be upon his own head. He slept so soundly at night, that they were obliged to wake him in the morning. Instead of a helmet, such as was then generally worn with defensive armor, he put on a hat with long white plumes, after the fashion of "the helmet of Navarre." When the battle began, he threw himself on the right wing of the Spaniards, and compelled them to give way. But the Maréchal de l'Hôpital was less successful; the left of the French army was routed, and fell back on the reserve. As soon as D'Enghien heard of this disaster, he immediately recalled his troops from the pursuit, turned them upon the rear of the victorious army of the enemy, and thus inclosing them between his own troops and his reserve, destroyed their triumph at the moment when it seemed to be sure. But the Spanish infantry in the centre remained unbroken, and when the French attacked, they were thrown into disorder by a tremendous fire. A second and a third time, the young general led them in person to the charge, and each time was driven back. At last the Spaniards were surrounded and overpowered, and of eighteen thousand who went into action not more than two thousand remained alive.

This firm resistance shows that the young general had strong enemies to encounter; and the whole arrangements of the battle show that it was gained, not by accident, if there is any such a thing, but by presence of mind, determination, and skill. It gave occasion to De Retz, who had no love for him, to say that "he was born a captain; which only happened to him, to Cæsar, and Spinola; he equalled the first, he surpassed the second." D'Enghien threw himself on his knees at the head of his army to render thanks to the God of battles for this signal success. "It was weel meant,—weel meant"; and yet it sounds at the present day somewhat like misplaced devotion. Jeremy Taylor strongly objects to offering an incense of assafœtida, in which, it is to be presumed, he had a figurative meaning; and if a sacrifice so

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unsavory is ever presented, one would think it must be such asrises from a field covered with horrible carnage, and in presence of the dying and the dead.

This battle raised the reputation of the young chief at once to the highest point. It was made the subject of private theatricals at Paris, a celebration sufficiently French in its taste. Madame de Sévigné speaks of her granddaughter Pauline as acting the part of the officer "who distinguished himself so agreeably" on the morning of the engagement, by killing the trumpeter who waked the prince too early; an incident which, if true, shows what an accurate moral discernment one might obtain in the service, of the guilt and due penalties of sin. It is curious to see how the intrigues and squabbles of women, high in rank, but low enough in life and conversation, engaged the young warrior on his return, and required more statesmanship on the part of Mazarin than the management of all the foreign relations. D'Enghien's sister was a beautiful vixen, and to satisfy her the cardinal banished two other ladies of a rival faction, not to speak of sundry noblemen, and sent to the dungeon of Vincennes for years the Duke of Beaufort, whose crime it was to be a lover of the lady who had offended the culminating star. But the army having been intrusted to Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the same who figures so brilliantly in De Retz, putting that able and crafty person at his wits' end to manage him, so thoroughly unfit was he for any sort of judgment or action, his generalship brought matters to such a pass, that D'Enghien, and Turenne, a more experienced warrior, were both required to repair the mischief which he had done. These two great generals met at Fribourg, where the Bavarian army was strongly encamped, and commanded by the Count de Mercy, the most formidable name of the day. Turenne, who was cold and calm, was in favor of caution and delay; but D'Enghien, who was higher in authority, determined on an immediate assault. He ordered his troops to the charge; but with all their efforts they found it impossible to force the intrenchments, till he sprang from his horse, threw his marshal's baton over the wall, and, by giving this impulse and example to his men, sent them on with a fury which there was no resisting.

The truth seems to be, that one great secret of these wonderful martial successes is a wild prodigality of blood. So

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it was with Napoleon; so it is with most of those whom the world delights to honor. It is because they make no hesitation of sacrificing their thousands that they can sweep all resistance away. Turenne, after the bloody battle of Fribourg, was touched with compassion for the misery which it occasioned; but D'Enghien pleasantly remarked, that "one night of Paris would repair their loss of men." Let no one suppose, however, that he was deficient in feeling. On the contrary, in the following year, when he was obliged to leave Madame de Vigear for the army, the shock of separation was so dreadful to him that he fainted away. It has been suggested as an excuse for this kind of attachment, that he was forced into a marriage with his wife; but it happened to be equally true that she was forced into a marriage with him; and while he was living in this base self-indulgence, she was spending her days in solitude, loving him all the while with a faithfulness which he was far enough from deserving. In the battle of Nordlingen, another of those days in which his genius shone forth with such wonderful brightness, he was overcome by his efforts, and fell dangerously ill. On his return to Paris, he had lost all affection for the lady to whom he was so much devoted before. This the French sagaciously ascribed to his dangerous illness and the great quantity of blood which he had lost. It never appeared to occur to them, that attachments of that kind have not the surest foundation; a guilty passion is rather flourishing and sentimental than deep and enduring. The lady, whose conduct had been without reproach, except in permitting his attentions, took the vows of a Carmelite nun and renounced the world for ever.

It may easily be supposed that such a person as D'Enghien must have had enthusiastic followers in Paris. Those who looked to him as the glass in which to dress themselves imitated his haughty bearing, and were called, in contempt and dislike, *petits maîtres*, a name which has fallen somewhat from its ancient meaning without acquiring a better. He certainly had something haughty in his demeanour; and Mazarin began to feel the necessity of clipping his wings, which were in danger of soaring too high. The minister could not be persuaded to give him the post of high-admiral, which he demanded in return for his services, and which, in England and France, at the time, was often assigned to those

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who had never seen the sea. Still, his private discontents were forgotten in his passion for glory; and in 1648, he was at the head of an army, opposed to the Austrian Archduke Leopold, whom he encountered at the battle of Lens, which was considered the most glorious action of the day. The Spaniards were completely defeated, and their general, Beck, who was the soul of the service, was mortally wounded. It is recorded of him, that he was so much enraged at his misfortune, that he rejected all the civilities and attentions of D'Enghien, and did nothing but swear for the remainder of his life. This was not a very edifying departure; though while living he was about as pious as some great men, of whom it is recorded, that they manifested the spirit of sincere and excellent Christians.

But we turn from the accounts of battles, which are very much like each other, to a passage of history in which this chief, who had become Prince of Condé by the death of his father, appears in a different light; not flourishing at the head of armies, where he was so much at home, but attempting to sustain a capricious and violent queen, Anne of Austria, and her cunning favorite, Mazarin, against the patriotic firmness of the parliament, which had reason, right, and substantial power on its side. The prince had no taste nor capacity for intrigue, was entirely unambitious of eminence as a statesman, and, as one of the royal race, was naturally indisposed to lessen the influence by lowering the pretensions of his order. Still he was too important to stand neutral; and though, when he returned to Paris, at the summons of the queen, he was desirous to heal the disorders of the state, he had neither patience nor wisdom in dealing with the various parties; and thus made himself more offensive to all of them than essential to any one.

It was Mazarin's policy to employ these contending factions to tear each other for his own proper advantage; when he made friends with any of them, it was that they might be made odious by sharing his own unpopularity. The result was, that, after wading through a civil war, not particularly creditable to either party, in which Condé found himself opposed in the field to his own companion in arms, Turenne, towards whom he bore himself generously, he became so formidable that Mazarin patched up an alliance with the Frondeurs, in order to put him down. With the aid and support of

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those factious gentlemen, who did not perceive that they were sawing off the limb of the tree on which they were seated, the prince and his brothers were arrested ; a fearful sound in that day, because there was no appeal to justice, and imprisonment was likely to last as long as hatred and revenge might determine. But when he was hurried away to Vincennes, a name of dreary associations, he threw himself on some straw in the castle, where no preparation had been made to receive him, and slept twelve hours without waking. This was a true indication of the iron firmness of his heart. It is not often that history records a more sudden reverse, from the highest popularity and power into a prisoner's cell. But either he was unmoved in spirit, or he was determined not to give his enemies the pleasure of seeing him cast down ; and without any affectation of indifference, he kept as high a bearing in his humiliation as ever he had maintained in the day of battle and on the field of blood.

When Mazarin thus imprisoned the Prince of Condé, he had serious thoughts of extending the same kindness to the princess also ; but she was the near relation of his patron Richelieu, and though he was himself embarrassed by no scruples of delicacy, he apprehended the impression which such a proceeding might make on others. Besides, he knew how coldly the princess had been treated by her husband ; and judging by himself, he supposed that she might not be altogether displeased with a reverse which should appear like a retribution. But neither he nor any one else was acquainted with the sleeping energies of her character ; nothing as yet had called them into action ; she remained quietly within the shadow of private life, till her heart was moved by the suffering of her husband ; and then she came forward with a strength of purpose and resolute energy of action, together with a lofty tenderness and generous forgetfulness of her own wrongs, which inspired the highest admiration in others, and made her the most formidable enemy whom Mazarin had to encounter. She was without friends, without money, without the aid and support of a party ; but she knew that her husband was innocent of crime, for the court did not charge him with any act or purpose of treason. She was aware that many patriotic men, like the first president of the parliament, lamented his arrest as a most arbitrary stretch of power, and, unlike most others of her time and country, she appears to

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have had a confidence in that superintending Providence which "shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

It is really curious to see the strange reverses of fortune which, long before the day of revolutions, often came to the high-born and the proud. Here was the most brilliant and successful general of the day, fallen from his high estate into a dungeon. His sister, the Duchess de Longueville, fled into Normandy, but being coldly received where she had most reason to expect a refuge, she left the castle of Dieppe at night, in a raging storm, and walked two miles in the darkness to the coast, where was a vessel prepared to remove her, if possible, from her own country. She found only two small fishing-boats in the harbour, and the owners refused to venture out to the ship in the face of the tempest, till by prayers and promises she prevailed upon them. On embarking, she fell into the ocean, and with great difficulty was dragged senseless to the shore. As soon as she came to herself, she insisted on proceeding; but nothing could induce the seamen to run the risk again. She was obliged to place herself on a pillion behind a horseman, and to fly to the house of a gentleman who consented to receive her. After resting a few hours, she was on the point of trying again to reach the ship, when she received information that the master was hired to betray her as soon as she came on board. She was then obliged to wander up and down, for fifteen days, from one retreat to another, till the captain of an English ship was induced to take her to Rotterdam, from which place she reached the fortress of Stenay, then in the hands of Turenne, who, together with the Duke de Bouillon, had escaped beyond the cardinal's reach.

The Duchess de Bouillon had a similar taste of the caprice of fortune. She was not able to follow her husband when he made his escape, on account of her condition; and the queen, who might possibly have heard that there was such a thing as generosity, but never had the least personal acquaintance with it, had her arrested and guarded in her house. After her confinement, she received visits in her chamber from her little daughter, seven years old, who was introduced and lighted out by the soldier in the antechamber. On one occasion, when the daughter was conducted out, the sentinel going before her, the duchess contrived to follow unperceived, and, from her acquaintance with the house, was able to escape

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observation till she could take refuge in the dwelling of a friend. She was on the point of leaving Paris to join her husband, when her daughter was taken ill with the small-pox; upon which she immediately returned to her house and watched with the little sufferer, from whose bed-side she was taken, and, with the humanity which then abounded, was thrown into the Bastille. The Princess of Condé, having heard of the dangerous illness of her father, earnestly besought permission of the queen to go and visit him before he died; but the request was harshly refused by that narrow-minded creature, who seemed to have no tender affection except for the cardinal, no energy except that of passion, and who had it not in her nature to spare or to forgive.

Nothing could be more hopeless than the prospects of the young Princess of Condé, who was thus forced into public service and suffering at the age of twenty-two. While her husband, who does not appear to have been gifted by nature with the most lively sensibilities, found an agreeable relief in singing and swearing, hearing mass, and playing battledoor, in his prison, she exerted herself to gain friends who should rise in his behalf; and for this purpose established herself at Montrond, a fortress beyond the Loire, built by the Seigneurs of Albret, and restored by the great Duke of Sully. But here she had neither artillery, ammunition, nor money, and a gloom was cast over all by the loss of the Maréchal Duc de Brezé, her father. Meantime, the princess dowager was exerting and humbling herself at Paris for the sake of her son, being willing to do every thing for him and sacrifice any thing but money, which she had been scraping together all her life, under the pleasing delusion so common in parents, that she was saving only for the sake of her children. Being thus thrown on her own resources, the young princess began to speak with decision and act with an energy which surprised all around her. It awakened respect and interest. The farmers began to bring in voluntary offerings, and gentlemen came to offer their services. She made every effort to put Montrond in a state of defence, and when this was accomplished, proceeded to the chateau of Turenne to meet the Duke of Bouillon, not hesitating to put herself at the head of an insurrectionary movement, and encounter the hardships and dangers of a civil war. In those restless times, the signal of rebellion very easily spread fast and far.

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Her adherents girded on the scarf of Isabella, a color which Condé had chosen for his own, from its association with the Archduchess Isabella, who, when the troops were besieging Ostend, in 1601, in order to encourage them, made a vow not to change an essential part of her dress before she entered the town. The resistance was so firm that the siege lasted three years longer, by which time the drapery aforesaid was somewhat in the yellow leaf. But to manifest their sympathy, her ladies dyed theirs of a similar hue, to which they gave the name of Isabella, which was thus consecrated by a variety of associations, some of them elevated and romantic, others not quite so high.

After the battle of Monclar, where her force was commanded by the Dukes of Bouillon and Rochefoucauld, she proceeded to Bordeaux, where she was received with enthusiasm by the people. She hoped to engage the parliament of Bordeaux to act on her side. But the orders of the young king had been received, forbidding them to give her either aid or shelter, and they were not prepared to encounter the crime or penalties of treason in her cause, however just. But the populace, greatly excited, helped on their slow deliberations by the promise of tearing them to pieces if they did not grant what she desired ; and they were led on, in spite of themselves, to do so much more than they intended, that their city was soon invested by the royal army, and the danger from without was increased by discord within. Nothing could exceed the spirit and humanity with which the princess bore herself on all occasions ; in several instances, she saved by her own act emissaries of the court whom the people were furious to destroy, and whom the generals would have left in their hands. In one instance, she plunged into the midst of the fire, when two of the factions of the city had charged upon each other, and while the soldiers were slain at her side, exerted herself with perfect presence of mind, and so much influence as to put an end to the engagement after it had fiercely begun. By attempting to terrify the citizens of Bordeaux, Mazarin excited their passion, and unintentionally aided her cause. An act of murderous cruelty on his part wrought them up to the highest exasperation ; and when an assault was made upon the intrenchments by the royal army, it was resisted with a fury which no discipline or numbers could withstand. But the

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failure of a gallant enterprise on the part of Turenne, by which he intended to deliver the princes, and which was defeated by their removal from Vincennes, destroyed all hope of final success, and the princess consented to the terms of a treaty, negotiated by the mediation of the parliament of Paris, in which, though she did not succeed in delivering her husband, she escaped from a condition which was growing desperate, and placed herself in a position more favorable for future exertions.

It is very edifying to see the private movements of these various persons and parties after this arrangement had been made. The princess, who was everywhere admired, had not succeeded in gaining the liberty of her husband, who laughed at the odd idea of his little wife's fighting battles while he was watering pinks in his garden. She therefore paid her respects to the queen, hoping in that way to do something to advance the object which she had most at heart. When she appeared in the presence, all were struck with the noble simplicity of her bearing, save one person, a princess in rank, but somewhat of a milliner in spirit, who, from some private resentment, records that she could not help laughing at the manner in which the princess's scarf was put on ; while another eyewitness, better provided with sense and feeling, declared that she appeared melancholy, but full of gentleness and grace, without a shadow either of meanness or of pride. Of the cardinal, who was the author of her husband's imprisonment, she did not take the least notice, a sort of contempt which that worthy received as cheerfully as if it had been the greatest compliment in the world. To Lenet, who had been her confidential agent, he paid the most flattering attention, which made that adroit person suspect his intentions, and keep carefully on his guard ; it being unfortunately true of this holy man, that no one could believe a syllable he said, and it was always understood that his meaning was different from his words. He always appeared to be unacquainted with the fact, that politicians are not wise to be notorious liars, since, if nobody credits their figments, they destroy their souls for another life, without much benefit to their interests in this.

But the tide now began to turn in favor of the house of Condé. The efforts and sufferings of the princess, and her generous devotion to her husband, began to awaken sympathy ; the chiefs of the Fronde, who had lost ground by their

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alliance with the court, began to think of making their peace with Condé; and the parliament determined to remonstrate on the subject of his imprisonment to the queen. Rochefoucauld told the cardinal plainly, that, if he would not grant the prince's liberty to his friends, they would ally themselves with somebody who would. But his Eminence could not believe that they were really interested in a point which did not promise any personal gain to themselves. He therefore delayed action from week to week, and they, after giving him full warning, made friends with De Retz and the other popular leaders, who, as they had never pretended to any sort of consistency, found no difficulty in themselves, and gave no surprise to others, by coming out strongly on the prince's side. Upon this, the tables were turned at once. The queen was little better than a prisoner; the order to release the princes was sent to Havre, where they were then confined; and Mazarin, who found that Paris was likely to be a warmer climate than suited his constitution, immediately posted to that city, hoping to make a virtue of necessity, and to release the princes by his own authority before the order could arrive. In this he was disappointed; but he went first into the castle, and announced to Condé that he was free, humbling himself in the lowliest manner, and throwing all the blame of the imprisonment on the Frondeurs and the queen. The prince treated him with a cold and haughty civility. When he was leaving the apartment, he threw himself at the feet of the prince and embraced his boot. But Condé left him with a formal salutation, saying, "Farewell, Monsieur le Cardinal," and took the road to Paris, where his deliverance was hailed with the same demonstrations of joy which had been made in honor of his imprisonment, thirteen months before. It is difficult to find in any history such rapid changes and striking contrasts as abound in the annals of France. Just after the Dukes of Bouillon and Rochefoucauld had been in arms against the court, they were riding with the cardinal in his carriage, when he made some remark on the strangeness of their association. Rochefoucauld quietly said, "All things happen in Paris," intimating that no change of circumstances or of parties in that region of the earth could occasion the least surprise.

At that moment, the house of Condé seemed at its highest culmination. The cardinal had left the kingdom, and the

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nobility and the parliament, together with the people and their leaders, united to do honor to his name. But this elevation brought with it perplexities and trials ; Condé was so great, that he must either become greater, or submit to be less. By depriving the queen of authority, and making himself regent, he might have secured himself for a time. But he hated faction, having a natural sympathy with power, and, besides his unwillingness to interfere with the royal prerogative, he had neither taste nor talent for the business of a statesman in any of its forms. But while the wheel was in dizzy motion, no one whose feet were upon it could be safe in standing still. By accepting the queen's favors, and consenting to the return of Mazarin, he lost favor with his friends, without securing the confidence of the court party. Many of his adherents thought that he did not show sufficient consideration for their services, and, what in Paris was worst of all, several active and intriguing ladies brought their arts to bear against him. It was but a little time before he found his liberty, and even his life, in danger, from the councils of Mazarin, who, though in another country, continued to direct all things in France. The prince became once more embroiled with De Retz, who confronted him in the parliament in the most irritating manner, and who himself declares that Condé, though he was urged to resent it, refused out of magnanimity and high spirit alone ; for, had a conflict taken place, he would certainly have had the advantage.

Driven by the force of circumstances, which he had not adroitness enough to direct in his own way, he engaged in civil war, depending, as usual, on the aid of Spain, a complication of treason too familiar to excite any astonishment at that day. But he did not find much enthusiasm in his cause. The people of Bordeaux had nothing of that regard for him which they had paid to the admirable spirit of the princess, who, after all she had done and suffered for him, was again treated, not contemptuously, as before, because he had sense enough to see her superiority to himself in all the elements of character, but with a coldness which was a sad and shameful return, and could have been found only in a hard and selfish heart.

By means of the disgust occasioned by Mazarin's return to power, the prince succeeded in strengthening himself by an alliance with the Duke of Orleans, whose rank gave him

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importance, and who, with the courage and moral energy of a hen, was exceedingly ambitious of conducting great affairs. He had been amused with the idea that he was exerting this commanding influence by De Retz, who, when alienated from his party, was able to counteract as easily as he had before managed and used him. Condé formed a design to get rid of this crafty ecclesiastic, by carrying him off a prisoner to the frontiers of Lorraine. The Duke of Rochefoucauld endeavoured to effect the same kind purpose, by pressing him between the folding-doors of the Parliament house, intending to put him to death; but the artfulness and good fortune of De Retz prevented. It is a pleasing illustration of the state of morals and religion, that, about this time, Condé and Rochefoucauld met the procession of Notre Dame one day in the street, attended by De Retz and several others of the clergy. The prince and the duke stepped from their carriage, and on their knees received the blessing of the holy man, coadjutor of Paris as he was then, cardinal as he was soon to be. The circumstance, that they were at the time taking measures to deprive him of life or liberty, did not embarrass their devotions in the least; and his factious and licentious life did not lessen the value of his blessing in their eyes.

The Duke of Orleans had a force mostly composed of Spaniards, though he solemnly denied that there was one of that nation in his army. It was commanded by the Dukes of Nemours and Beaufort, who were opposed by the troops of the queen under Hocquicourt and Turenne. One day, Turenne, going to dine with Hocquicourt, who kept his command apart, remarked to him that his soldiers were too much exposed. The caution was not very graciously received, and that very night the assault was made upon them. Their quarters were taken and set on fire, and when Turenne, by the fire-light, observed the skilful arrangement made for the attack, he said at once, "The Prince of Condé must be there!" It was indeed so; the prince had passed from Gascony, through the very heart of France, disguising his person, and beset with a thousand dangers. As soon as he reached the army, he struck a sudden and successful blow, and had it not been for the martial genius and calm determination of Turenne, the queen and the cardinal would have fallen into his hands. The war was then carried on in the immediate neigh-

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bourhood of Paris, where Condé had two armies opposed to him ; one, that of Turenne, the other of new levies, commanded by the Maréchal de la Ferté. They soon came into conflict under the city-walls. Condé, like Turenne, in this action, not only directed the movements of his troops, but fought in person at every point where he could be most exposed. Three gentlemen, who had agreed to single him out to destroy him, fell in succession, by his own hand. He was so drenched with perspiration, and exhausted by his labor, that, while the battle was raging, he was obliged to have himself disarmed and unbooted, and to roll like a tired horse upon the ground ; after which he returned to the conflict again. But he would have been overborne by numbers, had it not been for the unexpected aid of his cousin, Mademoiselle, Duchess of Montpensier, the daughter of the Duke of Orleans. She relates in her Memoirs the manner in which she proceeded. She went to her father, who was frightened out of what small measure of wit he ever had, and required him to sign an order to the governor of the Bastille ; then to the Maréchal de l'Hôpital, governor of Paris, threatening to kill him with her own hand if he did not admit the troops of Condé ; she then went to her cousin, whom she found covered with dust "two inches thick," his shirt crimsoned with blood, his armor hacked, and with his naked sword, having thrown the scabbard away. She urged his immediate retreat ; but he declared that he would never fly before the Mazarins in the face of day ; and it was not till night that he drew off his exhausted men, under cover of a cannonade which Mademoiselle herself directed upon the royal army, from the ramparts of the Bastille. Thus ended the battle of St. Antoine, in which Condé, though he lost the victory, was generally admitted to have covered himself with glory.

When the prince was in Paris, he was, as usual, vexed and harassed by the free discussion which prevailed there ; and in order to drive the magistrates to his support, Lord Mahon says that he had recourse to a crime which has left an eternal stain upon his memory. He employed soldiers disguised as artisans, who joined with the populace, and excited them to fury against the magistrates in the Hotel de Ville, till, at the word of Condé, they made an assault upon and set fire to the building, and several hundred lives were lost in the conflict which ensued. Lord Mahon refers for

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his authority to the memoirs of Conrart and Montpensier. But besides that such movements were not in keeping with the character of Condé, there is reason to doubt whether he intended or expected any such tragical results, from the manner in which De Retz gives the story, in which, as he allows, he turned every thing, as much as possible, to the prince's disadvantage. He tells us that Condé's machinations were aimed against himself; the prince having determined to stir up the people, and in the confusion to seize the Coadjutor, conduct him in a carriage to the gate of the city, and dismiss him with a friendly caution against entering it again; a step which De Retz, who was to have received these civil attentions, remarks would have been one of the wisest and finest actions of the age. He speaks of the confusion and slaughter which took place at the Town House as entirely accidental, or rather as not intended, since Condé's arrangements were made for an entirely different purpose; a version of the story which seems to us more probable than the other. It is obvious why the enemies of Condé should have endeavoured to throw the odium of the massacre on him; and since he could not deny that emissaries had been sent among the people, he should have been held responsible for the consequences which followed. But when a clear-headed witness, not friendly to the prince, speaks of it as a popular outbreak, and says that Condé's officers were not able to stop the fury of the mob, we can see no good reason why we should discredit the impartial testimony which he gives. He says, distinctly, that the greatest difficulty in the way of the prince was his hatred of civil war. The Duchess de Nemours, in her Memoirs, says that it is not known to whom the massacre should be ascribed; some charged it to the secret agency of the court; but the most common impression was, that it was owing to the disguised soldiers of the Prince of Condé, who mistook or exceeded their orders.

The reproach which was cast upon him in consequence of this massacre had an effect as unpropitious as if it were fully deserved. The power of the court, too, was increasing, since it was the chief art of Mazarin to take advantage of the errors and quarrels of his opposers. The Fronde came to an end by the arrest of De Retz, when the people, with whom he was once so great a favorite, did nothing for his rescue. The Duke of Orleans made his peace with the queen, which

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was easy for one so inefficient and powerless to injure ; while Condé, who could not so readily humble himself to Mazarin, determined to continue the civil war by means of the armies of Spain. But the slow and pompous movements of their generals, their utter ignorance of the art of war, and their jealousy of his great name, prevented his undertaking spirited enterprises, and destroyed all hope of ultimate success. It was interesting to see how well he was understood by his great rival, Turenne. At the siege of Arras, that general told his officers, that he should that day, at noon, make an assault, at a certain point, upon the Spanish lines. They pointed out to him that another point was weaker ; but he replied to them that the Prince of Condé, who never slept, was there ; while at the point where he intended to strike, the Spaniards would first take it for a feint, then, finding their mistake, they would wake their general from his afternoon slumber ; he, when fairly roused, which would be a work of time, would go to wake the archduke for his orders, and before these operations could be finished the work of the French would be done. All took place as he had predicted ; the loss of the Spaniards was great, and they were saved only by a masterly retreat, conducted under Condé's orders.

The prince paid a similar compliment to Turenne, by avoiding the force which he commanded, and falling, at Valenciennes, upon the army of the Maréchal de la Ferté, which was separated by the Scheldt from the other, and with such success that he took the Maréchal, with nearly all his officers and more than four thousand men. When Dunkirk was invested by Turenne, and Condé endeavoured in vain to prevail on the Spanish general to avoid a battle, he said to him, — "You do not know M. de Turenne ; faults are not committed with impunity before so great a man." Without contesting the point farther, the prince turned to the young Duke of Gloucester, and asked him if he had ever "seen a battle." He replied that he had not. "Well," said Condé, "in half an hour from this time, you will see a battle lost." The battle, indeed, was lost, and Dunkirk surrendered ; Spain was no longer able to continue the war. Accordingly, terms were made, in which the interests of the prince were consulted, and he was able to return to France with the most exalted reputation for martial talent, and not in discredit on account of his disloyalty in an age when treason was too common to be thought a sin.

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It is melancholy to see that military greatness and an apparent elevation of feeling in some respects are consistent with great hardness of heart. After the efforts which the princess had made during his imprisonment, in which she manifested the great resources of her character and the depth of her affection, his better feeling seemed awakened; he treated her with respect and tenderness, and she rejoiced in the change, believing it would be permanent, and trusting that the cloud which had darkened over her existence had passed away. But the want of heart in his composition could not be concealed by any grateful attentions; he soon relapsed into his former indifference and neglect, and she fell into disease and depression. At one time, he said to a friend that the next news he expected to hear was that of his wife's death; a sort of hardness which Mademoiselle, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, says in her Memoirs made her blush for him; and surely, nothing trifling could have produced an effect so unusual and extraordinary in a lady who states that she was herself desirous of filling the vacancy, in case it should occur, and who found Charles the Second, who had been selected as a husband for her, too bashful and retiring to be welcome in the character of a lover. The princess was unfortunate enough to recover, and nothing which her husband could do had power to alienate her affection.

When Condé was compelled to leave his country and join the Spaniards, Cardinal Mazarin, not out of kindness, but from a lively recollection of her former spirit, made her large offers if she would separate her interests from his; but she would not listen to any suggestion of the kind. She determined to follow her husband at all hazards, though the physicians assured her she would not survive the voyage, and she took the sacrament like a dying person. She embarked with her son for Flanders, and, sick and sorrowful as she was, her self-devotion was rewarded by an order from that illustrious petrifaction, requiring her to stop at Valenciennes, instead of joining him at Rocroy. He did not once go near her through the whole winter, and in addition to his other injuries deprived her of the society of her son. Now, it is well known that glory is a sort of moonshine, which can gild many things hateful and disgusting, and make them look beautiful in the darkness of the world; but it is utterly incomprehensible how such treatment as Condé gave his wife, and Napoleon in later times

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measured out to Josephine, can be excused or forgotten by any human being who has the smallest remnant of a heart. Probably, however, this part of the physical and moral system is likely to be so little used, that it is often omitted in the original formation of heroes, and also those whose joy it is to adore them.

The Prince of Condé, after the treaty with Spain was concluded, in which it was stipulated that he should be restored to his estates and honors, came back to his own country more like a conqueror than a returning exile. But the same reasons which gave him favor with the people did not make him acceptable at court, and he found himself without influence, while he was the acknowledged great man of the day. He returned with his son, the princess following them two days after. The court were then in Provence. When Mazarin heard of his approach, he came out to meet him with every demonstration of pleasure, embracing and welcoming home the man whom he devoutly feared and hated. The king, who was less accustomed to dissimulation, received him coldly ; Condé took the opportunity to present his son, the young Duke d'Enghien, of whom Mademoiselle records, that there was nothing promising about him. But she may have been influenced by his unfortunately falling asleep while she was conversing with his father ; a circumstance which was not flattering to her social power, but which we can easily conceive may have happened to older persons, if the charms of her conversation resembled those of her writings.

It was well for Condé that he had no ambition except in war ; for Mazarin was now so firmly established, that he treated the king like a boy, and paid not even the common forms of respect to the queen. He did not permit either of them to exert the least act of authority ; and they submitted to his dictation, probably from the idea that no one was so well fitted to govern France as he. But he was not long to enjoy his unrivalled elevation. The excesses of his youth had undermined his constitution, and the work of ruin was finished by the cares and anxieties of later years. Finding that his mortal term was nearly over, he made an exact arrangement of all public affairs, disposing of every thing as if the state was his own. Three days before his death, he held a confidential discourse with Condé, who afterwards discovered that there was not a word of truth in what the dying

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man had told him ; and having made this characteristic preparation, he left the world, leaving a memory that could not be envied. In the ambition of Richelieu there was something bold and overpowering ; but meanness and selfishness overshaded the ability of Mazarin, and the world admired nothing about him but his success, which was owing all the while more to the queen's attachment for him, than to any adroitness or management of his own.

Lord Mahon touches on the subject of the Iron Mask, the mystery of which was first thrown out to the world by Voltaire, and which, like the authorship of Junius, has been a standing subject for ingenious theories, none of which have been established to the full satisfaction of the reading world. Each one who undertakes to say what person the Iron Mask concealed can prove only that it *may have been* the one whom he supposes. A possibility may be clearly made out ; but up to a probability the evidence cannot be made to go. The theory which Lord Mahon adopts has been suggested before. It is, that the unfortunate prisoner was a son of Mazarin and the queen, born after the death of Louis the Thirteenth, and secretly brought up till after the cardinal's death. Louis the Fourteenth became acquainted with his existence, and he resorted to these cruel measures to keep the secret from the world. The difficulty with this solution of the mystery is, that no adequate motive for the concealment appears. As for the queen's reputation, it was well established, such as it was, and the French public were not strict to censure any such iniquities. It is not easy to understand, either, how such a person could be dangerous in any respect which should make it necessary to keep him so sternly bound. Moreover, the severity of his punishment implies that it was inflicted in a spirit of revenge ; and we can hardly conceive of any thing which such a person could have done to call down that feeling. Before troubling ourselves with these difficult historical problems, it is best to ascertain the precise authority on which the story of the prisoner and his imprisonment rests ; and when we have sifted out the fanciful from the true, we may find much less difficulty in solving what is left of the mystery than we imagine now.

As Louis the Fourteenth took matters of state entirely into his own hands, and, though he had great respect for the

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talent, had no particular confidence in the friendship and faithfulness of Condé, the prince lived in retirement, devoting himself to his son, who does not seem to have rewarded his father's interest with any remarkable promise, and was most eminently deficient in heart. Condé was very desirous to marry him to Mademoiselle, who was immensely rich; and that free-spoken lady, in her Memoirs, treats of the matter without reserve, saying that she felt no disposition to receive the young man's assiduous attentions, because a base mind can never please; but she excused herself to the father on account of the disparity of years. Other writers mention something with respect to the young man's appearance, which may have had some weight with the lady; that he was very little and thin, with a mean countenance, which was redeemed only by the fire and spirit of his eyes. Finding these advances rejected, the prince turned his attention to a daughter of that princess palatine who bore so important a part in the intrigues of the Fronde. Here he was more successful, and the bride had a fortune of more than a million crowns. But she had reason to repent her haste, for, according to St. Simon, she was plain, virtuous, and foolish, either of which qualities, but especially the second, was sufficient to make such a husband despise her; and accordingly, in this respect, he followed the vile example of his father. It does not appear why it should have been so, but the diabolical aversion of the prince to his wife increased after this alliance of his son; perhaps it was to show his youthful hope how so near a connection should be treated. But the young man transcended his teacher; for, not contented with insults, he often abused her with kicks and blows, while his illustrious father aimed all his wounds at his wife's broken and bleeding heart.

It was not long, however, that he could devote himself to this kind of recreation; for Louis the Fourteenth, who was determined, in defiance of nature, to be a great king, or at least to witch the world with the delusion that he was one, undertook to strike a blow at Spain by way of gaining renown. He chose Turenne to conduct the proposed campaign; but Condé having drawn up a plan for the reduction of Franche Comté, Louvois, who was jealous of Turenne, prevailed on Louis to submit the execution of the plan to Condé. It was soon accomplished with success, and Louis made him governor of the province which he had subdued.

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But in another point, he was subjected to disappointment and mortification. After the abdication of Casimir, king of Poland, he was one of the most prominent candidates for that elective crown. Louis, when he heard of it, desired Condé to give up his plan of ambition as inconsistent with the interests of France; and as a request from him was the same with a command, the prince saw the glittering prize escaping for ever from his hands. In addition to this humiliation, he was harassed with debts, which, in years of neglect, had risen to the amount of nine million livres. Such was the confusion of his affairs, that the ordinary expenses of his family had not been paid for six years. His antechamber was filled with creditors, through whom, when he went abroad, he travelled as fast as the gout would let him, saying, as he passed, that he would give orders that they should be paid. But Gourville, a faithful friend, to whom he intrusted the management of his affairs, on looking into the claims, was able to pay the nine million with fifteen hundred thousand, to the perfect satisfaction of those who brought in their demands. This faithful and distinguished service brought much jealous enmity on Gourville; and among others, the Bishop of Autun reported to Condé that he had boasted of the manner in which he governed his master; to which the prince only replied, that, if so, it was true, and he really governed him well.

Lord Mahon has succeeded in throwing light upon an unaccountable passage in the domestic history of Condé. Mademoiselle says, that a young man, who was in the service of the princess, came into her chamber one day to ask for money, which he did in such a manner as to create alarm. Another young gentleman who was present took up a quarrel in resentment at his want of respect for the princess, and in the scuffle which ensued, the princess, who tried to separate them, received a sword-cut in her breast. This seems a very natural explanation; but some base minds represented it as an affray between two of her favorites, who were jealous of each other; a version which was favored by Condé himself, who, not enjoying the presence of the person he had so much injured, was glad to seize some pretext for banishing her to Châteauroux, a measure to which he was urged on by the advice of her unnatural son. It is needless to say on which side the presumptive evidence inclines. She had always been exemplary, excellent, and far above reproach; he had

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borne himself toward her with the cold malignity of an evil spirit; and surely it is easier to believe that he did her foul wrong, as usual, than to credit the fact that she had become corrupt and disloyal after more than thirty faithful years. We know, too, that he was earnestly bent on finding some pretext for a separation; and it was because he hoped that some prejudice might be excited against her by perverting the truth of this incident, that he proceeded in such a manner as to give the impression that she was guilty.

Lord Mahon, who is always diligent in his researches, has succeeded in bringing up an authority from an unexpected quarter, from the state-paper office in London. The English court at that time kept a secret correspondent in Paris, who gave information of all that was passing, and sent home a report of this transaction as part of the news of the day. He states, that the footman in question went to the princess in a state of excitement, and asked for money, which she refused him because he made a bad use of it. Infuriated by her censure, he struck her with his sword, and immediately fled. One of the pages, hearing her groans, came to her relief and saved her from bleeding to death. Finding that the criminal was arrested, and would certainly be put to death, the generous princess, from a desire to save his life, said that the wound was received in her attempt to part him from one of the pages, as the two had drawn swords upon each other. The criminal confessed his guilt; but she made every effort to save him from his doom. Shortly after, she was ordered by the king to Châteauroux, in consequence, doubtless, of lying representations, and was required before her departure to surrender her property to her son, which she readily did, saying that she should need but little, as she was moving fast on her way to the grave. When she was taking leave of that contemptible abortion, she fainted away in his arms. Such is the account given by an observant but uninterested person; and such is the internal evidence, that no one can doubt it is true.

While she was pining in her prison, closely confined and guarded, her husband was receiving at Chantilly the troublesome and vexatious honor of a visit from the king. It was on this occasion that Vatel, the maître d'hotel to the prince, committed suicide, because there was more company than was expected, and in consequence there were some tables at

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which the roast was wanting. This he might possibly have survived, though it nearly broke his heart; but the next morning, being threatened with a deficiency of sea-fish, he committed suicide with his sword. The guests ate their breakfast prepared by less illustrious hands, applauded his high sense of honor, and in an hour or two all went on as if Vatel had never existed.

Though Condé was too much advanced in life to fight for his own ambition, Louis the Fourteenth hoped to gain some renown from the services of such a chief; and probably for this purpose, for no other appeared, he declared war against Holland, and marched against it with a hundred thousand men, and, what was equally formidable, with the prince and Turenne at its head. Condé began the campaign with his usual fire and success; but he was soon wounded so severely, that he was obliged to leave the army. In 1674, he was opposed to the Prince of Orange, who had already manifested extraordinary ability in war. Condé had forty-five thousand men, and the prince with the Spaniards had about sixty thousand. When the Prince of Orange had reconnoitred Condé's position, thinking it too strong to attack, he resolved to move toward Le Quesnoy, and for this purpose marched from Seneffe at daybreak, leaving his flank exposed. The fiery glance of Condé saw the error at once, and, putting himself at the head of his cavalry, he fell upon the enemy, driving them in towards the centre at Seneffe, where they were secured by orchards and hedges. Nothing could resist his charge, and the prince was obliged to retreat, which would have been a victory in the hands of Condé, if he had been content with what he had done; but when he entered on the pursuit, the battle was renewed in another position, where they fought till both armies were exhausted, Condé himself, though an invalid, having been on horseback more than seventeen hours.

The victory was claimed by each party; it seemed to be about equally fatal and honorable to both. Condé sustained his former reputation, and did full justice to the Prince of Orange, to whom it was no small glory to stand against one so renowned in arms. The battle of Seneffe was the last of his great actions. Turenne was killed in the succeeding year; and Condé, who felt that he was no longer equal to such wearing service, wished the king to intrust the command to

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the Duke d'Enghien, his son. But the king knew better; and being thus disappointed in the hope of securing an inheritance of military fame in his family, he considered his wars as ended, and left the field for ever.

He submitted more patiently than might have been expected, after so long and fierce excitement, to the quiet of private life. He had cultivated pinks in his prison at Vincennes; and now he employed himself in landscape gardening, for which he had a taste. He ornamented the chateau at Chantilly with statues, groves, and fountains, and spent immense sums on such improvements and decorations, most of which the great deluge of the Revolution afterwards swept away. His chief employment was forming the mind and character of his grandson, the Duke de Bourbon, who was diminutive and unpromising in appearance, but not deficient in ability. He took a lively interest in his nephews and nieces, showing a solicitude for their welfare strangely in contrast with his heartless neglect and persecution of his wife. Though he had through his former life been very ready to treat sacred things with contempt, he began to think that a form of godliness would not be unbecoming at the age of sixty-four; and therefore conversed much with such men as Bossuet and Bourdaloue, under whose spiritual guidance he was converted, not precisely to the Christian religion as men now understand it, but to a very edifying sense of the propriety of being religious, and of making some preparation to die. Voltaire was very much displeased with him for this concession; he says that the prince's mind had grown weak, like his body, and that nothing was left of him in his last two years. But he need not have been so much concerned about the prince's Christianity; there was not enough of it to give reason for alarm; it appeared to be more like an outfit for a voyage, of such articles as he was told would be of use to him, than any real elevation of the thoughts and desires, or any substantial change of feeling. Change of principle there was none, though, as his eloquent eulogist declared, he had the Psalms always on his lips, and faith always in his heart. The only sign of true repentance was, that he left a legacy in his will to those places where he had done most injury in the civil wars.

His constitution had been impaired by the hardships of his military service. He was much afflicted with the gout,

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but not in consequence of excess; for, during the last twenty years of his life, he exerted great self-denial where his appetite was concerned. In 1686, the year following his conversion, hearing that his granddaughter, the Duchess of Bourbon, was dangerously ill with the small-pox, he left Chantilly, to visit her at Fontainebleau, where she lay. But his anxiety, the effort of going every day to see her, and the unhealthy atmosphere acting on his exhausted frame, overcame what little strength remained; and he went to his chamber, which he never left again. Finding that the physicians gave him no hopes, he received the sacrament, but seemed to be much more concerned about his earthly sovereign than the King of kings. After taking leave of his family with perfect composure, he died, having preserved his senses to the last.

It appears, that, with all his sacred professions, he had written a letter some years before, to be given to the king after his death, in which, after recommending his friends and family to the royal favor, he entreated his Majesty never to suffer the Princess of Condé to leave her prison. Mademoiselle says, "I could have wished that he had not begged the king always to detain his wife at Châteauroux; I regretted it extremely"; — rather a gentle condemnation of such a truly infernal spirit of hatred and revenge. Little is known of her later history, except that she lived eight years after him; it was doubtless one long night of loneliness and sorrow, without a gleam of day, till she went to the presence of a merciful Sovereign and to the rest of a better world. His great-grandson records, that, in visiting the place where his family were buried, he saw their hearts preserved in silver-gilt cases, and observed that the great Condé's was larger than the rest. This establishes the fact that he had one, at least the material substance so called; that a fair proportion of affections were ever in it he might not find it so easy to prove.

On the whole, what we see of heroes does not exalt our impressions of this class of the human race. It is true of them, as Porson said of the introduction of moral evil into the world, that we could have got along as well without them. We see in the case of such men as Condé and Turenne, that they were, most of the time, employing their great powers in the service of faction, often against all the interests of their country; and when they command-

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ed the armies of Louis the Fourteenth, they were fighting battles for vanity and ambition, without the least pretence of duty, right, or patriotism on their side. They were far from being the worst of their class; compared with some, they were pure and exalted; and yet, much as we are disposed to admire them, we apprehend that it would be no easy matter to show what good to others their talents and exploits have done.

There is a real benefit in such narratives as this. The name of the great Condé is surrounded in many minds with a dark magnificence. His history was not generally known, though the sound of his battles rang like a trumpet in the memory and imaginations of men. But when they are brought out to the daylight, we see that the results of his activity and power were perfectly disastrous to his country, and there was no imaginable good to balance the sad record of lands that he desolated, homes that he filled with mourning, and tears which he caused to flow. The greatest value of this work, however, is found in the reverse of that picture which is here set before us. We see a tender and delicate woman, wholly unused to action or to the public eye, setting aside her natural reserve, and stepping forth with great energy, when her husband is imprisoned and oppressed; and doing all this, not in requital of affection, but in utter forgetfulness of the cold neglect with which he had treated her, and the insults and injuries which he had cast on her long-suffering head. Such a beautiful example turns the moral feeling of readers in the right direction; they see that the term heroism has been wretchedly misapplied; it inclines them to withdraw such titles and expressions of applause from the undeserving, and to give them to those, found oftenest among the meek and lowly, who are great by reason of their energy in doing good.

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ART. V. — *Homer's Iliad ; translated by* WILLIAM MUNFORD. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE appearance of these volumes is an interesting literary event. A translation of the Iliad coming from Virginia does more honor to that ancient commonwealth than her political dissertations, endless as they are, or even, if it be not too heretical to say so, than the Democratic creed embraced in the Resolutions of 1798. We have so long been accustomed to political talk from old Virginia, that a purely literary work, having no possible connection with "the party," strikes us as something unexpected, strange, and surprising. A translation of the Iliad coming out from Richmond, in the same year that Mr. Pleasants was barbarously murdered there on the "field of honor," suggests incongruous and contrasted ideas. But so it is.*

It is a coincidence, not without interest in literary history, that a translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses was made in Virginia about two centuries before Mr. Munford's Iliad was completed, by George Sandys, the treasurer of the colony. We give, in a note below, the facts connected with this passage in the literary annals of the Ancient Dominion, as they probably are not generally known.† Before proceeding

* What Mr. Munford thought of duelling may be seen in the following characteristic note on the sharp censure which Sarpedon gives to Hector, in the fifth book.

"Sarpedon's character is conspicuous for magnanimity and independence. Great as Hector was, he rebukes him without fear or ceremony, and with extraordinary energy. Hector, too, though stung at heart, takes the reproof with exemplary patience, nobly resolving, as Diomed did on a similar occasion, to let his actions answer for him According to the modern code of false honor, Diomed ought to have challenged Agamemnon, and Hector, Sarpedon, to 'give satisfaction' by a duel in a gentlemanly manner! But in those times of true heroism, such absurdities were unknown." — Vol. I., p. 181.

† George Sandys, the celebrated traveller and poet, was born in 1577, and died in 1643. The entry in the parish register styles him "Poetarum Anglorum sui sæculi facile Princeps." His travels commenced in 1610, the year in which Henry the Fourth of France was assassinated; and the account of them which he published passed through many editions. In 1621, he was appointed treasurer of the company in Virginia; a fact mentioned neither by Cibber, Chalmers, nor Ellis, nor in the *Biographie Universelle*, and only alluded to by Whalley in a note to Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. He occupied the leisure he could command from official labors and the disturbances of Indian warfare with the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses,

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to notice Mr. Munford's version, we will lay before our readers a brief sketch of his life.

William Munford was born in the county of Mecklenburg, Virginia, on the 15th of August, 1775. His ancestors were

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which was published in 1632, under the title of "Ovid's Metamorphoses Englished, mythologized, and represented in Figures," Oxford, folio. A copy of this version, with the title-page and introduction torn out, is in the Boston Athenæum. Langbaine remarks, — "He will be allowed an excellent artist in it by learned judges; and he has followed Horace's advice of avoiding a servile translation, — 'Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus interpres,' — so he comes so near the sense of his author that nothing is lost; no spirits evaporate, in the decanting of it into English; and if there be any sediment, it is left behind."

Fuller (Worthies of England) says, — "He most elegantly translated Ovid's Metamorphoses into English verse; so that, as the soul of Aristotle was said to have transmigrated into Thomas Aquinas (because rendering his sense so naturally), Ovid's genius may seem to have passed into Master Sandys. He was a servant but no slave to his subject; well knowing that a translator is a person in *free custody; custody*, being bound to give the true sense of the author he translated; *free*, left at liberty to clothe it in his own expression."

Warton (Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope) says, that, when Sandys's Ovid fell into the hands of Pope, in his eighth or ninth year, "The raptures which these translations gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure to the period of his life." Sandys enjoyed the intimate friendship of Lord Falkland, who addressed several poems to him. Old Michael Drayton, the author of the Polyolbion, in an Elegy "To George Sandys, Treasurer of the English Colony in Virginia," says: —

> "And, worthy George, by industry and use
> Let 's see what lines Virginia can produce;
> Go on with Ovid as you have begun
> With the first five books; let your numbers run
> Glib as the former; so shall it live long,
> And do much honor to the English tongue;
> Entice the Muses thither to repair,
> Entreat them gently, train them to that air."

Stith (History of Virginia, p. 303) says: —

"But in the midst of these tumults and alarms, the Muses were not silent. For at this time, Mr. George Sandys, the Company's Treasurer of Virginia, made his translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, a very laudable performance for the times. In his dedication of that piece to King Charles the First, he tells him that it was limned by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose. For the day was not his own, but dedicated to the service of his father and himself; and had that service proved as fortunate as it was faithful in him, as well as others more worthy, they had hoped, before the revolution of many years, to have presented his Majesty with a rich and well peopled kingdom. But as things had turned, he had only been able to bring from thence himself and that composition, which needed more than a single denization. For it was doubly a stranger, being sprung from an ancient Roman stock, and bred up in the new world, of the rudeness whereof it could not but participate; especially as it was produced among wars and tumults, instead of under the kindly and peaceful influences of the Muses."

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prominent in the early history of the colony, and in the war of the Revolution. His father, Colonel Robert Munford, a distinguished patriot, died when William was only eight years old; the boy was therefore left in charge of his mother, an amiable and accomplished lady, who added to strong natural powers the best culture of the times, and a familiarity with the most polished society. The influence of this excellent person upon the character of her son was deep and lasting. Although her income was narrow, owing to the embarrassed circumstances in which the estate of her husband was left at his death, she resolved that her son should enjoy all the advantages of a liberal and classical education. Having completed his preparatory studies, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Cameron, at the Petersburg academy, he entered William and Mary's college, in Williamsburg. He displayed, very early in life, while yet at the academy, the same love of letters, and the same amiable qualities of character, which went with him through life. He was graduated at the college with high honors, and immediately commenced the study of the law, to which he had been destined, under Mr. Wythe, afterward the celebrated Chancellor, to whom he had become known during his residence in Williamsburg. The letters of young Munford show the cordial and intimate relations which existed between him and his venerable teacher, and which continued until the death of the latter, in 1806. In 1792, Mr. Munford removed to Richmond, Mr. Wythe having transferred his residence thither, on his appointment as Chancellor of the State; but he returned afterwards to William and Mary, to attend the law lectures of Mr. St. George Tucker. Having completed his studies, he returned to his native county, and was called to the bar in the twentieth year of his age, and by his diligence, character, and ability soon secured a large practice. In 1797, he was elected a representative from the county of Mecklenburg to the House of Delegates, which place he continued to hold until 1802, when he was appointed a senator from the district in which he resided. In 1806, he was chosen by the legislature a member of the Privy Council of State, in which he continued until 1811, when he was elected clerk of the House of Delegates.* This office

* On the death of Mr. Munford, the House of Delegates, by a large majority, appointed his eldest son to the office, and he has held it ever since.

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he held until his death. In addition to his numerous other labors, both professional and political, he was for several years the reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia; at first alone, and afterwards in connection with W. W. Henry. Six volumes of these reports were the fruit of his own labor, and four were prepared by him and Mr. Henry in conjunction. He resided in the city of Richmond during the last nineteen years of his life.

Mr. Munford acquired the respect of the community in which he lived, and of the State, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, to a remarkable degree. The industry, integrity, and ability which he manifested as a professional man and as a legislator, the virtues that adorned his character in private life, the loveliness of his conduct in the domestic circle, caused him to be regarded with a peculiar warmth of affection by all who had the happiness to know him; and after his death the bright example of his life became a precious legacy to his bereaved family, and a treasure of spotless reputation to the public which had for so many years benefited by his labors, his writings, his deeds of mercy and charity.

From his early childhood, Mr. Munford cherished an ardent love of literature. Through all the stages of public and professional life, amidst the cares of the family circle and the interests of philanthropy, the dignity of learning was never forgotten; the graces which the Muse imparts to the common routine of toil and care were never by him neglected. Ancient literature was dear to him from early association and the cultivated tastes of maturer years; and the best works of several modern languages occupied many of his leisure hours. But his favorite pursuit was the study of the Greek. The originality and splendor of Hellenic genius, the variety, beauty, and expressive power of the Greek language, the exquisite movements of its poetical rhythms, fascinated his mind, and excited an ardor of enthusiasm in his breast, which encouraged him to labor as few men have labored in its acquisition. But above all did he delight in the "Tale of Troy divine"; that wondrous monument, standing unequalled in grandeur, as it stands solitary in the remotest age of history; the creation of a genius never approached but once in the annals of literature. At an early period, he formed the design of translating the Iliad. He had always been fond of poetical

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composition, and showed in youth considerable facility and elegance in versification. No translation with which he was familiar came up to his idea of what a translation of the Iliad ought to be; and he determined to try his hand upon the often attempted, but as yet unexecuted task, of making a version which should at once be faithful and poetical, which should be both a fair representative of the incomparable original and an interesting English poem.

This was the great literary labor of Mr. Munford's life. It was completed, and the manuscript was prepared for the press, a short time before his death, which took place at his residence in Richmond, July 21st, 1825. This event, felt to be a heavy calamity to the commonwealth, to whose name his character and career are an honor, put a stop to the arrangements for publication, which had already been partially made. The manuscript remained in the state in which its author left it, until the present time. Mr. Munford's family, feeling a just pride in the good name of their deceased relative, have now paid the debt due to his memory, in a manner befitting the sentiment of reverence which they can never cease to entertain; they have published his translation of the Iliad in a style of typographical beauty which its literary merit deserves. It is a work which will do honor not only to the name of its author, but to the literary reputation of the country; and we feel it not only a duty, but a pleasure, to welcome its appearance at this time, by giving it whatever advantage it may derive from being heralded to the learned public in the pages of this Journal.

There are several considerations which should not be lost sight of in the examination of this work. It had not the advantage of being carried through the press by the author. Every person, accustomed to writing for the press, will at once feel how much a work of this extent loses for want of the finishing touches which the writer could have given to it, as it passed, sentence by sentence, under his critical eye, when every fault would be brought out into bold relief by the distinctness of type. In the next place, it should be remembered, that, during the twenty years that have elapsed since the translation was completed, the literature of Homer has been completely remodelled. A variety of questions, important to the exact appreciation of the poetic spirit and genius of the Homeric poetry, have been discussed with a keenness of

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critical skill and a copiousness of learning quite unknown in former times. The point of view from which Homer is judged is very different now from what it was a quarter of a century ago; and many opinions which were current then will hardly be admitted into the creed of classical scholarship of the present day. We can barely allude to this topic, because its full discussion would require more space than can now be given to it; but the discriminating reader of Munford's Iliad, especially in the notes which he has added to the several books of his version, will be at no loss to apply this general plea in abatement of a rigid critical judgment.*

Our readers must not understand by these hints, that in our opinion the translation by Mr. Munford needs to be excused for important defects. Judged by itself, and without reference to the circumstances in which it was left and has now been published, it is an excellent version of *the poet.* Mr. Munford had studied the poem until he had imbued his own mind with its fiery spirit. He loved, passionately loved, the immortal rhapsodies which illustrate so magnificently the genius of that distant, and, but for *their* radiance, that dark and unknown age. He was familiarly conversant with the best existing text, which had been his favorite reading the greater part of his life. The older commentaries had been weighed by him with conscientious and judicial deliberation and impartiality. He applied himself, therefore, to the selected labor of his hours of relaxation from the sterner duties of the forum, well equipped with the learning of his time, and carried into the Homeric cause the earnestness, the fidelity, and the love of truth, which marked the routine of his daily business. His poetical style is formed upon the models most in vogue in his day. It has great merits, and some defects. It is rich and rhythmical, stately, and often remarkably expressive. Sometimes it reminds us of the noble march of Milton's

* The subject of the Homeric poetry has been repeatedly handled with great ability by the German scholars. Nitsch, Lachmann, K. O. Müller, Wilhelm Müller, and others, have thrown much light upon it. A condensed and most able judgment on the various questions involved in the Homeric discussions is contained in Mr. Grote's History of Greece (Vol. II., pp. 159 – 277). This long expected work, only two volumes of which have yet appeared, promises to be a valuable and important addition to English historical literature. It shows ample and well digested learning, a candid spirit, and is written in a style marked by a dignified elegance well suited to historical composition.

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verse; and we have no doubt the Paradise Lost was one of the favorite companions of Mr. Munford's literary hours. In the selection of single words, Mr. Munford is for the most part very happy; long passages might be pointed out, wherein no completing touch of the master's hand is wanting; the magnificent conceptions of the great original are so thoroughly rendered, with every heightening felicity of epithet, rhythm, and sound that echoes the sense.

But Mr. Munford's style is not uniformly so well adapted to render the Homeric poetry. Indeed, no modern style can perfectly reproduce the Homeric. The Grecian epic was in its day the most popular form of story-telling, for the entertainment of assemblies of men, on festive occasions. In quantity, it was as abundant as the modern novel; in quality, it had, of course, various degrees of merit. It was delivered in a species of musical recitative, with a slight accompaniment of the phorminx, the cithern of the heroic age. The language was descriptive, melodious, and rich; strikingly objective, or concrete, in its general character, and admirably suited to charm the ear and delight the imagination of a simple, gay, and beauty-loving people. "Almost five centuries had passed," says Frederic Jacobs, "before the poems of Homer were imprisoned in written characters; and even then, mindful of their original destination, they flowed more sweetly from the tongue to the ear." To produce the whole original effect of the Homeric epic — for the Homeric poems, the noblest of their class, doubtless, are now the only representatives of the *vocal* literature of heroic Greece — would require the reproduction of the circumstances and character of the Homeric age; of the copious and graphic dialect, which is said by the great scholar just quoted to "resemble the smooth mirror of a broad and silent lake, from whose depth a serene sky, with its soft and sunny vault, and the varied nature along its sunny shores, are reflected in transfigured beauty"; it would require the restoration of the lost magic of the heroic hexameter, that marvellous rhythm, whose varying music was consecrated to epic verse until the civilization of the ancient world was buried under the barbarism of the Middle Ages; finally, it would require the restoration of the Ionic mind and life, with its joyous festivities, its *panegyrical* assemblies, its dances, and the altars of the gods, its religious rites, its freedom from care, its youthful

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enjoyments, its picturesque environment, and its sunny skies.

All this the modern student must *study himself into*, by a long and laborious process; but however vividly these recovered influences may act upon the translator's mind, he cannot adequately transfer them to the untrained mind of the common reader. The Homeric poetry, however, is so essentially popular, it is so deeply grounded in the universal nature of man, it speaks so strongly to the common passions of the human heart, that whatever is local, temporary, and accidental may be set aside in the general estimate of its power to engage the interest of hearers or readers; and so it has come to pass, that, in the long procession of the ages, the Homeric poetry, amidst the altered relations of the world, is now the most popular poetry for reading in the closet, as it was in its own day the most popular poetry for the rhythmical chanting of the minstrels in the festive halls, or under the open sky at the *panegyreis*, or at the great Panathenaic gatherings in the violet-crowned city.

Every cultivated language of modern Europe possesses translations of Homer. But the artificially formed languages of modern European poetry are not precisely the vehicles for the peculiar and unrivalled simplicity of Homer. The ballad styles of the minstrels and Minnesingers approach, in their objective character and pictorial effect, the Ionian of the Grecian epic; but they lack the artistic completeness and rhythmical perfection which Grecian genius knew how to stamp upon its earliest productions. The accentual principles of the modern versification — principles adopted even by the Greeks since the thirteenth century — are wholly inadequate to produce the effect of the ancient musical *quantity*. This subject we have discussed at some length, in a former number of the Review, and we can make only a passing allusion to it here.

In English, we possess a number of versions of Homer, made on different principles, and with different ends in view. The two most popular are Pope's and Cowper's. Several specimens of translation in the ballad style, very happily executed, were published a few years ago in Fraser's Magazine. This style is excellent for short passages, but would not probably sustain itself through a series of cantos. A late number of one of the English monthly journals contains speci-

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mens of translations into English hexameters. This style is not entirely new in English; but no very successful feat has yet been accomplished in it.* To the Germans this measure has long been familiar. The best poets of that nation have written freely and skilfully in hexameters; but as the modern hexameter is founded almost, if not quite, exclusively on accent, as quantity is not a fixed element of modern pronunciation, — it is probable that both German and English hexameters possess only a remote resemblance to the chanted rhythms of Homer. Voss, however, notwithstanding Menzel's pungent criticism, enjoys a great reputation as a faithful translator of the Iliad and Odyssey; and it must be confessed, that a reader familiar with the original finds more in such a version to remind him of the sounding march of Homer's lines, than in the flowing couplets of Pope, or the creeping blank verse of Cowper. A late number of Blackwood's Magazine contains a translation of the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, in hexameters, — the most successful attempt of this sort we have yet met with in English. It may not be without interest to our readers to compare the translations by different writers of the same passage, — it must necessarily be a short one. They will thus be able to judge of the different principles which have guided the translators in the execution of their tasks. For the purpose of including in this survey the hexameters of Blackwood, we select the opening of the last book of the Iliad. Literally rendered, the lines are as follows: —

The assembly broke up, and the people each to their swift ships
Scattered to go; and they bethought them of supper
And sweet sleep to enjoy; but Achilles

* In 1583, Richard Stanyhurst published "The first foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, translated into English heroicall verse; with other poeticall devises thereunto annexed." He selected Virgil as "a Latinist fit to give the onset on," because he, "for his perelesse stile and matchlesse stuffe, doth beare the pricke and price among all the Romane poets."

Some of this "matchlesse stuffe" is the following description of an eruption of Mount Ætna.

"Neere joynctlye brayeth with ruffierye rumboled Ætna:
Soomtyme owt it bolcketh from bulck clowds grimly bedimmed,
Like fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurus heating:
Flownce to the stars towring thee fire like a pellet is hurled,
Ragd rocks up raking, and guts of mounten yrented
From roote up he jogleth: stoans hudge slag molten he rowseth,
With route snort grumbling, in bottom flash furie kindling."

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Wept, remembering his dear companion ; nor him did sleep
Seize, all-subduing ; but he turned hither and thither,
Sighing for the manliness and brave spirit of Patroclus ;
And how much he had toiled with him, and suffered pains,
Fighting the battles of men, and crossing the sorrowful waves.
These remembering, he shed the copious tear,
Now lying on his side, and now again
Supine, and now prone ; and then, starting upright,
He roamed distraught the shore of the sea ; nor by him was Aurora
Unobserved, appearing above the sea and the shores ;
But when he had yoked the swift steeds to the chariot,
And had bound Hector to trail behind the car,
Thrice having dragged him around the tomb of dead Menoitiades,
Again in his tent he rested.

Chapman and Hobbes are among the oldest translators. Chapman belongs to the Elizabethan age, having been born in 1557. His translation is vigorous, and often very felicitous ; though, taken as a whole, it is heavy reading. He thus renders the passage in question :—

" The games performed, the soldiers wholly dispersed to fleet,
Supper and sleep their only care. Constant Achilles yet
Wept for his friend ; nor sleep itself, that all things doth subdue,
Could touch at him. This way and that he turned, and did renew
His friend's dear memory ; his grace in managing his strength,
And his strength's greatness. How life rack'd into their utmost length
Griefs, battles, and the wraths of seas, in their joint sufferance,
Each thought of which turned to a tear. Sometimes he would advance
(In tumbling on the shore) his side, sometimes his face, then turn
Flat on his bosom, start upright. Although he saw the morn
Show sea and shore his ecstasy, he left not till at last
Rage varied his distraction. Horse, chariot, in haste
He called for ; and (those joined) the corse was to his chariot tied,
And thrice about the sepulchre he made his fury ride,
Dragging the person.

Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, and author of the Leviathan, was born in 1588. He translated Homer into alternately rhyming verses of ten syllables. His style is hard and bald, and utterly wanting in the char-

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acteristics of poetic expression. For example, the passage in which Achilles speaks of the "two urns, one of good, and another of ills, which stand in the hall of Zeus," Hobbes drolly renders,

> "Two barrels in his cellar Jove has still
> Of gifts to be bestowed on mortal wights."

The lines of which Chapman's version is cited above are thus rendered by the philosopher : —

"Thus end the games. The Greeks dispersed are,
And every man returned to his tent,
And busie was his supper to prepare;
And after they had supped, to bed they went.
Achilles all the night slept not a wink,
But on Patroclus' worth and company,
And on their common sufferings, still did think,
And lay upon his bed unquietly.
And weeping, sometimes laid himself on this,
Sometimes on that side, sometimes on his face,
And sometimes on his back, and sometimes ris,
And walkt upon the shore from place to place;
And soon as ere he saw the morning come,
He Hector to his charret ti'd again
And dragg'd him thrice about Patroclus' tomb,
And then went in, and left him on the plain."

This sort of version did not satisfy the fastidious ears of good Queen Anne's generation. Let us see how Pope deals with the passage : —

"Now from the finished games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand;
All stretched at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles; he, to grief resigned,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserved to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he rolled around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed;
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigor, and that manly mind,
What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measured, and what fields they fought,
All passed before him in remembrance dear;

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Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear;
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day;
Then starting up disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves;
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he joined;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind,
And thrice, Patroclus, round thy monument
Was Hector dragged, then hurried to the tent."

Cowper, in a less ambitious spirit, thus translates:—

"The games all closed, the people went dispersed
Each to his ship; they mindful of repast,
And to enjoy repose; but other thoughts
Achilles' mind employed; he still deplored
With tears his loved Patroclus, nor the force
Felt of all-conquering sleep, but turned and turned
Restless from side to side, mourning the loss
Of such a friend, so manly and so brave;
Their fellowship in toil; their hardships oft
Sustained in fight laborious, or o'ercome
With difficulty on the perilous deep;—
Remembrance busily retracing themes
Like these drew down his cheeks continual tears;
Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,
Now prone; then starting from his couch he roamed
Forlorn the beach; nor did the rising morn
On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,
But, joining to his chariot his swift steeds,
He fastened Hector to be dragged behind;
Around the tomb of Menoitiades
Him thrice he dragged; then rested in his tent."

Mr. Sotheby, previously known as the translator of Wieland's Oberon, attempted to combine in his version of the Iliad the fidelity of Cowper and the poetry of Pope. This translation, though careful and elaborate, is frequently stiff. The parallel passage in his Iliad runs as follows:—

"The games now closed, the Grecians sought their tent,
And to their feast or soothing slumber went;
But not the power of all-subduing sleep
E'er closed Peleides' eye, who woke to weep.

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He, inconsolable, untimely left,
Of all his heart most loved by death bereft,
Knew not repose, but, wearied out with woe,
Tost, ever-rolling, restless, to and fro;
And more and more, Patroclus' loss to mourn,
Recalled their various toils together borne, —
What glorious battles fought, what victories gained,
And on the boundless deep what dangers both sustained.
Still recollecting these, he watched, he wept,
While his worn limbs no peaceful posture kept;
Now on his side, and now supine, now prone,
Now starting up, the wanderer strayed alone
Along the beach of the resounding shore,
Unheard the ocean's melancholy roar;
But not unmindful when the dawn of day
Stretched o'er the sea and shore its rising ray,
He back returned, and yoked his steeds of war,
And bound the Hectorean limbs behind his car;
Thrice dragged the corse Patroclus' tomb around,
Then sought his tent and cast him on the ground."

Now, as old Michael Drayton says to George Sandys,

"Let 's see what lines Virginia will produce."

Mr. Munford's version is: —

"The games were finish'd; to their several ships
Dispersing went the multitude; and they
The banquet there and sweet repose enjoy'd;
But, comfortless, remembering still his friend,
Achilles wept. To sleep's all-ruling sway
He yielded not, but turn'd from side to side,
Regretting brave Patroclus' manly form
And martial spirit, now for ever flown.
Revolving pensively the toils and woes
He bore with him, in wars of heroes bold,
And voyages upon the stormy main,
A flood of tears he shed; this way and that,
Tossing incessantly, supine or prone,
Or on his sides alternately outstretch'd.
Then, starting up, with tortur'd heart he roam'd,
Disconsolate, the lonely sea-beat coast;
Nor fail'd to watch Aurora's earliest ray
Obscurely glimmering on the restless waves
And misty shores of ocean. Coupling then

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His fiery coursers to the car, he dragg'd
The corse of Hector in its rear again;
And three times trailing it around the tomb
Of dead Patroclus, to his tent return'd."

Vol. II., pp. 473–474.

We close this comparative survey by giving the corresponding hexameters from Blackwood.

"Now the assembly dissolv'd; and the multitude rose and disperst them,
Each making speed to the ships, for the needful refreshment of nature,
Food and the sweetness of sleep; but alone in his tent was Achilles,
Weeping the friend that he lov'd; nor could sleep, the subduer of all things,
Master his grief; but he turn'd him continually hither and thither,
Thinking of all that was gracious and brave in departed Patroclus,
And of the manifold days they two had been toilfully comrades,
Both in the battles of men and the perilous tempests of ocean.
Now on his side, and anon on his back, or with countenance downward,
Prone in his anguish he sank: then suddenly starting, he wander'd,
Desolate, forth by the shore; till he noted the burst of the morning
As on the waters it gleam'd, and the surf-beaten length of the sand-beach.
Instantly then did he harness his swift-footed horses, and corded
Hector in the rear of the car, to be dragg'd at the wheels in dishonor
Thrice at the speed he encircled the tomb of the son of Menœtius,
Ere he repos'd him again in his tent, and abandon'd the body,
Flung on its face in the dust; but not unobserv'd of Apollo."

Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. LIX., p. 260.

Our limits will not permit us to quote at length from Mr. Munford's translation. We can give only a few disjointed extracts, to show the ability with which he has accomplished his undertaking.

"Meanwhile the people throng'd, like humming tribes
Of swarming bees, when from a hollow rock
They pour incessantly, fresh numbers still
Succeeding without end, and restless fly
In clust'ring throngs among the flowers of spring;
Some here, some there, a countless multitude.
So then the numerous tribes from tents and ships

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Pour'd thronging forth, along the winding shore
Of vast extent. Among them, Fame herself
Conspicuous flam'd, (Jove's messenger,) to march
Exciting all: they crowding hurried on.
Tumultuous was the concourse; when they sat,
The ground beneath the mighty numbers groan'd,
And loud their clamor rose. Nine heralds there
Vociferous warn'd them, with commanding shouts,
To cease that uproar, and attentive hear
Their Jove-instructed kings. At length controll'd,
They kept their seats in peace, and all was hush'd."

"The mighty numbers mov'd
Like billows huge upon th' Icarian main,
When, rushing from the stormy clouds on high,
Assembled by their father Jove, the winds,
Eurus and Notus, heave the troubled deep.
As when the western blast, with rapid sway
Descending, sweeps a wide-spread field of corn,
Bending the yielding harvest, so the crowd
Immense commotion seiz'd! With joyful cries
All hurried to the ships: beneath their feet
Thick dust arose, and form'd a standing cloud.
They call'd each other speedily to seize
The ships, and launch them to the boundless main.
The work was soon commenced, and, from their keels
Imbedded, scoop'd the sand: shrill clamors reach'd
The lofty skies, of men returning home!"

"To the place of concourse they
From ships and tents returning rush'd with noise,
As when loud-sounding Ocean's stormy waves
Burst, roaring, on the wide reëchoing shore."

"Among them flew
Blue-eyed Minerva! On her powerful arm
The blazing Ægis, ever new and bright,
Precious, eternal! Round its ample verge
A hundred fringes shone, of heavenly gold,
Inimitably wrought: with mortals, each
Were worth a hecatomb. She, arm'd with this,
Flew swiftly through Achaia's host, to arms
Exciting all, and every Greek inspir'd
With valor, war unceasing to maintain.
More sweet to them the bloody contest seem'd
Than e'en rejoicing in their hollow ships

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To their dear native country to return!
As raging fire consumes a wide-spread wood,
On some high mountain's summit, whence the blaze
Is seen afar; so, from their burnish'd arms
With radiant glories gleam'd effulgent light,
Flaming through æther to the vault of heaven!
And as unnumber'd flocks of swift-wing'd birds,
Geese, cranes, or stately swans with arching necks,
In Asius' meadow 'round Caÿster's streams,
Fly here and there, exulting on the wing,
And (while with clamor they alight) the fields
Their cries reëcho; so the numerous tribes
Of Greeks, from ships and tents outpouring, throng'd
Scamander's plain. The ground, with dreadful din,
Sounded beneath the feet of bounding steeds
And trampling warriors. Numberless they stood,
Covering that verdant meadow, as the leaves
And flowers of spring, or as the countless swarms
Of restless flies that in a shepherd's fold
At summer eve, when milk bedews the pails,
Play infinite! So numerous were the Greeks,
Ardent for battle, breathing dire revenge
And death against the Trojans. Them their chiefs
With ease distinguish'd, and in order plac'd,
As skilful herdsmen readily select
From hundreds mingled in their pastures wide,
Each his own flock of goats; the chieftains so
Their troops collected, and for fight arrang'd.
Among them royal Agamemnon shone;
In brow and awful look, resembling Jove
The thunderer; in armor, Mars himself;
In port majestic, Neptune! As a bull
Appears preëminent o'er all his herd,
So great Atrides, on that signal day,
Among so many heroes was by Jove
With glory crown'd, excelling all the rest."

Vol. I., pp. 38 – 54.

A few remarks more upon Mr. Munford's work, with one or two illustrative passages, must close this hasty and rambling notice. We have spoken, in general terms, of its merits; and though these far outweigh and outnumber its defects, it is but just that a word should be said of the latter. Mr. Munford's elaborate versification is admirable in the statelier parts of the Iliad; in the animated battle-pieces; in the

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picturesque delineation of the grander features of natural scenery, or the commotion of the elements. But his style is not sufficiently flexible to represent with equal felicity the simple narrative portions, and to render with Homeric naturalness the homelier details of daily life, so significant of the peculiar genius of the ancient epic. Homer goes to work in the most business-like fashion, and always calls things by their plainest names; and this is just the most perplexing thing to do, in an artificial age, and with a *cultured* style. The problem is difficult, and perhaps cannot be perfectly solved. If Mr. Munford has failed, he has failed where no one has succeeded.

It must also be confessed that Mr. Munford's versification becomes at times monotonous. His rhythms have not sufficient variety. True, no modern rhythms can give back the ever-changing charm of the Homeric hexameter; but the English ten-syllable blank verse is capable of representing to a considerable extent the varied movement of the Greek, by varying the cæsural pause.

A few trivial faults more, and our critical conscience will be at rest. We have here and there noticed a touch of modern sentiment incongruously embroidered upon the unromantic plainness of Homer; as,

> "He fell with failing limbs
> And joints relaxed, *and sighed his soul away*";

Homer says simply "and life his body left."

And in another place,

> "Enjoyed with mutual bliss in Cranaë's isle
> *Thy heaven of charms, as now I love thee dear.*"

In managing the proper names, the laws of quantity are often violated; though, in many cases, the Greek accentuation may be pleaded in justification. Pylæmenes, for example, which would commonly be accented on the antepenultimate syllable, the penult being short, is read Pylæménes by Mr. Munford; and the same syllable is accented in the Greek. But this excuse will not hold in other cases, as Neritus, pronounced Nerítus, by Mr. Munford. All these slight defects might easily have been removed, had the work enjoyed the advantage of a final revision by the author.

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ART. VI. — *The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; including numerous Letters now first published from the Original Manuscripts.* Edited, with Notes, by LORD MAHON. London: Richard Bentley. 1845. 4 vols. 8vo.

A CENTURY has rolled away since Lord Chesterfield reached his highest point of worldly elevation, and now comes a republication of his letters, in a collective form, to press upon us the question, how his reputation stands the wear of time. It is not often that a nobleman born leaves much trace of his existence, out of the pages of a peerage-book. Still more rarely is it that he exerts a decided influence over the generations that come after him. Chesterfield is, then, an exception to the general rule. Although one of the genuine aristocracy, owing his title to no modern creation, he made himself a reputation which few of his countrymen equalled in his own day; and, which is perhaps more remarkable, he left his mark upon the mind and manners of the English race so deep, that it will be long before it is entirely effaced. No man ever put into more attractive shape the maxims of a worldly Epicurean philosophy. No man ever furnished, in his own person, a more dazzling specimen of the theory which he recommended. If Cicero came more nearly than any person ever did to the image of the perfect orator which he described, Chesterfield is universally considered as having equally sustained his own idea of the perfect gentleman. Notwithstanding his character has been often discussed, and not long ago in this Journal, we will not omit the present opportunity of noticing it once more. Lord Mahon has done for us what has never been done before, in placing the whole man most distinctly in our view. The applause of an admiring circle, and the censure of malignant enemies, of his own day, will now pass for exactly what they are worth. It has been the lot of few distinguished persons to be stripped so bare to the public gaze after death. And, strangely enough, this has happened to him of all others, who spent his life in labors to appear other than he was. The man who systematically wore a mask better than his natural face, whilst on earth, has been doomed, by the avarice of an ungrateful woman, to hold up a glass, magnifying every deformity of his

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mind, to the observation of the most distant posterity. Such is the first moral which we draw from the history of the Earl of Chesterfield.

Let us, then, proceed to look at this figure more in detail. Here is a man who, without being ambitious in the highest sense of that term, was nevertheless an eager aspirant for distinction, in more than one field of exertion. He aimed to be a statesman, an orator, a scholar, and a gentleman, — in brief, a sort of model man, yet "hackneyed in the ways of the world." And it must be conceded too, that, if his success was not entirely equal to his own expectations, it was nevertheless very far beyond the average of that of men in general. The reasons why it was not greater we intend to try to explain in the present article. If we can make it appear that they come directly from the theory of conduct which he maintained, we hope to be not without success in checking the tendency of some minds to be misled by his example. If we can show by the example of Lord Chesterfield himself, that the foundation upon which he built his own edifice, which he also earnestly recommends to be adopted by his son, is, in itself, so insecure as not to be worthy of reliance, — and still more, if we can prove that it creates the difficulties which, beyond a certain point, render further progress next to impracticable, it may be that we shall turn the direction of some aspirants for distinction to other and better sources of knowledge of the paths of life.

To illustrate our idea, it will be necessary to assume that the lessons which he taught, in his letters to his son, were those upon which he practised himself. That this is not in itself an unreasonable inference can be shown by many passages in which the writer refers directly to his own case as a practical illustration of the value of his maxims. The spirit of his teaching is all conveyed in this tone : — "See what I did. Go thou and do likewise ; better, if possible, — but still after my model." In this there was no undue vanity or self-conceit. Lord Chesterfield knew that he possessed qualities which entitled him to claim a good share of worldly applause, and he also knew the labor it had cost him to make all those qualities as effective as possible. He had a right, from what he found he could do, to infer that others could succeed even better than he, if they would only take the pains which he had done. No other course than his seems to have occurred to

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his mind, as likely to insure success. It is, then, proper to review his life by the light which he himself has furnished, and to trace the causes of his success or failure, so far as he may be judged to have succeeded or failed, to the rules which he lays down.

The first point to which we direct our attention is, to ascertain the leading motive to exertion that is held out by his Lordship. We find but one, and that is worldly success; in other words, the exaltation of the individual himself to rank, and power, and consideration among his fellow-men. This is the great end, to compass which merits that every faculty should be taxed to its utmost. In order to reach this, knowledge is to be acquired, the common every-day morality of men is to be mastered, the manners are to be moulded, and even religion is to be respected. To reach this, we are to make ourselves all things to all men, that we may gain them all, not to their good, but to ours. Yet, in this laborious process, it does not seem absolutely required, however desirable it might be, that we should really be exactly what we appear. It is sufficient, if we can succeed in making every body else believe that we are what we profess. Lord Chesterfield expressly tells his son, that his great object, when setting out in life, was "to make every man he met like him, and every woman love him." He says, moreover, that "he often succeeded; but why? By taking great pains." Yet he did not mean to be understood that these pains were taken in an endeavour really to merit such affection, but rather only to appear to merit it, which would answer the purpose quite as well, and be more easily compassed. To cultivate very high qualities of character must be the labor of a life, among even the best natural temperaments. To acquire the power of assuming the appearance of them for the moment may be gained in much less time, "by taking proper pains." Although Lord Chesterfield doubtless would have valued the genuine coin far the most, he was yet too "hackneyed in the ways of life" to require more than that the counterfeit should escape detection. According to his theory, considered apart from his own practice, it is not essential, provided only that a man appear learned and wise, whether he really be so or not; nor does it matter that he should be amiable, or just, or even honest, if he can succeed in concealing the evidence of his ill-temper, or his injustice, or his fraud, from the condem-

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nation of the public. His morality thus proves to be but skin deep, in fact, though he occasionally claims to show much more. We see it in the summary manner in which he despatches his orders about all the more serious parts of education. It always sounds as if he spoke thus: — "As to religion and morals, a respect for the church catechism and the ten commandments, you, my son, must take it for granted that I advise all that, even though I never mention them, since my whole strength I reserve to enjoin upon you, over and over again, line upon line and precept upon precept, the necessity of always keeping in mind 'the graces.'"

We understand, then, by the cultivation of "the graces," the adoption of a code of morals which makes the approbation of others the standard of all merit, and the advancement of one's self the end of all exertion. A man is to learn to treat his neighbour well, not because it is due to him that he should, but rather because he may himself lose something by it if he do not. His civility is the result of a calculation of profit and loss in his own mind, by which he has arrived at the conclusion, that the balance will show a net gain to himself in not being rude. Neither is it essential that this civility to others should be carried one step farther than is needful to secure the proposed object. It has its ascending scale, which is regulated by the estimation in which persons are respectively held, and consequently by the power they can wield, either to advance or to retard him. To the pauper, for example, it may be allowed to behave as roughly as possible, provided nobody is looking on, because he cannot resent it, and even if he does, his resentment will avail nothing: whilst to the prince no reasonable amount of exertion is to be spared to manifest a degree of devotion that may earn a substantial recompense from his good-will. All intermediate positions have their share of regard regulated, as the custom-house would say, by a tariff *ad valorem*. Neither is indulgence in all the vices forbidden by the decalogue denied by this system, provided they be not practised in a manner offensive to those who are able to compel the payment of penalty for so doing. The fault of every action will be estimated, not by the nature of the act itself, so much as by the want of skill manifested in concealing it from the public. To be maladroit, as it is fatal to one's reputation, becomes here, as it was in Sparta, the highest crime.

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Now in making such an exposition of the Chesterfield code, we do not pretend to the merit of saying any thing new; much less do we mean to find fault with it at this time. From the day when it was first published, down to the preface of Lord Mahon to this edition, the objection has been perpetually repeated, that it converts hypocrisy into the first of virtues. How that may be is aside from the present purpose. The difficulties attending the system, as one of morals, all lie upon the surface. We propose to go a little around them, and maintain that even for the great end proposed to be gained by the adoption of it, worldly success, it is altogether unsafe, and not to be relied on. Even in the hands of a master like Chesterfield himself, the instruments it furnishes are not always sure in their operation. Sometimes they even turn injuriously upon him who uses them most skilfully; and when otherwise used, as they are more than half the time by those who undertake to practise with them, they are apt to be attended with an effect upon their own prospects of advancement as well as of happiness the very opposite of what they had so sanguinely anticipated. If we are in any way successful in showing this to be the case in the history of his Lordship himself, as it is now given us from his own lips, our main purpose will be fully answered.

Philip Dormer Stanhope does not seem ever to have been a young man. His letters written from Cambridge betray the acuteness and discretion of an old head. Those addressed to his tutor, before he was of age, show that the artificial bent of his nature was even then already fixed. He devoted himself to his studies, not because he had any passion for knowledge, or any adequate idea of its uses, but because he aspired to shine by the possession of it. The consequence was early pedantry, which he got rid of only by changing the object of his aspirations. He left off quoting the classics, which he never either loved or understood, as soon as he found himself at the shrine of fashion in its citadel of Paris. The faults of the French character then became the objects of his new admiration, and so much did they find that was akin to them in his own nature, that this attachment went with him to his grave. He studied to make himself a Frenchman with as much deliberate earnestness as he had done at college to become a pedant; and his later labors were crowned with even greater success than the former ones. For the fact, that he

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imitated the French so exactly in his outward manners as to be often taken by themselves for one of them, we must rely upon his affirmation alone. But there is before us another indirect proof of his proficiency, which is more convincing, even, than this. We see under his own hand how he had learned to overwhelm his tutor, M. Joubeau, with professions of attachment which he did not feel, and to promise him many future letters in that which he meant to be his last.

Let us, however, be exactly just to Lord Chesterfield. He was not insensible to the merits of the English national character, however highly he might value that of the French. His favorite idea, and that which he endeavoured to embody in the person of his son, was the union of what he deemed most valuable in each nation. This was a union which he admits he never met with anywhere in life. After such an admission, the idea ought to have occurred to him, that there might be, and probably was, an incongruity at bottom, which made the process he desired to effect impracticable. That he did not succeed with his son is well known. Probably the best example ever brought forth was himself. And what was the result? certainly not such as to make it expedient to repeat the experiment. Lord Chesterfield had wit, and knowledge, and good-breeding, and tact, and eloquence, and spirit; and yet, with the possession of all these qualities, he never secured a hundredth part of the confidence of his king or country that was enjoyed by rivals who possessed few of his accomplishments and nothing of his polish. Sir Robert Walpole was proverbially coarse. The Duke of Newcastle was almost ridiculous. Pitt was cold and haughty and overbearing. Yet they successively controlled the government, whilst he wasted his time and pains in futile efforts to obtain it; and even at last, when it appeared within his reach, the event only proved to him most convincingly that it was his fate to clutch at the mere shadow of power, whilst the reality rested in other hands.

National character is the result of so many concurring causes, that it is difficult precisely to define how it grows up. The circumstances which immediately surround a people demand of the flexibility of the human species a certain degree of adaptation to them. To the French people, who are constitutionally ardent, impulsive, and susceptible of rapid emotions, an artificial system of manners is not without its

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advantages. With them, strong habits of restraint are essential to the peace and safety, not to say the happiness, of society. If we knew that a passionate individual had forced himself to cultivate the minor graces of life because he believed that otherwise he might be liable, occasionally, to fall into extremes of treatment of those around him which would breed nothing but quarrels, and perhaps bloodshed, we should be apt to praise his resolution, even though sensible that an evil consequence might follow in his learning to be insincere. Such insincerity may be palliated so long as it is associated with the notion of regulating human passion. But when it becomes allied with coldness, when we know that the person practising it has no occasion to do so for self-control, and that he resorts to it solely for the purpose of concealing the icy condition of his own heart, making it appear warmer than it really is only to deceive us, the vice becomes in the highest degree revolting. The great body of the English race are, relatively to their continental neighbours, sluggish in their temperament, and moderate in their passions. With them, therefore, the endeavour to cultivate the graces leads to a vitiation of moral principle attended by no compensating benefit. If there be one thing for which that race is distinguished above most others, it is for its contempt of the arts of dissimulation, and its steady admiration of examples of truth and sincerity. This virtue goes a good way to compensate for the want of quick susceptibility. And so long as the experience of the world tends to show the impracticability of uniting these qualities of the respective nations, it will be better for each not to run the risk of spoiling what it has, in the vain quest of what it has not.

We have said, that, at the age of twenty, the young Lord Stanhope had already acquired the peculiar character which ever after marked him when he was known as Lord Chesterfield. His leading trait was then, as afterwards, want of a heart. From this source flowed his merits as well as his faults. Hence sprang the coolness of his judgment, and the absence of generosity. Hence arose his aversion to intemperance in drinking, — the vice of warm and convivial natures, — and his passion for gaming, the tendency of the selfish and the cold. The same cause that polished his exterior effectually completed the perversion of the springs of action that were working within. It made him brilliant, but superficial,

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extravagant and yet not generous, captivating and yet treacherous. It secured him hosts of admirers, but very few supporters, — crowds of flatterers, and no devoted friends.

It has not often happened to a young man to start in life under fairer auspices than his Lordship. Descended from some of the best families in the United Kingdom, heir-apparent to an earldom, he came forward at the very moment when the crown had devolved upon the Brunswick family, and George the First was manifesting his gratitude to General Stanhope, the kinsman of the young nobleman, for his eminent services in bringing about that result, by placing him at the head of the government. Before the youth was of age, the doors of the House of Commons were opened to receive him, and a place in the household of the heir to the throne was secured for his acceptance. The road to power seemed invitingly open to him. That which others toil through long years of pain to acquire, and which they gain, if at all, at so late a period in life as to make it scarce worth the struggle it has cost, appeared almost to throw itself into his hands at once. Little remained for him to do but to confirm the favorable impressions towards himself which his first address might create, and to convince the public, through his position in parliament, of the extent of his capacity to be at the head of affairs, should the time arrive that might require his services. Surely, if the cultivation of the graces, the elegance of high breeding, the fascination of external manner, were ever likely to avail for the benefit of their possessor so much as his Lordship would have had his son believe that they do, no opportunity could be more favorable to prove their efficacy than this which had arisen in his own case.

Now let us observe what the result was. Young Lord Stanhope rushed into the House of Commons, eager to exercise his carefully trained powers in the arena of debate, and to mark his devotion to the House of Hanover by supporting the strong measures devised in order to establish it upon the throne. Here, however, he soon discovered that the graces, a finished manner of delivery, and polished diction were not all that was essential to secure the affection of a popular body. While the gladiator was studying his attitudes, a much inferior combatant was at work effectually to shake his standing before the House. There was a mem-

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ber of the party to which Chesterfield was opposed, who was gifted in a high degree with the dangerous power of mimicry. The oratory of his Lordship, depending in a great degree upon manner, if we may judge of it by his own estimate of its power, was exactly of that kind which lies most open to imitation and caricature. Whilst, therefore, we are nowhere informed that the faculty of the mimic had any effect whatsoever in weakening the almost despotic power of Walpole, of William Pitt, or Pulteney, we learn on the other hand that it almost sealed the lips of the courtly Stanhope. His graces only availed to expose him to the withering shaft of ridicule, whilst they furnished him no adequate shield for his defence. Had he remained for the rest of his life in the lower branch, he would in all probability have been set down among dumb legislators, the *pedarii* of whom he so often and so contemptuously speaks. That and every popular body requires a more nervous and masculine mode of address than he was found to possess. It is the place for earnest contention, and not for the make-believe sports of a tournament. Here, then, is the first example which his history furnishes, that mere manner is not so sure of success as he himself appears to imagine. For even when fortified, as in his case, by a greater coincidence of personal qualities than usually falls to the lot of public speakers, it did not enable him to overcome the most trivial obstacle that fortune could well throw in his path.

Neither was the success of the young lord greater from the opportunities of private access which he enjoyed to the members of the royal family, than from his exertions on a more public field. The first event that happened to mar his prospects, one indeed for which no address can be in any manner prepared, was a quarrel between the king, George the First, and the Prince of Wales, in whose immediate service Lord Stanhope had been placed. This quarrel grew out of the circumstance, that the Duke of Newcastle had been appointed to stand godfather to the prince's child,—which the prince thought proper to resent. The king, on his part, became violently offended. From words he proceeded to acts; he banished his son from the palace, forbade any public honors to be paid to his rank, and separated him from his children. Neither was this all. The friends of the son were compelled to make their election

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between adherence to him and a reception at St. James's. As one of his immediate household, Lord Stanhope was thus driven to take a side. On the one hand was the power in the ascendant, to offend which would necessarily cut off all prospect of present promotion. On the other was the rising sun, to neglect which might lead in no very long time to consequences far more serious and lasting. Disagreeable as the choice might be, his Lordship decided on the right side. Whatever may have been his motives for so doing, and his own theory forbids us from believing that they were disinterested, he determined to hold to the heir-apparent, in spite of every solicitation to the contrary. It is even said, that, in order to detach him from his connection, an offer was made to create his father a duke, and that by rejecting it he not only cut himself off for the time from office, but offended his parent, who would have been gratified by the title. The merit of this self-denial must be estimated, according to Chesterfield's philosophy, by the age of the sovereign, which was then only fifty-seven. And as his constitution gave no signs of decline, it must be admitted that the sacrifice which he made was one of no ordinary character. And if done generously and without qualification, it should, upon every principle of gratitude, have secured the lasting attachment of the person in whose behalf it was made.

Such was not, however, the result. Lord Stanhope became Earl of Chesterfield not very long before the Prince of Wales succeeded to his father's throne. A new field seemed to open before him, and one in which he was much better fitted to succeed. There was no malicious mocker in the House of Lords to mar the effect of his elegant playfulness. Here was no sharp encounter of masculine minds to be apprehended. Their Lordships rather courted that state of repose which delights in gentle, as it is unfriendly to violent, emotions. Lord Chesterfield commanded their attention not merely by his positive qualifications to please, but by his relative superiority over most of them. The oratorical ability of that body has always mainly depended upon those newly created peers who have received their titles as a reward for service rendered as commoners. The very novelty of an eloquent lord whose family had been ennobled for more than two centuries was a recommendation.

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Chesterfield knew how to avail himself of this advantage. He, who as a member of the lower house had made little impression as a speaker, was listened to as a peer with the most profound attention and delight. Yet, although his altered position in this regard had thus materially contributed to enlarge the sphere of his influence, the accession of George the Second was not attended with the results which perhaps he had a right to expect. The reasons for this must in a degree be left to conjecture. So far from there being any manifestation of gratitude for past sacrifices, on the part of the sovereign, it is very certain that Chesterfield was a marked object of dislike, whilst the Duke of Newcastle, the very person about whom the original quarrel arose, managed to establish himself as a favorite during the king's life. And here again we find an opportunity to observe the fallacy of the theory, that a cultivation of external graces and an elaborate effort to please every body is the surest road to worldly elevation. His Lordship had probably not been wanting in his efforts to conciliate the good-will of those whom he considered most likely to produce an effect upon his success; but he doubtless overshot his mark, as worldly people are apt to do. One of his maxims, which he most earnestly presses upon his son, is that every person, whatever may be his situation about a court, may have some means of influence upon one's fortune, and is therefore worth pleasing.

"Merit at courts, without favor," he says, "will do little or nothing; favor without merit will do a good deal; but favor and merit together will do every thing. Favor at courts depends upon so many, such trifling, such unexpected and unforeseen events, that a good courtier must attend to every circumstance, however little, that either does or can happen; he must have no absences, no distractions; he must not say, 'I did not mind it! who would have thought it?' He ought both to have minded and to have thought it. A chambermaid has sometimes caused revolutions in courts, which have produced others in kingdoms. Were I to make my way to favor in a court, I would neither wilfully, nor by negligence, give a dog or a cat there reason to dislike me." — Vol. II., p. 267.

Nothwithstanding all this, the converse of the proposition is sometimes true, — that there is quite as much risk of injury from a mistake in paying court to the wrong persons, as in not paying it to the right ones. Without having any posi-

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tive authority for affirming it to be true, we are yet strongly inclined to the opinion that this was the rock upon which Chesterfield found himself wrecked. It was in his character to suppose that the mistress must have some influence over the king's actions. Such is the lesson uniformly taught in the experience of the French monarchy, a history that had not been lost upon the observing nobleman. The idea, that the mistress should have none and the queen all power, was an anomaly reserved for the age of George the Second. It is very certain that Chesterfield did take pains always to maintain a friendly and intimate relation with Lady Suffolk, even before the accession of the king. And his own sketch of that lady, long afterwards written, whilst it admits her want of influence, betrays the fact that he was himself privy to some of the instances in which her endeavours to exercise it had proved vain. Is it, then, unreasonable to infer, from our general knowledge of the man and the ordinary springs of his action, that he bought his own experience of its extent? Sir Robert Walpole was a coarse and ill-bred person in comparison, and yet he gained a complete victory over his rival by neglecting the wrong and going at once to the right source of power. When the question was in agitation, at the commencement of the reign, what the provision in the civil list for the queen should be, and Sir Spencer Compton, the *locum tenens* of first minister proposed only £ 50,000, it is said that Walpole came forward with an offer to double it. From that moment to the end of Caroline's life, vehement as was the opposition against him, no person, and least of all Chesterfield, was able to shake this minister in the possession of the royal confidence. Such was the result of the second effort to curry favor by the cultivation of superior graces.

Still another illustration of the insecurity of the Chesterfield theory to obtain the end proposed is to be found in different portions of his history relating to this same period. George the First came over from Hanover without his wife, and with two or three mistresses, a sketch of whom is now printed for the first time among the characters which his Lordship has admirably described. Of these mistresses, the most noted was the Duchess of Kendall, with whom the monarch is described as passing most of his time, and who had all influence over him, though she was very little above an idiot. Such is Chesterfield's own account of a person with

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whom he nevertheless preferred above all others to form intimate relations. This lady brought with her to England a young female, whom she chose to call her niece, Melusina de Schulemburg, but whom the ill-natured world, and Chesterfield doubtless among the rest, presumed to regard as her daughter by the king. Not long after her migration, this young lady was created Countess of Walsingham in her own right, and the belief was general that she would prove the heiress of a large property. To her, then, Lord Chesterfield decided to pay his addresses, and solicit her hand in marriage. Was his motive love? Who that reads any of his productions could ever suspect such a thing? Was it pride, to seek to connect his ancient line with a person of suspected legitimacy? But if not love nor pride, what could have been his reason but the hope of securing the ear of the sovereign through the person described by him as almost an idiot, — namely, the Duchess of Kendall? If such were his object, it is easy to comprehend the cause of the feeble gratitude manifested by George the Second upon his accession. For all the expectations of Melusina de Schulemburg, which may justly be supposed to have also weighed in the balance with Chesterfield, were unquestionably regarded by the heir-apparent as likely to deduct just so much money from his own legitimate patrimony. In point of fact, the very first act of the new sovereign was to destroy that will of his father upon which the lady's hopes depended.

Yet so little did these courtly arts avail in favor of his Lordship, that even George the First refused to consent to this marriage. The reason assigned was his addiction to the vice of gaming, a vice of which the king probably foresaw the effect upon any provision which he might be likely to make for his daughter. Yet Lord Chesterfield did not on this account relax in his suit. The lady, captivated by his manners and his reputation, persisted in adhering to the object of her choice. But the marriage did not take place until some time after the death of the old king, and when, as a connection, it had become of little value. In the interval, Chesterfield, being too important a person to be entirely neglected, had been removed from the stage of domestic contention by an appointment as envoy to Holland, receiving soon afterwards the office of high steward of the king's household. The policy of Walpole was to put him out of sight and out of

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reach. Chesterfield, flattering himself upon his possession of peculiar qualifications for diplomacy, eagerly embraced the offer thus made, and acquitted himself, it must be admitted, with great credit. But whilst doing so, he let slip the best opportunity he ever had of gaining the supreme power at home. The four years spent by him in Holland had been sedulously employed by Walpole to confirm his master's habits of dependence upon himself. So fixed had they become, that a desperate push made by Townshend to unseat him, most probably with the connivance of Chesterfield, ended only in the disgrace of the contrivers. Townshend resigned, and no avenue remained open for his friend but to join in opposition, in which, upon his return home, his Lordship accordingly embarked.

It cannot, then, be denied, that up to this time reliance upon courtiers' arts had been productive to his Lordship of little beyond successive disappointments. He had not only failed to be first, but he had seen those preferred to him who were weak in the points in which he was strong and upon which he most relied. In despair, he now for the first time changed his course, and determined to trust to his general abilities more than to his address. He came back from Holland only to throw his weight into the scale against a favorite measure, and one severely testing the popularity of the minister. Sir Robert Walpole was not a man to forgive opposition, so he punished the votes of Chesterfield and of his connections upon the excise bill by immediate removal from their posts. From this date, until the minister fell, an open and active war was carried on between them. Chesterfield proved an active and efficient party leader, not merely as a speaker in the House of Lords, but as a writer and the contriver of political combinations. Most particularly was there one topic, not often touched in vain with the British public, upon which he lavished his ample stores of wit, as the elder Pitt exhausted upon it the whole artillery of invective. This topic was the royal predilection for Hanover, and its effects upon the foreign policy of the minister. Ridicule is, of all modes of attack, that least readily forgiven, particularly when directed by an inferior. George the Second, incapable of wit himself, relished it little in others, but least of all in Chesterfield. Probably no man in the kingdom was so cordially hated by him at this time; and to crown all, the marriage long talked of with

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Melusina de Schulemburg was just then decided upon, with intimations that not even royalty itself should be a protection against a scrutinizing inquiry after the suppressed will. George is said to have prudently compromised that matter by the payment of twenty thousand pounds, though he could scarcely have felt much softened by receiving this additional evidence of his Lordship's good-will. It betrayed something of the cat disposition, after long courting the monarch, thus to threaten him with his claws. Yet, after all, we very much doubt whether the hostility did not advance his prospects much faster than the smooth and fair seeming. There was manliness about it, and manliness is of all qualities the most indispensable to the success of a politician. When Sir Robert Walpole was at last hunted down, and arrangements were entered into for the purpose of reconstructing an administration out of the heterogeneous materials which had only coalesced to effect his overthrow, there were but two persons designated by the monarch as utterly inadmissible to his cabinet. Those two were William Pitt and Lord Chesterfield. Yet so far was this exclusion from proving an insurmountable barrier to either, that the former actually forced his way into it soon after, on his own terms, and the latter obtained, by his steady opposition, a degree of public consideration which ultimately secured to him all the posts of influence which he ever acquired.

In the mean time, however, the political career of his Lordship, if it kept him out of office, was not without some solid compensation. Sarah, the old Duchess of Marlborough, had not ceased to take an active interest in public affairs, though she no longer wielded the power of her earlier days. Her hatred of Sir Robert Walpole had been intense, and proportionate was her gratitude to those who distinguished themselves in violent opposition to him. To William Pitt she left, by her will, the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling; whilst to Lord Chesterfield she gave, in the same instrument, her best and largest diamond ring, twenty thousand pounds in cash, and the reversion of her Wimbledon estate in failure of the Spencer family. With this support, he could well spare two years more in opposition to the ill-assorted combination, which, at the expense of the popular favor, had succeeded to Walpole's power. But when at last this fell to pieces, and a new arrangement took place, which ended in what was then

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called "the broad bottom," Lord Chesterfield owed his admission into it to almost any cause more than to his manners and address. His audience of leave-taking, upon going the second time to Holland, granted to him by the king most reluctantly, was only one continued insult. It seemed as if the occasion presented itself only to manifest the royal resentment of the peer's courtly good-breeding. Dr. Maty tells us, that, in return for the elaborate civility and offers of service which the earl made, the king vouchsafed no other answer than the cold words, "You have your instructions, my Lord."

It rarely happens to politicians to be perfectly consistent. The man who had distinguished himself above all others by his opposition to that system of foreign alliances which drew the country into continental wars, was now to reopen his path to court favor by his efforts "to bring the Dutch roundly into the war" against France. He succeeded in obtaining the appointment of the Duke of Cumberland to be chief of the confederate army, which, if it cost his country the defeat of Fontenoy, at any rate earned for himself some title to his sovereign's regard. Yet even after his return from his mission, and before he went over to assume the post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he obtained no personal interview with the king. It was not until the rebellion of 1745 took place, in the midst of which George found himself deserted by his ministers, when they knew he must submit to their dictation of their own terms, as he could not do without them, that his Lordship's disapprobation of their course seems to have entirely removed the burden of prejudice that had weighed against him in the royal mind. His services had also been of no slight value in keeping Ireland tranquil throughout the period of commotion in the neighbouring kingdom, and they were appreciated. After the lapse of a few months, his Lordship found himself at last in the king's closet, at the king's desire, acting in the capacity of one of the secretaries of state. The avenue to power seemed once more perfectly open to him. He had regained it by services, and not by his address; yet here seemed another chance by which to show how much the cultivation of insinuating manners might avail to fix a growing impression. Once more did his Lordship resort to his favorite theory to sustain him. The queen was no longer living to embarrass him, so that he felt

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safe in devoting his attention to the Countess of Yarmouth. Yet, little as he spared exertion, the expected effect did not follow. His Lordship continued in office long enough to be convinced that he was overruled in every thing, down to the smallest appointment, by his colleague, the Duke of Newcastle, the man who made no pretension to "the graces"; and he then resigned. The result of this last experiment seems to have been so decisive with him, that he never attempted another. At the early age of fifty-four, he retired from public life in disgust. He had failed to be first, and he wished to be nothing less. And in his want of success he gave to posterity the most convincing proof, that, after all, polished manners cannot be relied on as the basis of a political career, even though they be connected with wit, eloquence, and knowledge of the world.

It will be perceived, that, even upon the mere utilitarian view of the system of his Lordship, we maintain, from a review of his own history, that it is good for nothing. We have thrown all higher arguments out of consideration, with much the same coolness that he does himself. Yet we would not be understood to affirm, that refined breeding and manners are of no use in forwarding a man's success; on the contrary, we are willing to believe them to be of the greatest use, provided only there be a heart beneath. This little element is the important omission in his Lordship's doctrine. He seems to have thought it unessential what the inside might be, if only the surface was sufficiently polished to conceal it. But by a compensating process of nature, men are rendered penetrating in proportion to the efforts made to deceive them. The suspicion of art destroys confidence in professions. Accordingly, we find in Lord Chesterfield's case, that, though he was much admired, he was little liked. In his assiduous court to all whom he believed to possess influence, even his sagacity could not save him from betraying himself to the most inexperienced eyes. When one of the pages about the court found himself more than once made the object of unusual attention by the earl, the boy could not help, at last, intimating to him his suspicion that he had been mistaken for M. Louis, a youth who passed for the king's son by Lady Yarmouth. His suspicion was well founded, and the misdirected civility, thus known to be hollow, had done his Lordship harm instead of

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good. Thus we may see that he who learns to be civil to his neighbour solely for the use he may make of his friendship can never become less than a selfish hypocrite, whom the first accident that unmasks him will render contemptible.

The cultivation of a general spirit of benevolence and charity is a far better foundation for refinement of manners, because it imposes no task of insincerity. It is rather unusual, we know, to go to the Scriptures for any rule of fashionable life, and it may from some expose us to the charge of writing sermon-fashion; but we must say that we have never understood the reason why it was necessary to go farther for the very highest theory of good-breeding, than the broad principle laid down in the Holy Book, of doing unto others as you would they should do unto you. To be sure, we should be prevented by it from saying flattering falsehoods, merely for the sake of deluding our neighbour's vanity; yet, on the other hand, we might be allowed the pleasure of using the truth to encourage and sustain his virtuous exertion. How much may be done in this way few people entirely understand; or how many young hearts yearn for a word of judicious consolation, under the inevitable mortifications and chill produced, on first entering into the conflicts of the world. To them, flattery is rank poison, whilst discriminating praise serves as the breath of life. But there is a higher reason why the Christian precept is a more perfect rule of manners. It forbids one from committing wrong or injustice of any kind. Had his Lordship followed it, he would have been saved from many mortifications, the consequence of such injustice. It would have held him back from the cold-blooded undertaking of seducing a weak woman, merely because it had come to his ears that she expressed a very natural indignation at his licentious habits, and from the equally cruel endeavour to train up the offspring of that connection to a place it was impossible for him to reach, except through the possession of a character and abilities as much above those of his father as that father's were above the level of the generality of men of his time.

Lord Chesterfield has much to answer for on many accounts, but most especially on this, that he formed a school, the members of which, whilst committing the most immoral acts, have kept each other in countenance by quoting his specious maxims in their defence. We do not mean to say

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that vicious and plausible men of fashion did not exist before his day. Such persons have always been found in every cultivated society. What we do mean is, that he laid down a code of rules which gained immediate currency in that society, whereby great latitude was, almost by consent, conceded to certain kinds of vice. According to him, it is a perfectly gentlemanly proceeding to corrupt another man's wife, and much more advisable, as it saves the personal risk attending general licentiousness. Yet no consideration is given to the inevitable effects that follow, upon the happiness of families, and the peace of society itself. And generally it is, according to him, perfectly allowable to disregard the rights or feelings of the rest of the world, provided appearances be preserved, and a smile be kept upon the face which meditates a wrong.

Let us now consider one of the cases in which, as it appears to us, his Lordship fully exemplified the tendencies of his nature. He had married a woman whom he did not love, and he was not so fortunate as to have children by her, which might have awakened some interest in her welfare. On the other hand, it happened that he had a son by one Mrs. Du Bouchet, a French woman, already alluded to, and this son he determined to make the subject of a grand experiment. His own theory was, that differences of character depend more upon education than upon nature; so he resolved to spare no pains in making, at all hazards, this unfortunate subject fill up his beau ideal of a man. In order to do this, he wilfully overlooked the enormous difficulty before him, at the very outset, of making an illegitimate son play a first part in the history of such a country as Great Britain. Nor was this all. He neglected to consider the extent of the trial he was preparing for the poor young man. Who shall say how much of the awkwardness and bashfulness for which his father perpetually reproached him might have been owing to an impression early received, of inequality with those immediately around him? Who that knows boys, and especially English boys, can fail to understand how soon the smallest difference of condition makes itself felt among them, to the depression of those who are suspected of laboring under a disadvantage? How Mr. Stanhope was made to feel this in later life, both at Brussels, and in the fruitless effort to get the appointment of minister at Venice, we see and know,

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from the letters before us. It may be very well for his Lordship to glide over such mortifications lightly, and call them inevitable evils, to be remedied only by greater exertions; but his duty was not the less plain to reflect, before he forced a young man into such a situation, how apt it is to break down the spirit and disable it from ever entering upon the exertions required. How few men in Great Britain have made head against such an early disadvantage! Is it, then, to be wondered at, that Stanhope, who had not elements of character strong enough to succeed, even without it, should have failed so entirely whilst under its influence? The fault surely was not so much in him as in his father's heartless error of judgment in educating him. Neither is this all the penalty which the poor young man has been compelled to pay. Not only has the record of his failure to be a great man been made up against him on the book of history, but his memory is destined for ever to be associated with the evidence of the labor and pains expended in vain upon him to produce any extraordinary result whatever. As a matter of common justice, the readers of the present collection should have seen a few of Mr. Stanhope's own letters, at least sufficient to give them an opportunity to judge him fairly. As it is now, his reputation fluctuates between those who call him a stupid booby, and those who describe him as a dull pedant, whilst still a third party do not let him off even so easily as that. Yet, admitting all that may be said against him, who is most in fault for it? Is it to be supposed that the young man was worse, in any respect, than ten thousand people of his own or of any age, who live out their appointed number of days, respectable citizens, and who go to their graves deeply regretted by the usual circle of afflicted relations? Why is it, then, that he should be singled out for everlasting infamy, as a dunce and a cub, or as

"Base, degenerate, meanly bad,"

because his father chose in his person to immortalize his own crime, and his unfeeling ambition of making an experiment, against the success of which the chances were as a thousand to one?

A common remark is, also, that, if Lord Chesterfield found his son a dull scholar in "the graces," he proved rather too apt in the acquisition of hypocrisy. Mr. Stanhope died,

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leaving his father no legacy but a wife and two children, of whose very existence he had not had the slightest hint. That under these circumstances he did not at once renounce them, thus visiting upon the third generation the sins of the second and the first, has been in some quarters regarded as praiseworthy. But let us examine this act a little more narrowly. These children were at least legitimate. They had no share in the failure of their father to be what he was never made for. That father had been put, by no act of his own, into a situation to which he was not adequate, and had been deprived of all opportunity to gain any other. How could his Lordship have done less than he did? How could he avoid giving to the victims of his delusion at least the means of escaping from its worst consequences? We do not perceive that he attempted any thing more than this. The boys were taken care of and put to school, and, for aught we know of them, acted in life about as well as the average of their neighbours; but the dream of making finished gentlemen statesmen, luckily for them, was entirely over. The earl reserved his last words of advice more suitably for the heir of his title, a distant connection by a collateral branch, whom he also made, to the exclusion of these grandchildren, heir to his estates.

Lord Chesterfield's system made him neither a good, a happy, nor a successful man. Such being the result in his own person, we see no reason why it should be further held up to the imitation of posterity. Yet there is something in the man, invested, as he appears to us, with all the authority of wealth, dignity, rank, and title, calculated to impose upon the multitude. There is still more in the elegance of his style, conveying as it does just thoughts in a most clear and forcible way. There was a strange union about him, too, of the loosest general notions, formed from his experience of the corruption of his times, and the most strict adherence in his own case to personal integrity. Early in his career, when he was appointed to succeed Lord Townshend as captain of the yeomen of the guard, that nobleman advised him to make the place more profitable than he himself had done, by disposing of the places in his gift. "I rather, for this time," adroitly and properly replied Chesterfield, "wish to follow your Lordship's example than your advice." He never sold a commission. The same spirit appears to have follow-

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ed him throughout in the administration of official power. He had a thorough detestation of the jobbing temper so common in England, and not by any means unknown in the United States, among political men. There is another point in his history which is highly creditable to him. He took no presents from any one, nor did he approve of them when taken by others. There is a passage in his parting letter to his godson upon this subject, which, both as illustrative of his own character and as full of sound doctrine, we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe.

"If you should ever fill a great station at court, take care above all things to keep your hands clean and pure from the infamous vice of corruption, a vice so infamous that it degrades even the other vices that may accompany it. Accept no present whatever; let your character in that respect be transparent and without the least speck; for as avarice is the vilest and dirtiest vice in private, corruption is so in public life. I call corruption the taking of a sixpence more than the just and known salary of your employment, under any pretence whatsoever. Use what power and credit you may have at court, in the service of merit rather than of kindred, and not to get pensions and reversions for yourself or your family; for I call that also, what it really is, scandalous pollution, though of late it has been so frequent that it has almost lost its name." — Vol. IV., p. 431.

Yet strange indeed are the inconsistencies of man. The same mind which in this passage seems to catch a glimpse of something above the cold and mercenary level of ordinary life, in another part of these letters, treats of one of the most sacred of human relations in the following thoroughly business-like manner.

"Do not be in haste to marry, but look about you first, for the affair is important. There are but two objects in marriage, love or money. If you marry for love, you will certainly have some very happy days, and probably many very uneasy ones. If for money, you will have no happy days, and probably no uneasy ones; in this latter case, let the woman at least be such a one that you can live decently and amicably with, otherwise it is a robbery; in either case, let her be of an unblemished and unsuspected character, and of a rank not indecently below your own." — Vol. II., p. 427.

Very surely it could not have been the love of moral ex-

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cellence which prompted the sentiment in the first extract, or even any very refined estimate of human duty. We much fear that we must resolve it into temperament. Avarice was not one of his Lordship's vices. He was above the low arts to which it naturally resorts, and the dirty crimes to which it leads. But he was above them, not because he scorned them as wrong, but as mean; not because he admired purity of purpose and singleness of heart, but because he deemed it unbecoming in a gentleman to put himself in the power of people that were beneath him. With him it was scandalous pollution to trade in pensions and reversions for himself at court, but it was right enough to trade with a woman for money in the article of marriage. Yet if we closely analyze the moral principle involved in the two operations, it will be scarcely practicable to lay down a rule of action which would justify his Lordship's discrimination.

Passing from this subject, let us bring the present article to a close by a brief review of the various claims which his Lordship has made upon the attention of posterity, whether as an orator, a scholar, a patron of letters, a statesman, a writer, or a gentleman. Few of England's nobility have tried to shine so variously; and if he did not equally succeed in every thing, it is surely creditable in him that he made the attempt.

We have already mentioned the circumstances attending his first appearance upon the floor of the House of Commons; how carefully he had prepared himself, and how all his preparation was defeated by the inopportune ridicule of a member who was a mimic. This incident is deserving of notice, because it lets us into a pretty accurate idea of his level as a speaker. With a highly artificial manner it is probable that his Lordship united the amount of wit and practical good sense which we see in the productions he left behind him. These qualifications made him an agreeable and an elegant speaker, but they did not raise him above the reach of vulgar efforts at imitation. There was wanting in him either great intellectual, or that moral superiority, based upon solid and noble views of man's duties, which commands the respect and fastens the attention even of the most scornful. We have never heard that the elder or the younger Pitt, Burke, or even Fox, in spite of defects of manner, were in any degree embarrassed by the attacks that were made upon

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them. Some of these, and most particularly Lord Chatham, were remarkable for peculiarities not a little striking and easy to be taken off. Yet they continued to exercise their powers with effect, placing ridicule at defiance. From this we are unavoidably led to infer that Lord Chesterfield's own account of his oratory is not an under-estimate, and that he owed the greater part of his success in it to his polish. That success was established after he had reached a congenial spot for the exercise of his faculty, in the House of Lords. Yet very few of his speeches have been handed down to us to give us the means of judging of his style. Horace Walpole, no very friendly critic by the way, speaks of one of them as the finest speech he ever listened to, which is saying a good deal for a man who witnessed the parliamentary struggles of half a century, — from the great Walpolean battle downward. It not infrequently happens, however, that this remark is made by a person just fresh from hearing a well delivered address, the greatest merit of which, after all, comes from the effect it momentarily produces. Very certainly the specimens which Dr. Maty furnishes, in his edition of his Lordship's works, will not sustain any similar rate of commendation. They are in no respect above the level of middling performances, and sometimes sink even below it. For example, in the second speech upon the gin act, a species of temperance question, almost the same with that which agitated Massachusetts a few years since, what sort of force is there in the following extract, if considered as a piece of invective ?

"This bill, therefore, appears to be designed only to thin the ranks of mankind, and to disburden the world of the multitudes that inhabit it, and is perhaps the strongest proof of political sagacity that our ministers have yet exhibited. They well know, my Lords, that they are universally detested, and that, whenever a Briton is destroyed, they are freed from an enemy; they have therefore opened the floodgates of gin upon the nation, that, when it is less numerous, it may be more easily governed."

Surely this is not the tone which would overthrow a ministry. It wants force and sincerity. We can see at once, that it was only a pleasant literary exercise for the amusement of the auditors. It would do to make even the Duke of Newcastle himself, at whom it was directed, laugh very heartily. But as to any effect which it was likely to produce in staying

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the passage of the bill itself, he might as well have hoped to get it by talking in an unknown tongue. Yet his Lordship was doubtless in earnest in his speech. Temperance in drinking was one of his leading virtues. He detested drunkenness because it was a coarse and vulgar vice. He constantly laments, in his correspondence, the extent to which his Irish friends were addicted to it. Yet, instead of treating it in the broad and noble way by which its evils can always be made palpable to the hearer, he sacrifices the truth to frivolous conceits. This we take to be the true reason and the whole reason why his Lordship did not in his lifetime obtain the influence, and why he has not since merited the reputation, that belong to the highest species of oratorical power.

Of his Lordship's merit as a scholar and a patron of scholars we have little evidence beyond the scattered opinions upon books to be gathered from the letters before us, and the memorable adventure with Dr. Johnson. To scholarship, in the extended sense of the term, he had no claim, — whilst his taste, even in the limited region of belles-lettres, was far from being accurate or pure. It is very clear that he did not relish even those of the ancient classics which he had studied. If he had, surely he would not have prefered the Henriade to the Iliad or Æneid, to Paradise Lost, or even to the Jerusalem Delivered. The criticisms which he makes upon the works of his favorite Voltaire appear sometimes difficult to account for. At this day, we prefer the wit of Micromegas, even though not altogether original, to the History of the Crusades, or L'Esprit Humain; yet his Lordship considers the latter as excellent, and the former as wholly unworthy of the author. Through all these opinions, we think we can see prevailing the same cold, worldly way of viewing things, which we find predominating on other subjects. To his mind, the *cui bono* seems to have been perpetually present, whatever the topic in hand might be. He complains of Milton, that, "not having the honor to be acquainted with any of the parties in his poem, except the man and the woman, the characters and speeches of a dozen or two of angels, and of as many devils, were as much above his reach as his entertainment. Keep this secret for me," he adds; "for if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant, and every solid divine, in England." Which means to say, we presume, that to admire Milton is characteristic

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of bad taste ;—an opinion which we venture to say his Lordship will not have a great many at this day to join him in, whilst it gives us a pretty fair opportunity of estimating the extent of his own taste.

But if his Lordship was not himself a scholar, he certainly assumed to himself to be the patron of scholarship in others. It was to him, as such, that Dr. Johnson ventured to address his project of an English Dictionary, and not merely because his Lordship happened at the moment to be high in office. We allude to this subject the more willingly because we have lately seen some effort made to deny this, and to excuse the coldness and neglect which brought upon his Lordship the celebrated reply of the Doctor. It is pleaded in his defence, that in 1747, the date of the dedication, the Doctor was comparatively unknown ; that he was himself then high in office, on which account alone the address was made to him ; and that he could scarcely be expected, merely because he was an earl and secretary of state, to patronize every clever Grub Street author who might think it expedient to try to raise money out of him by a complimentary dedication. Such is the argument of one of our leading contemporary journals upon the other side of the water. It appears to us ill supported by the facts. Lord Chesterfield was not regarded as a common lord or as a common secretary of state. He had a reputation of his own for taste and discrimination upon which he piqued himself. It was upon this reputation that Dr. Johnson rested his application, without pretending to claim a knowledge of the man. It unquestionably gave him a right to hope, not that he would be made an intimate companion, but that the specimen furnished of his capacity to perform his task would from its own merit attract the great man's favorable attention, and earn his patronage. It is the peculiar province of a Mecænas to distinguish by his own sagacity the proper objects in whose favor to exert his influence, from those who are not so. Had his Lordship pretended to no reputation in this way, his neglect of Johnson would scarcely have been deemed an error. But he must be judged by the standard which he furnishes for himself. There can now be little doubt, that he did not appreciate the merit of the Doctor's proposal as he ought to have done ; that he gave him ten guineas, rather to get rid of him than from any idea of encouraging the prosecution of the great literary under-

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taking ; and that it was not until after the Doctor's reputation was firmly established, when the aid of a patron was no longer so essential as it had been, that he saw his mistake, and endeavoured to make a tardy reparation for it by publishing a couple of rather frivolous papers recommending the Dictionary in the periodical called The World. Surely, under these circumstances, the vengeance which the Doctor took was not uncalled for. He felt that his Lordship had only meted out to him the same measure which he did to every one, the same which every mere worldly man who forms himself upon his model will always do to those about him ; — that is, he had neglected merit whilst nobody else had found it out, and only then acknowledged it when it was no longer a secret. Dr. Johnson expressed his sense of this in a noble and dignified manner. Chesterfield felt the rebuke to be too just ever to indulge in such hollow excuses as have been lately set up in his defence. It was one of many legitimate consequences of that system of morals which makes appearances, and not the reality, the great object to be cared for.

We now come to the consideration of his Lordship's career as a statesman, — and here we find very little to object to, and something positively to commend. Without possessing any great and commanding views of public policy, he nevertheless held solid and judicious ones. He was, probably more than any one of his age, the exact representative of the common sense of the people of Great Britain, which strongly reluctd against the whole of the Hanoverian policy, without being able to extricate itself from it. On that subject there have always been opposite opinions, and time must yet show which of them is abstractly correct. On the one hand, it must be conceded, that, had England kept herself wholly clear from continental alliances, she would never have arrived at the high point of power and glory upon which she now stands. On the other, it is equally undeniable, that she would not have so rapidly developed the seeds of internal disorganization, under the forming process of a monstrous public debt. Lord Chesterfield had little or no adequate conception of the resources of his country, when he pronounced it on the brink of ruin in 1757, a moment at which it was just shooting up to the highest state of prosperity. "We are no longer a nation," says he ; "I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect." "Ruin is so near," he writes in another place, "that, were

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Machiavel at the head of affairs, he could not retrieve them." Such was the state of despondency of his Lordship, and he was by no means alone in it, at the instant when the elder Pitt was called to the helm of state, and when he proved what all this croaking was good for. But it is the nature of timid politicians to be constantly looking at the dark side of things, whilst they are in active life, and to predict irretrievable destruction, after they retire. We have had many such on this side of the Atlantic, the non-fulfilment of whose gloomy prophecies has sadly disappointed themselves and their friends. From all which experience it is safe to arrive at the conclusion, that great bodies move slowly, and that it takes a good while and a great many disasters, as well as long years of misgovernment, to crush the energies of a prosperous nation.

But it is in the administration of Irish affairs during the time his Lordship filled the post of viceroy, that he has gained his greatest reputation. So sadly had that country suffered from its connection with the neighbouring kingdom, that it hailed the accession of a man who did nothing more than abstain from wrong-doing, as if he were a saviour. Even this negative species of excellence required on his part the exercise of no small skill and discretion, as well as much firmness. These were qualities strictly within the compass of his Lordship's character. Of greatness or goodness we expect to find little. But all that worldly prudence and calm, shrewd good-sense could dictate may very naturally be inferred. The moment at which he was called to the post was a critical one. It was in the midst of the great success of the Pretender, in the year 1745. Yet not one of the many Papists who unquestionably wished well to that enterprise bestirred himself in any manner to advance it. Ireland has seldom been more tranquil than during this elsewhere turbulent year. It is due to Chesterfield that he should receive praise for having contributed to this great result. He was, besides, a steady patron of temperance, at a time when and among a people by whom that virtue was not regarded with the same favor that it now is. He was also a decided opponent to the corruptions which long prevailed in that country in the form of government jobs. All this, joined with the fascinations of his address, excited the admiration and enthusiasm of that impulsive people. But it may reasonably be doubted whether he does not owe the greater part of his apparent suc-

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cess to the fact that he remained in office so short a time. Experience teaches us, that it is seldom in the first, or even the second, year of a popular administration that it is most likely to have its strength put to the test. There must be time for discontent to find channels by which to vent itself, time for combinations to be formed, time for affecting the public mind. Those interested in deep settled abuses do not take much alarm, so long as remedies are only talked of. Nothing more was attempted by Chesterfield. It cannot therefore be said, that the intricate problem of Irish government has been solved, in opposition to the conjoined experience of all other lords lieutenant, solely because his Lordship succeeded in carrying it on acceptably for the space of eight months. Even in the midst of the praise which we would willingly accord to him for what he did or intended to do in this situation, some qualification must be made, as we now and then catch a glimpse of the principles upon which he acted. For an illustration, we must cite his reliance upon the gavel act to effect the decline of the Catholic faith. Now the gavel act proposed neither more nor less than to bribe the members of a family, with their own money, to sacrifice one another by betraying their religious faith. If the estate of a Papist was to be divided among his nearest relations, this law prescribed that they should share and share alike, unless some one of them would declare himself a convert to Protestantism, in which case he might take the whole. Such was the law which Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to a bishop of the church, recommended should be strictly adhered to. And the most remarkable circumstance about it is, that it does not seem to have entered into his conception what kind of public and private morality he was encouraging. To him, religion was merely a respectable and conservative civil institution. A conversion from one mode of faith to another was of little moment to him, who viewed them all with equal indifference.

It remains to us only to consider his Lordship's character as a writer. This will rest in the main upon those letters to his son, which he wrote in confidence and without any expectation of their ever coming before the public. Besides these, there are, however, a considerable number of essays, furnished for political and literary journals, from which we can gather a correct idea of his polished, as the others give one of

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his unguarded style. The essays are remarkable for grace and a species of gentlemanly humor very much in keeping with the idea we have of their author. We might point out as examples the papers on duelling, on pride of birth, and ladies' fashions. Although it is difficult by an extract to give a full idea of them, yet we will venture upon the close of the Essay on Duelling, not only on account of its irony, but of the more valuable truth which lies concealed beneath it.

"There is one reason, indeed, which makes me suspect that a DUEL may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity; and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned, in the INSTITUTES of HONOR.

"A very lean, slender, active young fellow of great HONOR, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has, from his youth, taken lessons of HOMICIDE from a murder master, has, or thinks he has, a point of honor to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman of nice HONOR likewise, weighing four-and-twenty stone, and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same commendable application to the noble science of HOMICIDE. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde Park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now, upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of HONOR, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

"SIR, — I find by your letter that you do me the justice to believe that I have the true notions of honor that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never give you reason to change your opinion. As I entertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that you will not desire that we should meet upon unequal terms, which must be the case were we to meet to-morrow. At present I unfortunately weigh four-and-twenty stone, and I guess that you do not exceed twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly the mark that you are; but besides this, you are active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to you, that, from this day forwards, we severally endeavour, by all possible means, you to fatten and I to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen stone. I will lose no time on my part, being impatient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the good opinion which you are pleased to express of,

Sir, your very humble servant.

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" P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to communicate to each other, from time to time, our gradations of increase or decrease towards the desired medium, in which, I presume, two or three pounds more or less, on either side, ought not to be considered "

Yet, though his essays are all of them pleasing specimens of delicate humor, they would not of themselves have redeemed his memory from oblivion. For this he is indebted entirely to the letters to his son, which, as specimens of a particular style of writing, though not always perfectly correct, are not exceeded in their way by any thing in the language. Their principal merits are their perspicuity and elegance, without a shadow of affectation. In them will be found a great sum of worldly wisdom upon the minor morals, conveyed in the most direct and intelligible shape. Even Dr. Johnson admitted their merit, although he very justly put his seal of reprobation on their tendency. We cannot, for instance, too highly approve of a passage like the following upon the employment of time.

" You have, it is true, a great deal of time before you; but in this period of your life, one hour usefully employed may be worth more than four-and-twenty hereafter; a minute is precious to you now, whole days may possibly not be so forty years hence. Whatever time you allow, or can snatch, for serious reading (I say snatch, because company and a knowledge of the world is now your chief object), employ it in the reading of some one book, and that a good one, till you have finished it; and do not distract your mind with various matters at the same time. In this light I would recommend to you to read *tout de suite* Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis, translated by Barbeyrac, and Puffendorf's Jus Gentium, translated by the same hand. For accidental quarters of hours, read works of invention, wit, and humor, of the best, and not of trivial authors, either ancient or modern.

" Whatever business you have, do it the first moment you can; never by halves, but finish it without interruption, if possible. Business must not be sauntered and trifled with; and you must not say to it, as Felix did to Paul, 'At a more convenient season I will speak to thee.' The most convenient season for business is the first; but study and business, in some measure, point out their own times to a man of sense; time is much oftener squandered away in the wrong choice and improper methods of amusement and pleasures.

" Many people think that they are in pleasures, provided they are neither in study nor in business. Nothing like it; they are

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doing nothing, and might just as well be asleep. They contract habitudes from laziness, and they only frequent those places where they are free from all restraints and attentions. Be upon your guard against this idle profusion of time; and let every place you go to be either the scene of quick and lively pleasures, or the school of your improvements; let every company you go into either gratify your senses, extend your knowledge, or refine your manners. Have some decent object of gallantry in view at some places; frequent others, where people of wit and taste assemble; get into others, where people of superior rank and dignity command respect and attention from the rest of the company; but pray frequent no neutral places, from mere idleness and indolence. Nothing forms a young man so much as being used to keep respectable and superior company, where a constant regard and attention is necessary. It is true, this is at first a disagreeable state of restraint; but it soon grows habitual, and consequently easy; and you are amply paid for it by the improvement you make, and the credit it gives you. What you said some time ago was very true, concerning le Palais Royal; to one of your age the situation is disagreeable enough; you cannot expect to be much taken notice of; but all that time you can take notice of others; observe their manners, decipher their characters, and insensibly you will become one of the company."—Vol. II., pp. 227, 228.

There is not in this extract, it is true, any intimation of the higher purposes for which time should be improved. The idea, as usual with his Lordship, is limited within narrow and selfish bounds; yet, so far as it goes, it is sound and well conveyed. No man had a greater contempt than he for the vagabond fops who have since affected to quote him as authority for their idleness and their indifference. He understood the truth of the maxim, that a man, in order to make himself respectable, must try to be employed. Neither did he imagine, like many of his rank in England, that a title and wealth excused him from the duty of exertion in something more respectable than the mere search after pleasure. His great defect was, that he did not rest his notions of that duty upon a basis sufficiently broad. They all come back to the benefit to be gained in some form or other of personal advantage. They looked forth neither upon society, nor upon one's country, nor upon one's God. They were of a kind which wither under the approach of age. Thus it happened to himself, that at fifty-four he retreated from the public ser-

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vice, not again to return to it, though invited more than once. He retired to cultivate cabbages and pine-apples, and to wear out the patience of both medical men and quacks in unavailing experiments to remedy the infirmities of his constitution. There is no cheerfulness nor dignity in the scene of his old age. His views of life are narrow, cold, and gloomy. So early as 1755, or nearly twenty years before his end, he indulges in the following strain of reflection, when addressing his friend, the Bishop of Waterford.

"My deafness grows gradually worse, which in my mind implies a total one, before it be long. In this unhappy situation, which I have reason to suppose will every day grow worse, I still keep up my spirits tolerably; that is, I am free from melancholy, which, I think, is all that can be expected. This I impute to that degree of philosophy which I have acquired by long experience of the world. I have enjoyed all its pleasures, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which in truth is very low; whereas those who have not experienced always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes. It is a common notion, and like many common ones a very false one, that those who have led a life of pleasure and business can never be easy in retirement; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only people who can, if they have any sense and reflection. They can look back, *oculo irretorto*, upon what they from knowledge despise; others have always a hankering after what they are not acquainted with. I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream. When I say that I have no regret, I do not mean that I have no remorse; for a life of either business, or still more, pleasure, never was nor never will be a state of innocence. But God, who knows the strength of human passions and the weakness of human reason, will, it is to be hoped, rather mercifully pardon, than justly punish, acknowledged errors."—Vol. IV., pp. 149, 150.

This letter was written to one of those whom his Lordship somewhere else is pleased to designate as a species of constables "appointed by the sovereign power of a country to keep up decency and decorum in the church." This may account for the unusual approximation to a religious feeling which we find in the extract. Yet what does this

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amount to? His Lordship, satiated with the pleasures of life, looks back upon them with much the same feeling that a man in the morning has about his last night's debauch. He has no warming sense of services rendered to others; of duty performed, perhaps imperfectly, but yet with an earnest and hearty will; of mutual kindness cultivated between himself and others; of humble resignation to the will of God! No! the scene, as he looks back upon it, is cold and wintry, showing marks only of scorching desolation from the heat of summer passions. And the present enjoyment, such as it is, proceeds from vacuity. Nor yet does he make it very clear, that his own history disproves the correctness of the common notion which he condemns. His retirement will scarcely furnish encouragement to any who may be anxious to leave the busy world in quest of ease. His letters form one continued lament, partly owing to his increasing deafness, partly to disappointment as to his son's success, but most of all to the absence of all the nobler motives of action in life. This is the grand defect of his whole theory. The man is liable to outlive the system, and then the world becomes a dreary blank. Cut off from society, from public life, from the domestic affections, and from the consolations of a religious faith, Chesterfield was as much isolated at sixty as the blasted oak in the centre of a barren heath. Yet over all this wretchedness, there still remained, like a coat of steel upon a skeleton, the glazed and polished surface of good-breeding which his Lordship had laid on thick to conceal the deep defects of his early years. Even upon the bed of death, "Give Dayrolles a chair," were the last expressed thoughts of this worldly earl. Not a single exalted sentiment fell from him, at that moment, to counteract the chill of a long career. He was indeed, what he describes himself, one hackneyed in the ways of life. We have endeavoured to show in his history the nature and the advantages of such a training. Let those who are inclined to be fascinated by his example take warning by his fate.

In the view which we have taken, it will be seen that we have not dwelt upon the moral tendency of the advice to be found in the present work. This has already been so much descanted upon in many former publications, as well as in the pages of this Journal, that little can be added. We shall therefore, avoiding the grosser passages, simply content our-

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selves with extracting from the maxims addressed by his Lordship to his son such of them as seem most briefly to embody the character of the author.

"In your friendships and in your enmities let your confidence and your hostilities have certain bounds; make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcilable. There are strange vicissitudes in business."

"It is always right to detect a fraud, and to perceive a folly; but it is often very wrong to expose either. A man of business should always have his eyes open, but must often seem to have them shut."

"If you would be a favorite of your king, address yourself to his weaknesses. An application to his reason will seldom prove very successful."

"A cheerful, easy countenance and behaviour are very useful at court; they make fools think you a good-natured man; and they make designing men think you an undesigning one."

"Flattery, though a base coin, is the necessary pocket-money at court; where, by custom and consent, it has obtained such a currency, that it is no longer a fraudulent but a legal payment."

"The reputation of generosity is to be purchased pretty cheap; it does not depend so much upon a man's general expense, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all." — Vol. II., pp. 322 – 326.

It would seem, by the care which his Lordship bestowed upon the sketches of the principal persons of his time, as if he must have meditated some extensive work of an historical kind, in which they would naturally have found a place. Had the whole been executed with any portion of the spirit to be found in these fragments, the author would have earned a still higher reputation than he is likely now to hold. Among them, one of the most curious is the article relating to Lord Bute, which Dr. Maty, or his successor, thought proper to suppress, whilst he published in his edition most of the rest. The portraits of Sir Robert Walpole, of Lord Hardwicke, of the elder Pitt, of the Duke of Newcastle, and of Lord Bolingbroke, will continue for ever valuable to those who wish to understand the history of the early Brunswick princes. Chesterfield's habits made him a keen observer of the virtues and vices, the merits and the follies, of other men; whilst his judgment was not warped, as that of many is apt to be, by any excess of sympathy with or of hostility

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to them. In this, as in all things else, he shows his great want to have been the want of a heart. We scarcely know how better to close this view of his character, than, without meaning to excuse him, to apply his own remark upon a much bolder person than he in both extremes; we mean his friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, when he says of him, — "Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, where good and ill were perpetually jostling each other, what can we say but, Alas! poor human nature!"

ART. VII. — *A New Translation of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Canticles, with Introductions, and Notes, chiefly Explanatory.* By GEORGE R. NOYES, D. D., Hancock Professor of Hebrew, etc., and Dexter Lecturer in Harvard University. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 290.

OF Greek poetry earlier than Hesiod's Theogony we have only a few fragments, and those of doubtful genuineness; and how gross are the religious ideas that pervade the Theogony few of our readers can need to be told. Its gods are base-born and depraved, clothed with every brutal and fiendish attribute; and they are made to reach their respective seats of empire, and to attain their due prerogatives, only after a series of conflicts, a comparison with which might give dignity to a modern prize-fight, or attach tasteful associations to the passages at arms between the feline combatants that wrangle while we write. From a much earlier antiquity have come down to us the Psalms of David, and with them, in the historical books of the Jewish canon, numerous traits of the domestic and social condition of the Hebrews during David's reign, indicating a grossness and barbarity of taste, manners, and institutions vastly below the starting-point of authentic Greek history, and not many degrees in advance of the aborigines of North America. Yet to that rude age and people, and to their half-savage king, we are indebted for a collection of sublime religious lyrics, which bear up the soul of man, in harmony with the worship of universal nature, to the one omnipotent and all-pervading

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Spirit, and which adequately express the most comprehensive views of the divine unity and sovereignty, and the deepest emotions of trust, gratitude, and praise, that can fill the Christian mind and heart. Whence this heaven-wide contrast? We can account for it only by supposing, that the warrior-king had access to fountains of higher inspiration than those that gushed from Helicon.

We might draw a similar inference from the translucency of the Psalms, and of the Hebrew poetry in general, through the most obscure and inaccurate version. These writings, hardly half "done into English" by King James's translators, often so rendered as not to suggest a tithe of the original signification, often gratuitously hampered with self-contradictions and perverted by gross anachronisms, are yet no less precious and nutritive to the pure and cultivated literary taste than they are to devotional feeling. Though uncounted gems of fancy, though metaphors more brilliant and graphic than all antiquity beside can furnish, lie buried beneath the rubbish of unmeaning words, still so much remains unhidden, so many are the traits of beauty and grandeur that flash perpetually upon the readers of our common English Bible, that it is often difficult to convince them that the sacred poets could be read through a clearer and more satisfying medium. There are no other writings extant, which could afford to part with so much of their significance and spirit in the process of transfusion, and still present themselves rich in all the highest attributes of true poetry.

But many portions of these writings are read aphoristically, and are understood and admired in single passages, sentences, and phrases, and not in the continuous flow of thought and imagery. Few merely English readers expect to derive connected or congruous ideas from an entire chapter of Isaiah or Ezekiel, or would think of the possibility of tracing an unbroken thread of thought from the top to the bottom of a page. Many of the passages from the prophets, which adhere to every one's memory, and are constantly quoted in the pulpit and in religious conversation, lie hemmed in between portions on which an impenetrable darkness rests, and, no doubt, equally rested to the eyes of our translators. Nor, in saying this, let us be understood as speaking reproachfully of those venerable men to whom

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we are indebted for our vernacular version of the Bible. Their work was a remarkable one for their times, especially when we consider that they wrought it, not of their own free will, in the underived consciousness of adequate scholarship, but by the choice and bidding of the most foolish monarch that ever sat on the throne of England. But they had access to few philological aids in their study of the Jewish Scriptures. The critical knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, in its infancy on the continent of Europe, had hardly been sought in England; for previous professed translations from the Hebrew had leaned upon the Septuagint and the Vulgate. Nor did King James leave his translators the liberty, either to omit rendering passages which they found unintelligible, or to indicate by marginal notes when the words in the text were designed to mean nothing. Yet there are manifestly many instances in which they have purposely so thrown together English words and phrases, as to preclude the possibility of their suggesting any signification whatever.

What else can have been the design of the following sentence, from the description of the leviathan or crocodile in Job, — "Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more"? — a sentence which the grammatical construction, without violence, permits us to render, — "If thou lay thy hand upon him, thou wilt no more remember the battle."* For another specimen of the absolutely unintelligible in our common version, we might refer to a passage, the phraseology of which is familiar to every ear, but which suggests only two or three glimmerings of sense in a dreary waste of words; namely, the first five verses of the ninth chapter of Isaiah, constituting the greater part of the Christmas morning lesson in the services of the Episcopal Church. Our readers may perhaps have become so accustomed to the sound of these words, as to think that they understand them; but we would defy the most cunning "interpreter of dark sentences" to bring the last member of the third verse into harmony with the first, or to assign a meaning to the Italicized portion of the following sentence: — "Every

* This, or something similar, was the translation given by Dr. Noyes, in the first edition of his Job. On referring to his second edition, we find a much less significant rendering, and one for which, on examination of the Hebrew sentence, we can discover no philological grounds of preference.

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battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but *this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.*" We solicit a careful comparison between the common version of this passage, and the following by Dr. Noyes.

"But the darkness shall not remain where now is distress;
Of old he brought the land of Zebulon and the land of Naphtali into contempt;
In future times shall he bring the land of the sea, beyond Jordan, the circle of the Gentiles, into honor.
The people, that walk in darkness, behold a great light;
They, who dwell in the land of death-like shade,
Upon them a light shineth.
Thou enlargest the nation;
Thou increasest their joy;
They rejoice before thee with the joy of harvest,
With the joy of those who divide the spoil.
For thou breakest their heavy yoke,
And the rod, that smote their backs,
And the scourge of the taskmaster,
As in the day of Midian.
For the greaves of the warrior armed for the conquest,
And the war-garments, rolled in blood,
Shall be burned; yea, they shall be food for the fire."

Then, too, in many passages, of which the main thought is clearly presented, our translators have inserted some irrelevant and unmeaning word or phrase, which the mind of the reader unconsciously omits and ignores, but which might be exchanged for one which would add new light and beauty to the sentiment. For instance, few probably have ever confessed to themselves that they do not fully understand the following verses from the nineteenth Psalm. "There is no speech nor language where their voice [that of the heavens, or the celestial luminaries] is not heard; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." And yet we have asked more than a score of intelligent and cultivated people, whether they had ever attached any meaning to the word *line;* and they have all confessed, both that they knew not what it meant, and that they had never discovered, till we made the inquiry, that it was void of meaning. Now the Hebrew word, thus rendered, does indeed denote a *measuring line*, but it also signifies a *musical chord;* and through the neglect of this latter sense, the Psalm has been

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stripped of one of the rarest gems of poetical fancy to be found in any language. By omitting the word *where*, which has been interpolated in Italics by the translators, to the perversion of the sense, which was complete without it, we may render the passage as follows : —

> They [the heavens] have no speech nor language,
> No voice is heard from them ;
> Yet the chord of their harmony vibrates through the earth,
> Their notes reach the bounds of the universe.

Besides accurate translation of these ancient writings, English readers need a division and arrangement of them more consonant both with the genius of Hebrew poetry, and the scope of the respective writers, than our present chapters and verses, in which the *measuring-line* plays as impertinent and obtrusive a part as in the version of the psalm just quoted. Apart from the rhythm of the Hebrews, which it is idle to think of restoring, the essence of their poetry consists in a parallelism of sentiment, which unites two, three, or four versicles of nearly the same length into a *stichos*, or stanza. Sometimes one, two, or three versicles repeat the same sentiment in different words ; or, of four, the first corresponds to the third, and the second to the fourth. Sometimes the second member of the *stichos*, parallel in form, presents in thought a pointed antithesis to the first, or the third and fourth to the first and second. And then again, kindred, but not identical, sentiments are often thrown into couplets or triplets by a similarity of grammatical construction, and, so far as we have the means of judging, by an identity of rhythm. Now, all this parallelism is merged in our common system of verses, which groups together from two to five versicles, in the form of continuous prose, and with nothing, even in the pointing, to indicate the metrical divisions. The chapters, too, seldom coincide with the natural divisions of the respective books, while the brief summaries of contents prefixed to each chapter in our English Bibles generally display great carelessness, and are formed from the most superficial view of each chapter by itself, and not with reference to what precedes and follows. Now a great deal may be done for the satisfaction of the English reader by an arrangement which will represent the poetical structure of the original, and by

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divisions corresponding with the actual sequence of subjects, together with a simple caption at the head of each section, to designate, in as few words as may be, not the possible or theoretical, but the actual and undoubted, purport of the section.

We have made these remarks to show how large a field of labor King James's translators left open to those who should succeed them. Their deficiencies, as we have said, belonged to their times and opportunities, rather than to the men. They did what they could, and more than there were *a priori* grounds for anticipating. And in one respect they have distanced all rivalry. They have clothed the Hebrew poets in a diction so full of euphony, majesty, and strength, as to make more accurate versions often seem tame and mean, and to constrain subsequent translators of taste to adhere to their phraseology, whenever there are not cogent reasons for departing from it. The author of a new translation must, then, be not only an acute and accomplished Hebrew scholar, but must also have at his command the richest materials of his own tongue, that his corrections of the established version may not seem insufferably harsh and flat by the side of those portions of its phraseology which he cannot help employing.

In this work, demanding at once so high attainments and so pure a taste, and on which many eminent men have entered with various degrees of success, we believe that the most careful critical comparison will award to Dr. Noyes the first honors. His versions of Job, the Psalms, and the Prophets, have been long before the public, and have already rendered edifying to hundreds of readers portions of the sacred volume which they had regarded as for ever sealed. No person of common intelligence will find it more difficult, by his aid, to follow a Hebrew prophet through his entire book, without dropping the thread of his discourse or encountering an utterly obscure sentence, than he will to trace the plot and to understand the successive portions of the Paradise Lost. Dr. Noyes's translation is always perspicuous and exact. He seldom deviates unnecessarily from the language of the common version; and his own words, both in their choice and their arrangement, display the most intimate conversance with the resources of the English tongue, a sound and discriminating taste, and a moderately good rhythmical ear. If we qualify our praise in any particular, it must be in this last. We some-

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times find him employing words and phrases entirely in accordance with the best usage, which yet fail to ring upon the ear with the leaping, stirring melody of the established version. He sometimes uses words of Latin derivation, when he had better Saxon words at hand. In some instances, also, he translates into our English idiom Hebraisms, which are sufficiently well understood, and have incomparably more of euphony when literally rendered. These instances are, however, but few; and because few, they are the more striking when they occur, from contrast with the generally elevated diction and spirited and melodious movement of the translation. In all of these works, the metrical arrangement of the original is strictly observed, and the text is broken into paragraphs and sections in accordance with the natural divisions, while the chapters and verses of the common system are marked in the margin for purposes of reference. Then there is prefixed to each of the books a brief introduction, exhibiting the results, without any of the parade, of learning, and presenting a synopsis of the facts, with reference to the external history of the work, with which the general reader needs to be acquainted. The notes are very few and short, adapted, with hardly an exception, to the comprehension and taste of the merely English reader, and for the most part either indicating the grounds of preference for the rendering given in the text, or explaining idiomatic or elliptical expressions, which could not have been unfolded in the text without an inadmissible periphrasis.

The volume now before us corresponds in its style of execution, and in its claims upon the public regard and gratitude, with those that preceded it. It makes with them a complete version of the poetical portion of the Hebrew canon. It hardly admits of criticism apart from the rest; nor has the diligent perusal of all of them enabled us to pronounce either of them superior to the others in the traces of care, or skill, or learning. The series was not commenced till the author had made himself second to none in his qualifications for his task; nor is it in his nature, or consonant with his rigid conscientiousness, so to lean on an established reputation as to remit in the last of the series any thing of that diligent elaboration which commended the first to universal favor.

In one point of view, indeed, the volume just issued might

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seem of inferior importance, as less needed than the others. Undoubtedly, the book of Proverbs is better understood in the common version than any of the other poetical books. Yet still, there are many pearls there dropped, which Dr. Noyes has strung again, — many maxims, to which he has restored their native brilliancy and point, and converted them from homely truisms back to apophthegms equally original and striking, both in their artistical form and their ethical significance. This book deserves the most diligent attention and study, as a compend of the practical morality and piety which sprang from the Mosaic revelation. It exhibits both the preëminent ethical value of the Jewish theology beyond all other ancient religions, and, at the same time, its inadequacy to conduct the nation to that lofty spiritual stand-point which we owe to Him through whom immortality was at once revealed and made manifest. The collection is the more valuable, in this regard, from the fact, that it is not the work of one hand, but of at least five different authors or compilers, between the reigns of Solomon and Hezekiah, inclusive ; and that, therefore, it may be assumed as representing the moral tone and standard of the wisest and best men that flourished under the kings of Judah. It certainly adds abundant confirmation to the divine origin of the Jewish faith, while in its frequently superficial and external character, and in its many *lacunæ*, it indicates the need of the more comprehensive and profound ethics of the New Testament.

Ecclesiastes is supposed, from the Aramæan complexion of its language, to have been written after the Babylonish captivity, and probably at a later date than any other book of the Jewish canon. It could not have been the author's design to pass it off as the work of Solomon ; but, in giving the mature results of an extended experience of the wonders, pleasures, and vanities of life, he assumed the name and person of Solomon, as of an eminent historical character, within the range of whose powerful, prosperous, guilty, afflicted, penitent reign, every phasis of human experience might be naturally portrayed. This book is of kindred value with the Proverbs, as presenting views of human life which indicate far more breadth and justness of conception as to the aims and ends of life than could have been attained without the guidance of revelation, and yet illustrating man's intense need of full faith in immortality to cast light upon the dark passages,

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the limitations, and the failures of his earthly pilgrimage. This work, in our established version, is exceedingly obscure ; and, in the original, its style is harsh, diffuse, and vague. On no portion of his labors can Dr. Noyes have found more need of elaborate study, and keen, critical acumen, than here ; and never before, as we believe, have the lucubrations of " the Preacher " been clothed in intelligible English. But here we hardly meet with a sentence that does not interpret itself at the first glance ; and the translation is so free from ambiguity in the text, as to render three fourths of the few notes appended to it superfluous. There are one or two instances, indeed, in which we should have preferred a different rendering, and could quote high critical authority in our favor ; but in every such case, Dr. Noyes has fortified his ground by substantial reasons. We quote the closing chapter as a specimen of the style of the translation, and the more readily, because, with all its acknowledged pathos and beauty, some portions of it bear but a dim and doubtful significance in our common version.

" Remember, also, thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, of which thou shalt say, 'I have no pleasure in them'; before the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars become dark, and the clouds return after the rain; at the time when the keepers of the house tremble, and the men of war bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows are darkened; when the doors are shut in the streets, because the sound of the grinding is low; when they rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music are brought low; when, also, they are afraid of that which is high, and terrors are in the way, and the almond is despised, and the locust is a burden, and the caper-berry fails; since man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; — before the silver cord be snapped, and the golden bowl be broken, or the bucket broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the well, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it.

" Mere vanity, saith the Preacher, all is vanity !

" Moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge ; yea, he considered, and sought out, and set in order, many proverbs. The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and the correct writing of words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, yea, as driven nails are the words of members of assemblies, given by one teacher. And, more-

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over, by these, my son, be warned! Of making many books there is no end, and much study wearies the flesh. Let us hear the end of the whole discourse! Fear God and keep his commandments! For this is the duty of all men. For God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." — pp. 114, 115.

The Canticles, Dr. Noyes, in common with many critics of every denomination, supposes to be a collection of amatory idyls, written, if not by Solomon, at least in his reign, or soon after it. His translation of them is full of life and beauty. Though he assigns to them no mystical sense and no religious purpose, yet those who would spiritualize them so as to represent the relations of Christ and the church ought to attach a peculiar value to his version ; for with them, a literal and perspicuous rendering is of course essential as a basis for their allegorical interpretations. But there is one consideration which perhaps renders these songs of still higher religious worth when we regard them as mere love-songs. We well know how much of manifest and glaring impurity there is in the amatory lyrics of ancient Greece and Rome. We have here, beyond a doubt, the favorite, so to speak, the classical, love-songs of the Hebrews ; and we find them, though in one or two instances marked by a license of speech inconsistent with modern notions of propriety, yet, so free from every thing absolutely gross or necessarily indelicate, that they still retain a seldom challenged place between the same covers with the Psalms and the Gospels, and suggest only associations of devoted piety and high religious fervor to many of the purest and best minds of the race. How shall we account for this contrast, except by supposing even the lighter literature of the Hebrews to have been held in check by that sound moral principle, and elevated religious sentiment, which could have flowed only from divine inspiration ?

We regard these works of Dr. Noyes, not only as worthy and useful in a religious point of view, but as among the ripest fruits of American scholarship, and the most valuable contributions to American literature. They have won for him the highest reputation, both at home and abroad, and have received the warmest praise from critics of various denominations. They must take their place on that brief list of sacred classics that will not need expurgation, till the language in which they are written grows obsolete.

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ART. VIII. — *United States Exploring Expedition.* —

1. *The Zoöphytes; by* JAMES D. DANA, A. M., Geologist of the Expedition. 1846. Large 4to. pp. 740. With an Atlas of 61 plates in folio.
2. *Ethnography and Philology; by* HORATIO HALE, A. M., Philologist of the Expedition. 1846. Large 4to. pp. 666.

WE duly noticed the Narrative of our national Exploring Expedition, published by its indefatigable commander. Those interesting, though diffuse, volumes comprise a full account of the details and incidents of the voyage, and afford the reader a general idea of the work performed and the results attained. But the permanently valuable results of this great undertaking, by which its success is ultimately to be measured, are embodied in the scientific reports now in course of publication. Foremost in importance among these, doubtless, is the hydrographical portion, of which, however, it is not our purpose now to speak, except to say that the charts and surveys which have already appeared are pronounced by competent judges to be of unrivalled excellence, and to reflect the highest credit on the commander and his subordinate officers, who have so faithfully executed the arduous duties of this department.

Besides these charts, the only volumes yet published are the two the titles of which stand at the head of this article. These are the first fruits of the rich scientific harvest which our zealous *savans* have gathered. Before we open them, we are bound to call public attention to a serious error in respect to the mode, or rather the amount, of publication, which, unless corrected in season, must render them forbidden fruit to nearly all the scientific world. We know something of the interest with which the appearance of these volumes is awaited, not only by the comparatively few laborers who represent the rising science of our own land, but especially by their numerous European brethren. Let our readers imagine their surprise and our mortification, when they learn that the edition ordered by the "collective wisdom of the nation," or the more concentrated intelligence of the library committee of Congress, which has charge of the subject, is restricted to *one hundred copies!* It would

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be hard to contrive a more effectual plan for defeating the very object of publication. When it is considered, that much the larger part of this five score of copies will probably be absorbed in presents to foreign cabinets and to the State governments, it will be evident that few indeed are likely to be accessible to those who can really appreciate or profit by them. Such niggardly publication is only tantalizing the votaries of science. It is, moreover, particularly unjust to the authors of these works, who, after devoting four of the best years of their lives to severe labor, exposed to danger and every privation, and as many more, since their return, to the elaboration of their materials, — confident that they have been able to make no meagre additions to the general stock of knowledge, and to lay a broad foundation for their own scientific fame, — have surely a right to expect a fair hearing before the scientific world.

This infinitesimal edition can hardly have been ordered, one would think, on the score of economy. If so, the penny-wise system begins too late; for all the principal expenditures have been lavishly made. We refer not so much to the Expedition itself, upon which hundreds of thousands have been cheerfully expended, nor to the preparation of the scientific reports, of the drawings, &c., upon which a full corps of *savans* and artists have been so long engaged, as to the actual cost of publication, the whole expense of type-setting and engraving having been equally incurred for this small number of copies. The additional charges of an ample impression would be merely the trifling cost of paper and presswork, and, in some cases, of the coloring of plates. This beggarly plan, therefore, has not even the poor merit of parsimony. Under these circumstances, if not an oversight, it is sheer extravagance, — an epithet strictly applicable to this "withholding more than is meet," when it renders former liberality unavailing. We shall be among the last to find fault with these beautiful volumes, printed on fine paper, with the utmost luxury of type and amplitude of margin. Still, if it be a question between an edition of a hundred splendid but inaccessible copies, and an adequate one in a cheaper form, surely no reasonable person, not even Congress, "can long debate which of the two to choose." But no change is necessary in this respect, except the ordering of an additional impression of three

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hundred or five hundred copies, to be placed on sale, — just as the charts of the Expedition are sold, — at a price which will barely reimburse the additional cost. We are confident that this number of copies, sufficient to give the work needful circulation, would be promptly bought, even in the present somewhat expensive dress.* Some such plan has, we believe, been recommended to the consideration of the library committee of Congress by the leading scientific societies of the country, — with what success we have not yet learned. We can only add our protest against the present ill-advised scheme, which is preposterous on the score of economy, since nothing whatever is saved by it, and which, if persevered in, will be truly disgraceful to the country.†

It has occurred to us, as we turned the leaves of these sumptuous volumes, — though we like not to entertain the thought, — that a pitiful pride may have had something to do in limiting the number of copies, so as designedly to give them the adventitious value of great rarity ; that the library committee may have wished to imitate the equivocal patronage to science of some sovereigns, such as an emperor of Austria in the last century, for instance, who caused the works of Jacquin to be published in magnificent style, but in a very small number of copies, chiefly for distribution as presents, and then destroyed the plates, that imperial gifts might not subsequently be cheapened.

"These are imperial arts, and worthy kings,"

perhaps, in a former age, — though even royal patrons have now grown wiser ; but they are quite unworthy of republican imitation.

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* We would by no means recommend Congress to follow the "pound-foolish" system which the State of New York has acted on, in the publication of the results of her noble and thorough Geological Survey. After expending hundreds of thousands of dollars upon the publication alone of a very large edition, at an unreasonable cost, and wasting, it would seem, a considerable amount in high prices for quite inferior typography, engraving, binding, &c., the job is crowned by the indiscriminate distribution of these large and costly volumes, many of them filled with recondite science quite unintelligible to common persons, among the first applicants (citizens of the State) at the price of one dollar apiece! — a sum less than one fourth part of the cost of merely coloring the plates which several of these volumes each contain.

† We learn that the printers have, in fact, at their own responsibility and risk, secured an impression of 150 copies of the two volumes already printed; but, besides the want of any guaranty for the continuance through the series of this unauthorized impression, it is evident that their

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The volumes before us, to which, leaving this unpleasant topic, we gladly return, do not need the undesirable advantage of scarcity to give them value. They can well afford to stand upon their intrinsic merit; and if others of the series sustain the same high character, the whole will form by far the most important contribution which our country has yet made to natural science. We propose to give a cursory notice of both works, on this occasion; although the two subjects, zoöphytes and men, stand at opposite extremities of the scale of being, and have little apparent connection. To begin with the zoöphytes, or coral-animals, will be most in accordance with the natural order of things; since, if they were not the remote progenitors of the human species, as the Lamarckian hypothesis maintains, they were doubtless its predecessors, and have borne no inconsiderable part in the construction of many of the islands upon which reside the races whose national characteristics and languages form the subject of the ethnographical and philological volume.

The systematical part of Mr. Dana's work, necessarily drawn up in strictly scientific form, is of course too technical for our present aim. But the copious introductory chapters on the structure and economy of the zoöphytes, or plant-animals, abound in curious matter. Here our author shows us how the coral grove vegetates, and the tree of stone raises its rugged trunk and spreads its branches, covered with animate blossoms; — how undoubted animals, adopting the laws of vegetable growth, imitate so perfectly not only the branching shrub, but the varied forms of land herbage, "as to have deceived even the philosopher until near a century since." Not only the tiny moss, the humble lichen, and the graceful fern, but also the gay flowers of the *parterre* have their counterparts in the submarine garden. There is the Sea-Anemone, one of those Actinias which are most appropriately called flower-animals, and which, in form and size, and some of them in brilliant coloring also, rival the Asters, Carnations, and Anemones of the land. There are the Tubipores and Alcyonia, which resemble clumps of pinks, and Melitæas and Gorgonias, forming clusters of tinted twigs or rushes, sometimes spreading free in the still water, sometimes curi-

too limited number, giving them the factitious value of rarity, no less than the risk which the printers assume, will probably cause these copies to be held at so high a price as to defeat, in a good degree, the principal object of publication.

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ously entwined, as if by art, into fans and coral wicker-work. "The Madrepores are crowded around in turfy clumps and miniature trees in bloom, or imitate spreading leaves and graceful vases filled with flowers; while Astræas build up among the shrubbery large domes, embellished with green and purple blossoms, studding the surface like gems." It is, in short, as if the shrubs and blossoms that overhang the shore were seen reflected from the wave in somewhat distorted, but only the more strangely beautiful, shapes; or as if, at the subsidence of the tropical islets, to which it has been supposed the coral reefs owe their existence, the diverse forms of land vegetation had merely to

> "suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange,"

to produce these singular representations of herb, tree, and flower.

The name of zoöphytes, given to these ambiguous productions before their real nature was understood, is still most expressive of their peculiar character. They are *animals which grow like a plant.* This name, which our author retains, though it was discarded by Lamarck and many succeeding naturalists, has the convenience of being applicable to the whole compound structure, the coral-tree, sea-fan, or aggregate of whatever shape. When an individual animal is spoken of, it is termed a polyp. Striking as are these imitations of vegetable forms by zoöphytes, yet this whole resemblance is entirely superficial. They vegetate, indeed, but they are not vegetables. Although the polyps of the coral fabric bud and sprout like a plant, they are veritable animals still, exhibiting all the essential characteristics of their race. For the genuine credentials of an animal are, not the faculty of locomotion, which is an incidental convenience rather than a necessity of animal life, nor the possession of a head or heart, one or both of which are frequently wanting, but (let the *gourmand* be thankful to science for the distinction) the possession of a mouth and a stomach. Now the coral-polyps not only have these all-important organs, the sole absolute marks of animality, but they have scarcely any thing else. They are animals *par excellence*, divested of all superfluities. The simple polyp consists of a cylindrical or oblong body, flattened at the end

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occupied by the mouth, which opens directly into the interior cavity or stomach. The mouth is usually surrounded by a fringe of tentacles, which, in many species, in the Sea-Anemone for instance, spread in imitation of the petals of a flower. But these petals close at once upon any small animal that alights upon them, not merely detaining the victim, as do the irritable leaves of the Venus's Fly-trap, but promptly conveying it to the capacious maw, where it is digested at leisure. The polyps are not jelly-like in consistence, as is often stated; their texture is commonly fleshy or quite firm, so that they are capable of exerting considerable force. Nor are they, for the most part, invisible animalcules. Some, indeed, are microscopic; but many of the common sorts are half an inch in width; others measure two or three inches, and some of the Actinias are even a foot and a half in diameter, when their disk is spread. Though by no means the minutest, they are among the simplest of animals; for the Rotiferæ, and even the Polygastric Infusoria, appear to have a more complicated structure. Some of them move about freely in the water, their tentacles serving for locomotive as well as prehensile organs. But the greater number are firmly attached to the rocks, or some other convenient support, to which they cling with the tenacity of an office-holder, while they gorge themselves with such pickings as fall within their reach. Some polyps, such as the Hydra, it is well known, may be turned inside out, like the finger of a glove, — or as the pliant office-holder turns his coat when the *ins* and the *outs* change places, — and still feed and digest unconcernedly, and thrive and batten in all respects just as well as before.

Such is the simple zoöphyte. Some, even of the proper coral-polyps, remain in this independent, single state all their lives long, — are solitary individuals, like the Actinia or Sea-Anemone; when their only resemblance to plants lies in the floral form which their spreading tentacles or rays simulate. From the separate polyp of this sort, there are all possible varieties and degrees of complexity, up to those living and branching masses in which hundreds of thousands of individuals are congregated and united. But the myriads which compose the coral-tree, or mass, however extensive, are all the progeny of a single polyp ancestor, in which the offspring for generation after generation remain connected

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with the parent. How this is brought about, so that the simple zoöphyte becomes a united family, and in time a body corporate, may now be considered. Rightly to understand this, we must contemplate the various modes of reproduction in these simpler animals, — modes which appear to be the more varied and curious as we descend in the scale, — beginning with that peculiar operation, so characteristic of the very lowest races, in which the simple polyps "go halves" by what the physiologists term fissiparous reproduction. In this way division is made to accomplish the ordinary result of union. A solitary individual splits up into two, each having an equal claim to be considered the parent of the other, and each equally capable of further multiplication by this odd way of *pairing*. This is one of the methods by which the proper Infusoria multiply at such a rapid rate.

Among zoöphytes, if the Hydra does not propagate exactly after this fashion, it is capable of doing so with a little adventitious aid, as was shown by those well known experiments of Trembley, who kindly assisted nature by cutting full grown individuals in pieces, and amused himself by observing each portion become a perfect Hydra ; — the tail end, in the course of two or three days, producing a head, and the head end completing itself posteriorly by a tail. In case of a three-fold division, not only will the tail produce a head and the head a tail, but a head will grow from one end of the middle section and a tail from the other, so that the animal is speedily completed in triplicate. Continuing his experiments, Trembley found that "two polyps may be made to change heads, for the head of one may be engrafted on the body of another" ; and if the tail of one individual be placed in the mouth of another, the two heterogeneous extremities readily unite, so as to confound all our notions of personal identity. It cannot further surprise us that animals so indifferent whether they wear their own heads or their neighbours' should be equally indifferent whether they have any heads at all. Our author accordingly informs us, that certain aggregate zoöphytes of the order Hydroidea cast their heads at pleasure, as a lobster does his shell, or a tree its leaves in autumn ; new ones springing up again after a short interval, fresh and young, to supply the place of those which were effete or addled. Thus, in a Tubularia, Mr. Harvey observed, after he had kept his specimens two days, that they began to look unhealthy, and on

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the third, "the heads were all thrown off and lay on the bottom of the vessel." After three days more, fresh water having been supplied, the polyps were again complete.

Reproduction by spontaneous fission, however, does not explain how the single polyp becomes an aggregate; but the next, the *gemmiparous*, mode does. The budding process is nearly as universal in zoöphytes as in the vegetable kingdom. The simplest case of gemmiparous propagation in polyps scarcely differs essentially from that by spontaneous fission, except that the distinction between parent and offspring is manifest. Take the Hydra, for example; although it sometimes breeds ova, after a more decidedly animal fashion, yet, for the most part, the young simply pullulate from the side of the parent.

"A minute protuberance first begins to rise on the surface; it lengthens and becomes a rudimentary branchlet, with a tubular axis connecting with the tubular cavity of the parent; shortly one or more tentacles begin to appear at the summit of the forming branchlet, and soon the number is completed, and the young polyp is perfected. It remains for a while attached; but, when matured, the young leaves the parent to swim at large and give birth to other young. They breed rapidly, and frequently new shoots commence before the animal is detached from the parent; and occasionally sprout on sprout is thus added, till a small compound group is formed." — p. 24.

This is just the way, locomotion excepted, in which the plants multiply in a bed of tulips, and in which the common bulblet-bearing lily of our gardens produces its buds or bulbs *above ground*, *which separate*, *as independent plantlets*, as soon as they are formed. As in the herb or tree the bud or offspring which remains united with the parent stem forms a branch, so likewise the continued adhesion of the budding polyp-progeny to the parent, and the successive development in this way of new individuals that do not acquire complete independence, produce at length the branching zoöphyte. Each coral-tree commenced from a single polyp, just as the oak from an acorn; the branching mass in either case has arisen from the development of buds for generation after generation in union with the parent stock. And just as the branch of the growing tree, having expanded its leaves, renders its filial contributions to the mother stem, so the young persistent polyp, still sharing the maternal nourishment,

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"extends its arms, and begins its contributions to the body-coralline," as soon as its mouth and tentacles are formed.

"The first polyp with which the zoöphyte commences thus gives out a bud, and this another; and so a succession is formed, and the little stem is gradually lengthened; branchlets grow out, and the plume, or miniature tree, is finally completed. The whole may be the work of a few weeks or months, though they usually continue budding and growing for some years. Before the zoöphyte has reached its limits in size, the number of polyps sometimes becomes immensely large. In a single specimen of Plumularia collected by the author in the East Indies, there are about 12,000 polyps to each plumose branch; and, as the whole zoöphyte, three feet long, bears these plumes, on an average every half inch, on opposite sides, the whole number of polyps is not short of eight millions; all the offspring of a single germ, and produced by successive buddings." — p. 24.

"The several polyps in a compound zoöphyte eat and digest separately, and generally carry on as individuals the processes of reproduction and aëration; yet all aid in the growth of the common mass, though each contributes more especially to its own nutriment and the part immediately adjoining. Although their visceral cavities are distinct, there are numerous communications between those of adjoining polyps, and the fluids may pass more or less freely from one to the other. An injury to one part of a zoöphyte is felt by the polyps some distance around, but not always through the whole mass. On pressing the tip of a branch of a large Alcyonium, in the Feejees, there was an immediate contraction of every polyp through the whole zoöphyte, although extending to a breadth of four feet." — pp. 14, 15.

The coral is, therefore, a body-corporate, or community, — not by any means constituted, however, on the democratic principle of the association of originally independent individuals for the promotion of common objects, but really formed on the patriarchal system, — an analogy which we commend to the notice of writers on the theory of government. It is a sort of natural Fourier association, inasmuch as the gatherings of each are shared by all, although here, just as in its analogue, it turns out on examination that each individual is "more especially" occupied in taking care of itself. The members of the community not only feed at a common table, as at a corporation dinner, but have, moreover, the inestimable advantage of a corporate digestion. There is, however, considerable diversity in this respect, the burden of digestion

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being sometimes thrown upon the public, and sometimes borne by the individual. In many species, where the stomachs of the young polyps at first communicate freely with that of the parent, the opening is afterwards closed, and the younger members of the family are left to their own resources. In others, there is such free and open intercommunication, "that adjacent polyps have scarcely any thing but a mouth which can be said to be private property." The whole is, as it were, one manifold ramified stomach, fed by a million of mouths. This system is eminently favorable to density of population; which in these commonwealths sometimes defies all reckoning. The estimated number in one of the minuter zoöphytes has been mentioned in a former extract; the subjoined paragraph gives an idea of the populousness of some of the larger, dome-shaped corals.

"Calculating the number of polyps that are united in a single Astræa dome, twelve feet in diameter, — each covering a square half inch, — we find it exceeding one hundred thousand; and in a Porites of the same dimensions, in which the animals are under a line in breadth, the number exceeds five and a half millions; there are here, consequently, five and a half millions of mouths and stomachs to a single zoöphyte, contributing together to the growth of the mass, by eating, and growing, and budding." — p. 60.

All polyps do not form coral; nor is there any difference in structure or well marked line of distinction to be drawn between those that produce it and those that do not. Some remain soft and fleshy throughout; some acquire in their older portions the consistence of cartilage or horn; others secrete a few scattered granules of lime; and from these there are gradual transitions up to the proper coral-making species, whose secretions form a solid framework to the animal. Quite erroneous, too, is the common opinion, that the coral is a calcareous exudation from the surface of the polyps; it is an internal secretion, analogous rather to the skeleton of a vertebrate than to the shell of a molluscous animal. It is not like a beehive, a collection of cells which the animals have built, and in which they live. On the contrary, the coral is contained within the body of the polyp, where it is generally concealed from view, or covered by the animal tissues, at least in the living part of the coral branch. The dead coral exhibits only the skeleton, or calcareous

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framework, from which the flesh has disappeared. Certain species form coral only at their base or point of union. As the united polyps of a branch have their mouths opening outwards on every side, while their confluent bases are all directed inward towards a common central line, the secretion of coral by these bases necessarily produces a solid axis to the branch, which gradually indurates below as it grows from the apex, just like the branch of a tree. In this way is formed the horny stem of the Gorgonia, or sea-fan, so long deemed to be of vegetable origin, which, bereft of its polyps, as in our cabinet specimens, is like the branch of a shrub divested of its bark and foliage. The red or noble coral of the Mediterranean, — the *Coral* of the ancients and of the nursery, — is the calcareous axis of another species, stripped of its polyp exterior. Many of the shapes which the coral-forming zoöphytes assume are familiarly known.

" Madrepore shrubs and trees, and the sea-fan and other Gorgoniæ, from the West and East Indies, are common in collections. The hemispheres of *brain-coral* (Meandrina), and also of *star-coral* (Astræa), are often met with. It is very generally supposed, that these are by far the most frequent, if not the only shapes presented ; but, on the contrary, the varieties are extremely numerous, as we have already intimated. Some species grow up in the form of large leaves rolled around one another like an open cabbage, and *cabbage-coral* would be no inapt designation for such species. Another foliated kind consists of leaves more crisped and of more delicate texture, irregularly clustered ; — *lettuce-coral* would be a significant name. Each leaf has a surface covered with polyp-flowers, and was formed by the growth and secretion of these polyps. Clustered leaves of the acanthus and oak are at once called to mind by other species ; a sprouting asparagus-bed by others. The mushroom is here imitated in very many of its fantastic shapes, and other fungi, with mosses and lichens, add to the variety. The vases of flowers, to which allusion is made on a preceding page, are common about the reefs of the Pacific. They stand on a cylindrical base, which is enveloped in flowers when alive, and consist of a network of branches and branchlets, spreading gracefully from a centre, covered above with crowded sprigs of tinted polyps. The vases in the collections of the Expedition, at Washington, will bear out this description, although but the lifeless coral. The domes of Astræas are of perfect symmetry, and often grow to a diameter of ten or twelve feet without a blemish. The ruder hillocks of Porites are sometimes twenty feet across. Besides these, we

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might describe columns, Hercules' clubs, and various strange shapes which are like nothing but themselves." — pp. 59, 60.

Life, however, is but superficial in these masses. The present generations are building upon the tombs of their fathers. "An Astræa dome, twelve feet in diameter, although solid coral throughout, is alive for only half or three fourths of an inch from the surface"; and in the larger mounds of Porites, a thin living turf of less than half that thickness covers the remains of a myriad ancestry. The founders of the huge Astræas of the Red Sea, coeval at the least with the builders of the oldest pyramids, and the long line of their countless descendants, are thus all preserved together in an ever-increasing ossuary, forming their own mausoleum. The arborescent species are not only lifeless along the axis, but are dead throughout towards the bottom; as in a genealogical tree, only the ultimate ramifications are among the living. But the recent shoots flourish with none the less luxuriance on a lifeless trunk, though death follows, *æquo pulsat pede*, leaving only a narrow interval. Life is but a span, at the best; "the addition of an inch at the apex is death to an inch below."

It is upon this principle of growing ever upward and onward, though perishing below, and upon the durability of the coral mass, protected by an ever active surface, that the power of these apparently insignificant animals to accomplish such great results depends. Themselves often microscopic in size, or but a few lines in height, they would otherwise be limited in their coral-making to a few inches at farthest, and merely incrust the surface upon which they grow, instead of constructing coral-reefs of vast extent, and in various ways bearing a most important part in the physical economy of the world. The extent of this agency, and the whole subject of coral-reefs, upon which it is understood that a large amount of important information has been gathered, our author has reserved for his forthcoming geological report. The physiological points of the subject, however, are admirably presented here. In his brief chapter upon the geographical distribution of zoöphytes, Mr. Dana informs us that the work is confided to different species or tribes in different zones or seas, and that each species, just as in the case of land animals and land plants, is generally confined to a comparatively narrow longitudinal range. The

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range of the principal corals in depth, also, is remarkably restricted. "Twenty, or perhaps sixteen, fathoms will include very nearly all the species of the Madrepore and Astræa tribes," the principal reef-forming corals. A large part of our author's copious introduction — perhaps the most interesting one to the general naturalist — is devoted to showing how the almost infinitely various and singular forms, which different corals or compound zoöphytes present, arise from two or three fundamental modifications in the mode of budding, and the general plan of growth. Taking his cue from the vegetable kingdom, where it is easy to reduce the whole ramification to that particular plan according to which the whole development of the tree has taken place, from the primordial shoot to the ultimate branchlet and the latest leaf, Mr. Dana has ably and clearly shown, that all the forms of coral-structure are reducible to the same fundamental laws of organic growth. He has taught us, not only that the resulting shape of the coral strictly depends on the mode in which the successive polyps have from first to last budded and branched from the parent stem, but also that the actual modes in the zoöphyte are identical with those of vegetable growth. Each principal modification in the plant has its counterpart in the coralline vegetation. There is not merely an analogy between the two, but propagation and growth by budding are truly the same operation in both cases. The *zoophyte is an animal which really grows like a plant.* But, lest the subject should ramify beyond our narrow limits, we leave it abruptly, copying merely the closing paragraph of one of the author's most attractive chapters.

"There is much to surprise and interest us in tracing out the simple causes of results so remarkable. The small polyp, incapable even of extending its arms without a drop of water to inject them, is enabled, by means of a simple secretion in its texture, in connection with the process of budding, to rise from the rock and spread wide its branches, or erect, with solid masonry, the coral domes, in defiance of the waves that break over them. The microscopic germ of a Gorgonia developes a polyp barely visible to the naked eye, which has the power of producing a secretion from its base. The polyp buds, and finally the growing shrub is covered with branches and branchlets, many a mere thread in thickness, which stand and wave unhurt in the agitated waters. The same secretions fix it to its support, and so strongly, that even the rock comes away before the zoöphyte will break

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from its attachment. Tens of thousands of polyps cover the branches, like so many flowers, spreading their tinted petals in the genial sunshine, and quiet seas, but withdrawing when the clouds betoken a storm. . . . . .

"A beautiful provision protects the branching coral-tree — often the work of ages — from being destroyed by the dissolving waters, when exposed, on the death and removal of the polyps. Certain minute incrusting corals — the Bryozoa and Sertularidæ, together with Nullipores — make the surface their resting-place, as soon as it is laid bare, and go on spreading and covering the dead trunk, and so prevent the wearing action of the sea. The Madrepore may thus continue to enlarge beyond its adult size; the Caryophyllia may multiply almost endlessly its cylindrical branchings, although the living animal but tips the extremities of each; for protection is given at once, when needed, and the polyps die, only to leave the surface to other forms of life, more varied and no less strange.

"Finally, the coral becomes subservient to a still higher purpose than the support of polyps and nullipores. The debris, produced by the waves over a reef, settles into the many crevices among the dead trunks, and fills up the intervals, often large, between the scattered coral-patches; and, by this combined action of living growth and detritus accumulations, a solid rocky basement is formed, and kept in constant increase. In this way the coral-reef gradually nears the surface, and finally becomes the foundation of one of the fairest of

> 'the sea-girt isles,
> That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep';

the coral polyps now yielding place to the flowers and groves of the land, which fulfil their end in promoting the comfort and happiness of man." — pp. 83, 84.

Here, where our author rises from polyps to men, we may, with a good grace, take leave of him, and pass to the consideration of Mr. Hale's ethnographical and philological volume. But before doing so, we would briefly but most heartily commend the course which Mr. Dana has thought best to pursue in the principal systematic part of his work, where he has given a revision of all the coral-zoöphytes (the Actinoidea) yet discovered; rendering it, therefore, a complete manual, and the latest and fullest exponent of what is now known on this hitherto obscure and difficult subject. The propriety, not to say necessity, of this course will be evident

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to every one conversant with like subjects, when informed that two hundred and three out of the two hundred and sixty-one Actinoid zoöphytes collected in the cruise are here described for the first time; and that, of the four hundred and eighty-three coral-zoöphytes described in the report (the Actiniæ, which make no coral, being excluded from this estimate), only two hundred and fifty-four, or little more than half, are to be found at all in previous works; while even of those formerly known to naturalists, comparatively few had been examined in a living state. "It is, therefore," to copy the modest statement in the preface, "no presumption on the part of the author, to say that a large amount of new information was obtained, nor a fact which might not have been anticipated, that such information has detected numerous errors in the received systems, or suggested changes of fundamental importance. In making out the report, it was found impossible, in many genera, to describe the newly discovered species without giving new and more definite characters to the old, and the genera themselves sometimes required a modification of their limits, and changes in their associations." A complete revision, therefore, by the light which the researches of the Expedition have thrown upon the whole subject, was probably the most compendious, and, beyond all question, the most desirable and useful plan. This plan Mr. Dana has accordingly adopted, and faithfully executed; producing a work upon one of the most curious and attractive, though formerly the most obscure and difficult, departments of the animal kingdom, which must long remain the standard authority upon the subject. Nor should it be forgotten, in our estimate of Mr. Dana's labors, that his scientific reputation hitherto has principally rested on his mineralogical writings, that the special field assigned to him was the geology of the Expedition, upon which his reports are still to be made, and that it was only in the course of the voyage, owing to the withdrawal of a zealous member of the scientific corps to whom this department was originally consigned, that the subject of zoöphytes fell into his able hands.

The work of Mr. Hale will do credit both to himself and to the country. As this is his first appearance, we believe, in the capacity of an author, it will be proper that we introduce him to our readers. Mr. Hale is the son of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, well known as a writer and as the editor of a popu-

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lar journal. He belonged to the class which was graduated at Harvard University in 1837. His college career was highly distinguished; he exhibited uncommon powers in the acquisition both of literature and science, and his industry was remarkable. His aptitude for learning languages made him known, even at that early period of his life, to the most distinguished philologists of our country. The late learned president of the American Academy was among his warmest friends. When the Exploring Expedition was fitting out, Mr. Hale, though still an undergraduate, was selected for the place of philologist; and the result shows that probably a better selection could not have been made. He engaged in the duties to which he was thus honorably appointed, with a zeal and ability which have produced the most valuable results. He has availed himself of all the sources of information previously existing, and has drawn from them whatever came within the range of subjects to which his inquiries were directed. The journals of voyagers, the writings of the missionaries, the researches of philologists into the nature and character of the languages spoken throughout the extensive groups of the Oceanic islands, manuscript vocabularies and grammars, have all been examined, sifted, and combined with the results of personal study and observation. Mr. Hale has thus succeeded in giving a certain classical completeness to his work, which makes it a model for future laborers in the same or in similar fields of research. The style of this volume is marked by rare excellences, and those of the highest order. It is elegant, terse, compact, and business-like, to a remarkable degree. It makes no pretensions to show, assumes no glittering ornaments, runs into no passages of exaggerated eloquence; at the same time, its literary finish satisfies the demands of a fastidious taste, and possesses the beauty of an exquisite adaptedness to the subjects handled. It is a transparent medium of expression for a richly informed, clear-thinking, straight-forward mind; it presents the meaning of the writer strongly and directly to the mind of the reader, instructing while it gratifies.

We dwell upon this excellence of Mr. Hale's book with some emphasis, because we are of opinion that the value even of scientific works is materially increased, if the scientific substance is adorned by an appropriate beauty of form; and we think that in this point of view Mr. Hale deserves especial commendation.

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The principal portion of the volume is devoted to the ethnography and philology of Oceanica, or that portion of the globe which lies between the coasts of Asia and America, embracing the continent of Australia or New Holland, the insular masses of the East Indian archipelago, and the innumerable smaller clusters of islands scattered over the Pacific Ocean. This region, called by the French *Océanie*, has been subdivided into five departments, distinguished from each other by their natural features, and by the characters of their inhabitants, and bearing respectively the names of Malaisia, Melanesia, Australia, Micronesia, and Polynesia, all of which were visited and examined, to a greater or less extent, by the scientific corps of the Exploring Expedition. The Northwest Coast of America occupied a portion of Mr. Hale's attention; and finding at Rio Janeiro some negroes from the South of Africa, he seized the opportunity of investigating the dialects, so far as that could be done, spoken in their part of the country.

The volume thus constructed by Mr. Hale is a beautiful quarto, and the typographical execution of it is worthy of its varied, interesting, and valuable contents. It is divided into two principal departments, ethnography and philology; the ethnographical portion embraces the first two hundred and twenty-five pages, and the philological, the remaining four hundred and forty-one. In the term ethnography are included the general description of the country, physical characteristics of the inhabitants, religion, mythology, cosmogonies, worship, civil polity, customs and manners, manufactures, migrations, and a variety of other minor but connected topics.* Philology includes whatever relates to mental culture, so far at least as this is connected with language. The several topics are grammar and comparative grammar, including prosody, dictionaries, and vocabularies, poetical composition, music, and the like. This arrangement is sound and rational. Ethnography forms an excellent introduction to philology; it is a sort of basis for the intellectual superstructure.

This part of the work, however, does not contain so much

* Mr. Hale certainly gives a very extensive meaning to this word, *ethnography*, and thereby departs widely from the usage of late years, which confines the signification of the term to "an account of the filiation of the different races of human beings."

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new and original matter as the philological. It is, nevertheless, of great interest, and wrought out with great ability. Many of the materials bearing upon this part of the subject already existed, scattered over the works of previous writers. The great merit of Mr. Hale here is the admirable judgment with which he has combined these materials into a consistent whole, adding such particulars as his own observation enabled him to supply, and thus presenting a gallery of ethnographical pictures, of the highest importance, and distinguished by a classical finish and beauty of execution. They show a remarkable acuteness and tact in discerning the characteristic peculiarities of the numerous tribes included in his survey, and facility in their delineation. The many curious analogies between barbarian institutions and those of the most refined nations are readily seized and clearly pointed out. The systems of government existing among the Oceanic nations are skilfully developed; their traditions, superstitions, religious rites, and cosmogonies, not merely well described, but analyzed and philosophically explained. The legal antiquary will find the principles of the feudal tenure amply illustrated by the rules which regulated the land tenures in the Sandwich Islands before the adoption of their present written constitution. On the other hand, the sturdy enemies of law and order, the champions of absolute equality, will discover that they have been anticipated and even excelled by the Australians; that they are at the best but awkward imitators, *servum pecus*, when compared with the philosophers of that continent, who in politics have no government, and in their language have no terms to express the ideas of command and obedience.

The Shakers will be pleased to know that one of their leading principles is practically enforced by the Australian moralists upon the young men, who, while unmarried, are forbidden to approach, or to speak to, a female. The dietetic sages, especially the disciples of Mr. Graham, will be gratified to be informed, that the same modest and shy young gentlemen are not allowed to eat fish or eggs, or the emu, or any of the finer kinds of opossum and kangaroo; though, to be sure, these restrictions are gradually removed as the subjects of them get on in life, and when they have passed the period of middle age, they are entirely unrestrained in the choice of food. Mr. Hale throws in a qualifying reflection here, which we quote for the benefit of the old heads among

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our peptic philosophers. "Whether one purpose of this law be to accustom the young men to a hardy and simple style of living may be doubted; but its prime object and its result certainly are to prevent the young men from possessing themselves, by their superior strength and agility, of all the more desirable articles of food, and leaving only the refuse to the elders." The chivalrous practice of the duello is in full force among this people; and all their arrangements are so consonant to the high sense of natural justice which exists in countries where this mode of settling private quarrels prevails, that we must cite a portion of them for the benefit of our Southern friends.

"The parties meet in presence of their kindred and friends, who form a circle round them as witnesses and umpires. They stand up opposite one another, armed each with a club about two feet long. The injured person has the right of striking the first blow, to receive which the other is obliged to extend his head forward, with the side turned partially upwards. The blow is inflicted with a force commensurate with the vindictive feeling of the avenger. A white man, with an ordinary cranium, would be killed outright; but owing to the great thickness of their skulls, this seldom happens with the natives. The challenged party now takes his turn to strike, and the other is obliged to place himself in the same posture of convenience. In this way the combat is continued, with alternate buffets, until one of them is stunned, or the expiation is deemed satisfactory."

Now, here is the very beau ideal of single combat, or, to speak learnedly, *monomachy;* and it is perfectly adapted to the requirements of "white men" whose conduct is moulded by the principles of the "code of honor"; for they, like "the natives," are distinguished by "the great thickness of their skulls."

But we have not space to dwell at length on the various topics suggested by the ethnography of this interesting region. A few words on the migrations of the Oceanic tribes must close what we have to say on this branch of the subject. Mr. Hale remarks, — "As the examination of the customs and idioms of the Polynesian tribes leaves no room to doubt that they form, in fact, but a single nation, and as the similarity of their dialects warrants the supposition that no great length of time has elapsed since their dispersion, we are naturally led to inquire whether it may not be possible, by the compar-

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ison of their idioms and traditions, and by other indications, to determine, with at least some degree of probability, the original point from which their separation took place, and the manner in which it was effected." By this point our author means, in the present inquiry, the island or group in the Pacific which was first inhabited, and which bore to the rest the relation of the mother country to the colonies.

Mr. Hale pursues the investigation with great care and ingenuity. He examines the grammar and vocabulary of the various dialects, and finds many forms in those of the western groups which are entirely wanting in the eastern tongues; others, which are complete in the former, are found defective in the latter, and perverted from what seems evidently their original meaning. A similar examination of the religious characteristics shows that in the west a simple mythology and spiritual worship exist, which are perverted, as we advance towards the east, into a debasing and cruel idolatry. The fashion of tattooing also, which, in Samoa and Tonga, is intended to answer the purposes of decency, has degenerated elsewhere into a mode of ornament.

At one of the Hervey Islands there is a tradition among the inhabitants that their ancestor ascended from a region beneath, called *Avaiki*; a similar tradition prevails among the Marquesans, who give to the region the name of *Havaiki*. This name is evidently connected with the *Hawai'i* of the Sandwich Islands; and all these terms are the precise forms which the name of the largest of the Navigator Islands (Savai'i) would assume in the different dialects. Mr. Hale thinks, that, by following this clue, the different tribes of Polynesia may all be referred back to their original seat. In fact, the dialectical changes which this name would undergo, according to the rules laid down in the comparative grammar, are: —

"1.	Original form,	Savaiki.
2.	Samoan dialect,	Savai'i.
3.	Tahitian,	Havai'i.
4.	Sandwich Island,	Hawai'i.
5.	Rarotongan and Mangarevan,	Avaiki.
6.	Nukuhivan,	Havaiki.
7.	New Zealand,	Hawaiki."

This name, therefore, our author considers, with strong reason, to be the key-word of the Polynesian migrations.

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Mr. Hale pursues the investigation among the various groups, collecting the incidental and collateral facts, combining the traditions and myths, examining genealogical lists preserved in the memories of the inhabitants, some of which run back through a series of more than two thousand years, illustrating tradition by the significance of names of places, the names of the months, of the winds, of the numerals, and arrives at the conclusion that all the principal tribes of Polynesia may be traced back to the Samoan and Tongan groups. An interesting question here arises, How far the supposed emigration of the first settlers in these groups from some point in the Malaisian archipelago may be confirmed by the information we now possess. The evidence here is not so decisive, on account of our ignorance of the dialects spoken in the eastern part of this archipelago. From a variety of considerations of considerable weight, it seems probable, that the primitive seat of these tribes is Bouro, or Booro, the easternmost island inhabited by the yellow Malaisian race, in the East Indian archipelago. The interesting point in these inquiries is the result, conclusively established, that the progress of emigration was from west to east, and not in the contrary direction. Combining this result with the known course of the migrations of the Indo-Germanic races, the theory that the primitive seat of the human race was in the interior of Asia seems to receive important and interesting confirmation.

The ethnography of Northwestern America we must pass over, in order to say a few words upon the philological part of Mr. Hale's great work, — merely alluding, by the way, to the hypothesis, that the hordes which at different periods overran the Mexican plateau made their way through this territory ; a conjecture countenanced by two facts : first, that such a progress is now going on, particularly in the interior plains ; secondly, that the tribes speaking allied languages are dispersed over this territory in a direction from north to south.

The most valuable and elaborate portion of the philological division is the "Comparative Grammar of the Polynesian Dialects." The reasons for bringing the materials for elucidating the structure of the Polynesian dialects into this form are, that

"By this mode the various idioms are brought together in such a way, that the points of resemblance and distinction among them all are perceived at once. The changes, also, which the general

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language undergoes, in passing from one group to another, are thus made apparent, and the principles which govern these changes being once discerned will prove, it is believed, of no little importance to the science of philology. It happens, moreover, in many cases, that what is doubtful and obscure in one dialect is elucidated by a comparison with others, — the mere juxtaposition being often sufficient for this purpose. Finally, by this form, as the repetition of the same rules and explanations for different dialects is avoided, the whole is brought into a much smaller space than would otherwise be possible, with greater convenience of reference, and no loss of clearness."

In drawing up this grammar, Mr. Hale has made use, in addition to the materials collected by himself, of the translations made by the missionaries into seven of the principal dialects, — namely, the Samoan, Tongan, New Zealand, Rarotongan, Mangarevan, Tahitian, and Hawaiian; of manuscript grammars and vocabularies furnished by the missionaries in some of the islands; and of printed works relating to four of the dialects. Several other sources of information are indicated. Of the merits of this grammar, as a philosophical analysis and explanation of the structure of the Polynesian dialects, it would be difficult to speak in exaggerated terms. In the distribution of topics, in the lucid arrangement of the parts, in the clearness of the statement of principles, in the ingenuity of the etymological deductions, the work will bear a favorable comparison with the best philosophical grammars by the scholars of Europe. As a contribution to general philology, it will stand in the foremost rank, unless the foolish economy of the government in limiting the number of copies published should unfortunately operate to exclude its valuable contents from the general fund of philological knowledge, and to defraud Mr. Hale of the reputation which is justly his due.

We had intended to present a brief view of the peculiarities of the Polynesian dialects; but we must content ourselves with selecting two or three. The language of ceremony among the Samoans is remarkable for its formal politeness. They have particular expressions of salutation and compliment, according to the time of day, as morning, noon, and evening; many terms in their common idiom are considered improper to be addressed to persons of rank, and their place is supplied by other words of the same signification, which are never used but on such occasions; they have

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different words for the different grades of chiefs. Thus, the salutation to a common man, on entering a house, is *ua mai*, you have come ; to a *tula-fale*, or householder, it is *ua alala mai ;* to a low chief, *ua maliu mai ;* to a high chief, *ua susu mai ;* to the sovereign, *ua afio mai.* This principle is carried out to an extraordinary length. To *eat* and to *sleep*, for instance, are expressed by different words, according as the acts are performed by a landholder, an inferior chief, or a high chief.

A more remarkable peculiarity, called by Mr. Hale *ceremonial neology*, prevails among the Tahitians. It is the singular mode of displaying their reverence towards their king, by a custom which they term *te pi.* The words which form a part or the whole of the sovereign's name, or that of one of his near relatives, are dropped in the common language, and new ones invented to supply their place ; and as proper names in Polynesia are significant, and each chief has usually more than one, the language undergoes considerable changes from this cause. The changes, however, are temporary ; as at the death of the king or chief, the original words are restored to popular use. Vancouver, as quoted by Mr. Hale, observes, "that, at the accession of Otu, which took place between the visit of Cook and his own, no less than forty or fifty of the most common words, which occur in conversation, had been entirely changed." But for the rule by which the old terms are revived, on the death of the person to whose name they belonged, the vocabulary of the language would, in a few centuries, be entirely changed.

The Polynesian grammar is followed by a thoroughly prepared lexicon, in which the primitive or radical form of each word, or that which is considered to be such, is first given in large type, and then the variations in form and meaning which occur in the different dialects are added, together with the most important derivatives. An English and Polynesian vocabulary is next given. Then we have an essay on the dialect of Fakaafo and Vaitupu, with a brief vocabulary of the same, and a grammar and vocabulary of the Vitian language. The Vitians or Feejeeans, Mr. Hale informs us, pay more attention than any of their Polynesian neighbours to poetical composition. This people present some quite remarkable points of resemblance to the ancient Greeks — a very curious illustration of the analogies between the extremes

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of barbarism and civilization. Their dances are accompanied by songs in recitative, to which the motions of the dancers correspond, precisely like the choral and orchestric exhibitions of the Greeks. Song and dance are inseparable, and festivals are signalized by the production of a *meke*, or dance, of which both the movements and the words are composed for the occasion. There are persons who devote themselves, like the ἀοιδοί, to this species of composition, and who sometimes acquire reputation and wealth by this exercise of their genius, "twenty *tambua* [the native currency of whale's teeth] being sometimes given for a single song and dance. As a person with forty or fifty of these teeth is considered wealthy, and for eight or ten a ship may be supplied with provisions for a cruise, it is evident that the Feejeeans affix no slight value to the works of their composers."

Besides the restraints of tune and dance to which the Vitian poet must submit, he is fettered by a complicated and peculiar system of rhythm and rhyme. The most common measure in Vitian songs consists of three dactyles and a trochee, which may be technically called logaœdic dactyles; but, by another remarkable coincidence with the metrical principles of the Greeks and Romans, a spondee may take the place of either of the dactyles, as in the line

ān tĭkŏ | māi nā | tāmbŭ tă | ngānĕ.

One variation, however, unknown to the Greeks and Romans, is permitted in the case of reduplicated words, which are considered as containing only as many syllables as the simple words. We commend this rhythmical anomaly to Professors Beck and Felton, as a new example of what they would denominate *arrhythmy*.

But the difficulties which the Vitian poet has to encounter do not end here.

"There is, in addition to this, a peculiar manner of rhyming, which must require in the composer a great command of words, as well as skill in disposing them. The rule is as follows: — those vowels which are contained in the last two syllables of the first line of a stanza, must be found in the same order in the last two syllables of every succeeding line; and the greater the number of lines which are thus made to conform, the better is the poetry esteemed."

This is rather consonance than rhyme, and could only pre-

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vail, to any great extent, in languages distinguished for the predominance of the vowel sounds. Vitian poetry, it will be seen, thus combines the peculiarities of the ancient classical versification, and of the minstrelsy of the romance languages, in the days of the Courts of Love.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with grammars and vocabularies of the less important dialects of Oceanica, including, of course, Australia. Then we have a very curious account of the languages of Northwestern America, in regard to which the singular fact is stated, that the languages north of the Columbia river are remarkable

"for their extraordinary harshness, which in some is so great as almost to surpass belief. The Chinooks, Chikailish, and Killamuks, appear actually to labor in speaking, — an illusion which proceeds, no doubt, from the effect produced on the ear of the listener by the harsh elements with which their languages abound, as well as by the generally rough and dissonant style of pronunciation. The *χ* is, in these tongues, a somewhat deeper guttural than the Spanish *jota*. The *g* is an extraordinary sound, resembling the hawking noise produced by an effort to expel phlegm from the throat. A similar element (as we are assured on good authority) in the Quicchuan or Peruvian language is called by the Spanish grammarians the *cc castañuelas*, and is compared to the sound made in cracking nuts with the teeth, — from which, of course, we can only infer its extreme harshness. *Tχl* is a combination uttered by forcing out the breath at the side of the mouth, between the tongue and the palate. The vocabularies, and the remarks upon them, will exhibit some other peculiarities of these languages. They are all indistinct, as well as harsh. The same element in the Tshinuk and other tongues is heard at one time as a *v*, at another as a *b*, and again as an *m*, — the latter being probably the most accurate representation. So the *n* and *d* are in several undistinguishable, and we were constantly in doubt whether certain short vowels should be written or omitted.

"The southern languages are, on the other hand, no less distinguished for softness and harmony. The gutturals are found in two or three, into which they seem to have been introduced by communication with the northern tribes. The rest want this class of letters, and have, in their place, the labial *f*, the liquid *r*, and the nasal *n̥*, all of which are unknown in the former. Difficult combinations of consonants rarely occur, and the many vowels make the pronunciation clear and sonorous. There is, however, a good deal of variety in this respect, some of the lan-

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guages, as the Lutuami, Saste, and Palaihnik, being smooth and agreeable to the ear, while the Shoshoni and Kalapuya, though soft, are nasal and indistinct." — pp. 533, 534.

We venture humbly to suggest to Mr. Buchanan whether this philological line would not be a good basis on which to settle the Oregon boundary. One of the most curious chapters is that which contains an outline of the Jargon, or Trade language, of Oregon. Here we detect nature in the very act of creating a new language, by fusing together the various materials existing in distinct dialects, and remoulding them upon new principles, and for the purpose of supplying new wants. The elements of this dialect are the Nootka, English, Tshinuk, and French ; together with a supply of words formed by the *onomatopœia*, or principle of representing sense by sound. As the language is spoken by Tshinuks, Englishmen, and Frenchmen, it rejects all sounds which cannot readily be pronounced by all three ; and this constitutes the point of peculiar interest in the phonology of the language. If we had room, it would be amusing to copy a few specimens of this Jargon. If left to itself, it would in time, doubtless, unfold into a copious and regular language, with its distinctive principles of syntax and rhythm ; but it will doubtless disappear, as a civilized population advances and occupies the country with permanent settlements. The volume ends with a brief account of the languages of Patagonia and of Southern Africa.

We have given only a cursory review of the interesting and important contents of Mr. Hale's work ; but we think our readers, and others whose attention may be called to it, will agree with us in pronouncing it a most valuable contribution to ethnography and philology, and, as such, highly honorable to the scholarship of our country.

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ART. IX. — *Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, from* 1623 *to* 1635. *Now first collected from Original Records and Contemporaneous Manuscripts, and illustrated with Notes.* By ALEXANDER YOUNG. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846. 8vo. pp. 560.

THE publication, at successive periods, of contemporaneous documents relating to any historical event puts a reader more and more into the position of an original eyewitness and party. Documents not intended for publication are generally the richest materials of history; and it is a well established principle among its writers, that public annals and records will never serve by themselves for a sufficient, or even for an accurate, memorial of the past. The historian, almost as much as the biographer, needs the aid of what are called private papers, family registers, letters, note-books, journals, and the fly-leaves of pamphlets, to illustrate and explain the great folio records in print or in manuscript. The second publication or reëditing of a historical document may also give a double value to it. The time which has elapsed since it was first printed has written a commentary upon it, has verified or contradicted its statements, has witnessed the publication of other documents relating to the same scenes and actors, and while it has shown some of the consequences of former events, it has allowed shadows to gather around them which only the concentration of many rays of light can pierce.

It has often been observed of the annals of the North American Colonies in general, and of those of New England in particular, that they are wholly free from fable, and begin at the very beginning with most authentic materials. This truth is well understood, but it is regarded more as a negative than as a positive fact. The fables are thankfully missed; but gratitude and admiration have not made a sufficient acknowledgment for the mass of original papers which authenticate New England history. It is wonderful that so many records relating to its first settlers and their plantations should have been made; it is more wonderful still, that so large a portion of them should have escaped the hazards of time, till they could be permanently secured. Indeed, we are persuaded

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that a good argument, were such needed, to establish many honorable distinctions and claims for our fathers, and to assure their faith in the proud results of their mean beginnings, might be raised from the fact that they recorded so much about their own childhood, with its exposures, its fears, and its imperfections. They seem to have known that what they were doing and suffering was worthy of being written down; and while no one of their papers which has as yet come to light betrays any ambition for notoriety then, or for applause afterwards, it may still be said of all of them, that candor and truthfulness, the most specific statement of their views and principles, and a readiness to meet the judgment of the whole world for all time, are the most striking characteristics of every page.

It may likewise be stated, to the credit of our fathers and in large extenuation of their errors, that they practised no concealment. It is from their own writings that their calumniators or accusers obtain all their facts and charges. They did nothing in a corner. Those who suffered by their acts of alleged oppression and bigotry had not to do with sneaking, cowardly persecutors, who were afraid to confess their deeds or to offer their reasons. Scarcely could a sufferer by their intolerance make his way in banishment or flight to the court or the press at London, to tell his tale to their discredit, before the full story was told by the colonists themselves, without loss or addition, at the same bar of royalty or of popular judgment. Their usurpation of certain civil privileges and ecclesiastical functions, which it was not intended they should enjoy, was neither hidden nor denied. They allowed it all, and readily undertook the office of justifying it either by bold inferences from their patent, or by the necessities of their condition. They never even denied that they had made audacious trespass upon the exclusive rights of royalty, by establishing a mint in Boston and coining money there; though their agent at court, taking the sin upon his own soul, ventured to tell Charles the Second, that the pine-tree on the Massachusetts shilling, which the king looked at with amazed distrust, was an effigies of the famous tree thus happily commemorated in "the New England Primer, adorned with cuts": —

> "The royal Oak, it was the Tree
> That saved his Royal Majesty."

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Neither the Brownes of Salem, nor Roger Williams, nor Mrs. Hutchinson, nor the Baptists, nor the Quakers, have related so much tending to the discredit of the Massachusetts rulers in church and state, as may be collected from these magistrates' own writings. Their infirmities and inconsistencies are detailed by themselves. Their records are brief, but they are numerous. For nearly every important question which we can ask about the fathers of Massachusetts, we can find an answer; there is scarcely an event or circumstance relating to them the date of which is unknown or doubtful. Their own records of various kinds were in general kept with much more fidelity than were those of their descendants of the third or fourth generation. But an immense amount of literary and antiquarian labor has been necessarily spent upon their original documents. The records of courts, of towns and churches, family registers and grave-stones, letters and diaries, interleaved almanacs and last wills, merely afford materials which by diligent toil may be wrought up into annals and biographies. Considering that no reward of money, and scarcely any of fame, offers incitement to this labor, we may wonder at its amount and its accumulations. Mr. James Savage has been unrivalled among the antiquarians of Massachusetts, and richly deserves his place as president of its Historical Society. What he has not done for all who follow in his track, he has taught them how to do. Prince is the only one who should be mentioned before him, and this rather because he preceded Mr. Savage in time; for the results of Prince's labors stop just where we begin to need them most. Mr. Savage's edition of Governor Winthrop's Journal is a miracle of industry, of acuteness, and of pains-taking research. His Gleanings for New England History, gathered during a recent visit to Old England, fill out many blanks left in the memorials of persons, places, and events, besides affording a sum of particulars which are of a general value in illustrating our annals. They are literally "Gleanings," — requiring for their collection a survey of the whole field, and abundantly rewarding it.

The two volumes which Mr. Young has given to the public, taken in connection with Mr. Savage's edition of Winthrop, embrace every original and authentic document relating to the early history of Massachusetts. Mr. Young has devoted a volume to each of the ancient and separate Colonies of

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Plymouth and the Bay, which now are united in this State. "The Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, from 1602 to 1625, now first collected from Original Records and Contemporaneous printed Documents, and illustrated with Notes," was published in 1841, and soon reached a second edition. It can never be superseded, but will henceforward have its place in all public and private libraries as a complete history of the fathers and the beginnings of the Old Colony. The plan of the work is perfectly suited to fulfil its purpose. We are carried by it into the company of those venerable and strong-hearted men and women. We listen to their deliberations and prayers when the project was first entertained among them of seeking a refuge beyond the ocean. We participate in their frequent crosses and their few comforts. We admire their pious magnanimity, and read over and over again each sentence which expresses their sufferings and their constancy. With the help of the notes which the editor, with great industry and most extensive research, has appended to their own records, the early days of these colonists come again before us. The bleak wilderness wears its ancient aspect, while the grave looks of the exiles are turned upon it, and their serious lips open to give names to headlands, rivers, and swamps, and to cheer one another around the smoking ruins of their first common dwelling, or the frosty burial-spot which has given graves to one half of their company.

The volume now before us is a labor of love of the same character in behalf of the old Bay Colony. No other State in the Union, no other colony, no other country, in the world, can produce such records of its origin as Massachusetts possesses in this volume. Here we have not only the public documents of courts and companies, containing the public history of the origin and plantation of the Colony, but the Journals, Diaries, Memoirs, and Letters of the prime movers in the enterprise. These private papers admit us behind the scenes, and into the homes where our fathers conferred with each other and with their wives and children. We have the means of deciding whether they were led hither by an obstinate and overscrupulous zeal, and a mercenary, trafficking spirit, as some of their enemies then averred, (and they have since reiterated the charge,) or whether the purest motives which can be felt in a human breast moved them to their painful self-exile, and

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gave them the fortitude without which the prisons and graves of England would have had more attraction for them than the free wildernesses of America. Doubtless their story has been told often enough to meet the claims of historic truth, and to vindicate their own good name. Still, we have mistaken the spirit of much that has been said and written of late among us, if we have not rightly inferred that detraction has renewed its attacks upon them. It may be only that some have grown weary of the theme; but we submit that ridicule and sneers are not the most Christian, nor the most commendable, expressions of a distaste for the exaggerations and the fulsome and undiscriminating encomiums which have been spent upon the Pilgrim Fathers. Their story truly and simply told is praise enough, and never will weary a real lover of truth.

Only a small portion of the text of this volume appears here in print for the first time; but this fact hardly lessens the value of the collection. The documents composing it are twenty-four in number, all of them written by actual movers or participators in the settlements in Massachusetts Bay; not one of them is anonymous, or apocryphal, or questionable in its authorship. For the most part, they are printed from the original documents, and, except Governor Winthrop's Journal, they embrace every thing of a historical character which is now known to be extant, from the pens of the first planters. The documents are collected from all quarters, a few of them have never before been printed, and of those which were in print, some were inaccessible to the mass of readers, and others, through the carelessness or impatience of former transcribers of the manuscripts, were published in an inaccurate or imperfect form. They are all chronologically arranged, and accompanied by a body of notes serving to illustrate whatever, by the lapse of time or other causes, had become obscure or unintelligible. The biographical notices are numerous and condensed, requiring extensive inquiries for their preparation. Notes in some books and on some subjects are an intolerable nuisance to a reader, being sometimes more properly entitled to a place in the text, the continuity of which they interrupt, but more commonly not entitled to a place in any part of the volume. In Mr. Young's volumes, his abundant notes are absolutely essential. They give direct and sufficient answers to questions which rise naturally as we

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read the text, and their completeness and variety double the value of the documents. We feel the more bound to say this, because, while first perusing the book, we felt hastily moved to say something to the contrary. When we were so often referred to the bottom or the middle of a page, to be informed of the population of English towns and cities, and their distances from London, from seaports, and from each other, we were tempted to ask, Why is this? But we now understand that their purpose is to remind or inform all readers, in an indirect way, of the characters and social position of the fathers of Massachusetts, of the bonds which linked their sympathies together while they lived wide apart at home, of the places where their views were entertained, and of the distances which they travelled to meet one another in their necessary arrangements, or to reach the seaports. Some of these travellers, like the famous ministers John Cotton and Richard Mather, were compelled not only to go long distances, but to conceal themselves from pursuivants.

A mere enumeration of the documents which compose this volume, with very brief remarks, followed, like the sermons of their authors, with a few suggestions by way of improvement, is the object which we now propose to ourselves. The first document, called The Planter's Plea, is from a small quarto volume written by the Rev. John White, of Dorchester, England, printed at London, 1630. Though he never came hither himself, Mr. White first moved our fathers to the enterprise. His intimacy with them and his knowledge of all their plans give to his record the highest authority. Yet, strange to say, his little book was not used or mentioned by either Mather, Prince, Hutchinson, Bancroft, or Grahame. Mr. Young takes this extract from it for the sake of its methodical and accurate statement of facts relating to the earliest attempts, made first in fishing and trading voyages, and then by a colony, to establish a permanent settlement in Massachusetts Bay. The second document is the preliminary narrative given in Hubbard's History, relating to the first settlements at Cape Ann and Salem. The whole history has been printed in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society; but Mr. Young's extract, copied from the original manuscript, corrects many errors, and embraces the most original and valuable portion of its contents, which the Ipswich minister probably derived from the high

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authority of Roger Conant. The third chapter or document in these Chronicles contains a complete manuscript, now first printed, of the original records of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, up to the time when the charter was brought over by Governor Winthrop. The most trifling particulars recorded herein are of high interest. The meetings of the company in England, the names of those interested and present, their deliberations, plans, and efforts, the cautious and serious spirit which guided them, are fully presented. We have even the lists of articles for apparel, subsistence, and common use, which formed the freight of the first ships.

Next, we have, under date of February 16, 1629, a letter from Cradock, governor of the company in England, to Endicott, who presided over the first body of emigrants which came under its direction to Salem. The fifth and sixth chapters contain two general letters of instructions from the company to Endicott and his council. These are followed by four chapters, containing respectively the form of government for the colony, the allotment of lands, the oaths, and the agreement with the ministers. All these documents came from the meetings of the court of the company in England, and show, in their exact method and careful elaboration, that serious work was thought to be in hand.

We find next the journal of his passage in 1629, kept by the Rev. Francis Higginson, of Salem, and his graphic description of the "commodities and discommodities" of the country, written, with some help of poetry, to draw others hither. The only specimen of humor which the whole volume affords is found in this latter piece of Higginson's. Writing about our Indians, he observes, — "Their hair is generally black, and cut before, like our gentlewomen, and one lock longer than the rest, much like to our gentlemen, which fashion I think came from hence into England." It was probably under some conflict of sensations about the past and the present, that the good minister wrote, that "a sup of New England's air is better than a whole draught of Old England's ale." The next chapter is a curious paper, probably drawn up by Governor Winthrop, containing "General Considerations for the Plantation of New England; with an Answer to several Objections." This is followed by the shortest, though the most pregnant, document in the volume;

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"The True Copy of the Agreement at Cambridge [Old England], August 26, 1629," solemnly signed by honorable men pledging themselves to embark for the colony. Chapter fifteenth contains the company's letters to the ministers and Governor Endicott, relating to the affair of the Brownes, who wished to introduce the Common Prayer Book at Salem, and were summarily sent home. The records of the company abundantly prove that every effort was made to do strict justice in this case. Next follows a most tender and beautiful piece, entitled, The Company's Humble Request, written and signed by the exiles "late gone for New England" to win prayers and kind feelings from "the rest of their brethren in and of the Church of England."

Deputy-Governor Dudley's Letter to the Countess of Lincoln makes the seventeenth chapter. In his own words of touching eloquence addressed to that noble lady, whose children shared his wilderness fortune, he writes from New England, — "I have, in the throng of domestic, and not altogether free from public business, thought fit to commit to memory our present condition, and what hath befallen us since our arrival here; which I will do shortly, after my usual manner, and must do rudely, having yet no table, nor other room to write in than by the fireside upon my knee, in this sharp winter." His whole letter accords with this purpose. Then comes the pious Autobiography of Captain Roger Clap, of Dorchester, written to kindle holy and grateful sentiments in the hearts of his posterity. The nineteenth document is a transcript from the earliest pages of the records of the town of Charlestown, which was settled at an earlier day than Boston. The description of Massachusetts in 1633, from William Wood's New England Prospect, making chapter twentieth, is far more accurate in its topography and other matters than are the works of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the tourists of the present day. A brief sketch of the life, and some of the original letters, of John Cotton; the Journal of Richard Mather, of Dorchester, which seems to have come to light just in season to pass from manuscript into print in this volume; the heart-rending but beautifully written narrative of Anthony Thacher's shipwreck, on an island now bearing his name, written by himself; and the Autobiography of Thomas Shepard, of Cambridge, complete these Chronicles.

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Such are the rich and varied contents of the second volume of Mr. Young's Chronicles. The original documents, taken in connection with his notes, make up a book which its possessors will highly prize. These are the authentic records of which Massachusetts may boast; no son of hers will wish to erase a line. We proceed to the improvement of them.

There is one particular in which we must qualify a previous remark as to the fulness and authenticity of our knowledge of the first occupation of New England by white men. There is a mystery hanging over the earliest English adventurers about Massachusetts Bay, which, so far as it concerns the individuals themselves, will probably never be removed. In all our early records, we meet with frequent mention of certain persons designated as "Old Planters." The first associated adventurers found those who answered to this title when they came here, and though they had every means of learning their history, they have left us no information concerning them. Roger Conant at Salem, Walford at Charlestown, Maverick at Noddle's Island, and Blackstone at Boston, were the persons who bore this designation of "Old Planters." We do not know the private history of either of these lonely wanderers, nor the time of their respective arrivals, nor the inducements which led them hither. There is certainly some little romance investing their wilderness experiences. With the exception of Walford, who appears to have been of loose and unscrupulous, if not of a positively immoral, character, — all that is known of them is to their credit. They could not, therefore, have been refugees from justice; neither were they treasure-hunters seeking after mines and easy fortunes. Conant, Maverick, and Blackstone are uniformly mentioned with esteem, saving only that Maverick was thought to be too liberal in his hospitality, which was not wholly free from jollity. Conant made common cause with the associated emigrants at Salem, and joined their fellowship. He was the first actual occupant of Massachusetts Bay, the father of the first child born at Salem, and he received a grant of land when he was fourscore years of age, on the ground of his being "an ancient planter." He reached his eighty-seventh year, and died in 1679, having been more than half a century in the Bay.

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Samuel Maverick was found, in 1630, comfortably seated on Noddle's Island, which he had fortified; and the first mention of him records his allowed generosity in entertaining all comers *gratis*. He was a man of sufficient means, of good character, though far from agreeing with the new comers in their religious views, and was, we believe, the first possessor of an African slave in North America. But whence and when he came here we know not. William Blackstone had probably resided on the peninsula of Boston since 1625. He had been an Episcopal minister, and though by no means attached to the Lords Bishop, he appears to have had an equal dislike to the Lords Brethren. After Boston had been occupied by the new-comers about five years, and Blackstone had resided here at least ten, he sold all his rights and claims, and moved away for retirement and quiet. He was a studious man, possessing a library large for the time and place; he was not contentious, neither had he any open collision with his countrymen. But a mystery hangs over him likewise. For a curious and instructive note about him, we refer our readers to Mr. Young's volume.

Other old planters there were here, of less note; but these four, living apart from each other, of very different tastes and characters, finding their happiness and subsistence in their own chosen way, are the almost mythical personages of early Massachusetts history. They must have loved solitude, but they could not have been luxurious idlers. Mr. Young has not been able by the help of his researches to communicate any further information concerning either of these old planters. He suggests, that they all probably came over in some of the fishing-vessels that were constantly hovering on the coast. This is undoubtedly so; but whether they came originally to fish, and straggled from their respective parties, or purposely sought an abode here, allured by the exciting scenes of a new region, we can now scarcely hope to know.

This leads us to mention, that those who made the permanent settlements in Massachusetts Bay were not the first companies of English adventurers who had sounded these waters. After Captain John Smith (who, we believe, was the first historical person to bear a name which has ceased to be a name when considered as defining a person), had opened this harbour to the English, fishing-vessels came to the Banks and to Cape Ann every year. Many successive enterprises

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had terminated disastrously. It was found impracticable to carry out any plan which connected planting with a fishing voyage; for the shoals and rocks which harboured the fish would yield no other sustenance. Yet the skill and expense which had been given to these undertakings were not wasted. As the patriarch White says of them, — "Nothing new fell out in the managing of this stock, seeing experience hath taught us, that, as in building houses, the first stones of the foundation are buried under ground and are not seen, so in planting colonies, the first stocks employed that way are consumed, although they serve for a foundation to the work."

These fishing voyages made the sailors and shipmasters acquainted with the way across the ocean, with the harbours, soundings, and coast of New England, with the language and habits of the natives, and led to the erection of drying-frames, booths, sheds, and other shelters, which brought hither the first tokens of civilization. There had been five abortive attempts to plant colonies in New England, between 1607 and 1625. These were undertaken with sole reference to the fisheries and a barter trade with the Indians. The vessels that came hither remained only long enough to prepare the fish upon the salting and drying-frames, or to change their cargoes. It was soon found, that a long delay upon the coast was attended with great expense of wages and provisions; and the project was devised of leaving a portion of the men to fish while the vessels returned. Great hardships, exposures, and bodily privations were endured upon our cold rocks by those who ventured to undertake this service. We cannot but feel a great respect for the old shipmasters who engaged in these enterprises. Often they had but crazy vessels, and the poor accommodations were overburdened by crowded companies. Yet we are amazed at the small number of great disasters which are recorded. The task of unlading or reladings a vessel in these waters, without the help of wharves or barges, across salt marshes or long beaches, called out all the energies of patience and perseverance which the mariners possessed, and made equal drafts upon their brains and their muscles. Indeed, were imagination to construct its visions only from the facts which are known concerning these adventurers, our earliest history would be an interchange of tragedy and comedy.

It is evident, however, that men who might serve for

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fishermen and adventurers would not be of the most promising sort to undertake the settlement of a permanent colony, under unpropitious circumstances, and to transfer to it the better influences of civilized society. Had no other purposes than fishing or the peltry trade presented themselves to the inhabitants of Old England, the last two centuries might perhaps have made our bay as much of a harbour as it now is, and might have multiplied the tokens of human life upon our coasts; but the scene along our shores would never have worn the aspect it now has to our eyes. Large wealth was to be brought here, before any could go forth, or even be found upon the soil, or in trade. Money may have been one of the least requisites for a permanent settlement; but it was indispensable, and it did its full part. Though, as a speculation, the enterprise was altogether unprofitable to the charter company, yet it was singly with a view to profit that this company was formed in England. The stock proprietors did not entertain the idea of transferring the government hither, still less of transporting themselves as permanent exiles. The original design of the English adventurers who obtained a royal patent to territory in New England was precisely the same as that which began, and has ever since attached to, the honorable East India Company. But wealth of another sort than that of the purse availed itself of the opportunity to turn a trading colony into a permanent Christian commonwealth, of actual residents, making for themselves a home. The project of converting New England from a place for mercantile speculations into a land of civil, religious, and domestic institutions was an afterthought, born of a pious and Christian zeal. The first suggestion of this project undoubtedly came from the Rev. John White, "usually called," says Anthony Wood, "patriarch of Dorchester, or Patriarch White," who seems to have had equal influence with the Episcopal and the Puritanical portion of the Church of England, and whose name frequently occurs in the records of the meetings of the Massachusetts Company in England. After the design moved by him began to be entertained, it soon grew into a warm and devoted purpose. It is easy to trace in the records of the company the growth and more frequent utterance of that religious spirit which animated, and, beyond all question, fulfilled, the great undertaking. We observe, too, the sifting process which winnowed out the men.

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The great civil basis of the chartered plantations made in New England was a patent signed by King James, November 3d, 1620, by which the merchant adventurers to the northern colony of Virginia, between forty and forty-eight degrees north latitude, were incorporated as "The Council established at Plymouth, in the County of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England, in America." This council, by a deed under the common seal, dated March 19th, 1628 (N. S.), sold to another mercantile company "that part of New England that lies between Merrimack and Charles River, in the bottom of the Massachusetts Bay." Then, by the influence of Mr. White, these purchasers "were brought into acquaintance with several other religious persons of like quality in and about London, such as Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Cradock, Mr. Goffe, and Sir Richard Saltonstall; who, being first associated with them, at last bought of them all their right and interest in New England aforesaid." It was by these gentlemen, their associates, and servants, who were members of the Church of England, though troubled with scruples about its ceremonies, and craving more freedom for themselves without wrong to others, that the settlements in the Bay Colony were effected. They took care to have their patent ratified and its liberties enlarged by the king.

As soon as the religious spirit obtained ascendency in the new company, the purpose of transporting themselves and their families was heartily entertained. This was the most serious matter which could possibly have engaged their minds. Their deliberations upon it have the highest interest to us, because this is, in fact, the most critical point in Massachusetts, or New England, history. The characters and deeds of our fathers are to be estimated by the honest standard of judgment thus furnished us. They did not undertake to open an asylum like that which Rome afforded in its early days. They did not invite the adventurous, the roving, the discontented, and the fortune-hunting, still less the debauched, the profligate, and the criminal, to an El Dorado or a "Merry Mount." They extended no inducements, they opened no door of entrance, to the fanatical or eccentric dreamers and thinkers who abounded at that time in England. Religious liberty, in the sense in which it is now understood, was then only conceived in the womb of time, not born even

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in the thoughts of statesmen or divines. Even the theory of it was not intrusted to our fathers, any more than was the theory of the steam-engine or the magnetic telegraph. What folly and injustice, then, are involved in a judgment instituted against them on the ground that they did not adopt unborn wisdom, and principles of civil and religious policy which have required two centuries since their day for even a partial recognition! Had our fathers opened here the free asylum which many of their modern calumniators seem to think was the end of their enterprise, they would have verified in their own experience the old adage of "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire." Their estates and their tempers were scorched at home; but they would have been burned up here. They would have crossed the ocean to place themselves in a situation of anarchy, discord, and distracting confusion. Even in the settlement of William Penn's colony, under the light of a half-century of advanced trial of principles, some exclusive rights were recognized, some religious favoritism was exercised, and all the increased freedom there enjoyed was attended with dissensions and misfortunes greater even than those which occurred in Massachusetts.

The views and intentions which our fathers are censured for not discarding were, in fact, the real promptings of their exile. Had they not been influenced by them, they would have remained in England. They could hear ranters in religion and no-government men in politics there, without exchanging their estates for rocks and sand-hills in America, and inviting all sorts of discontents and vagabonds to come here and erect another tower of Babel. The simple truth is, that certain religious and high-minded men in England, possessing fair estates, finding themselves of one way of thinking, united together in the purchase of a large farm, with some mill-streams, many rocks, a fishing-coast, and the chances of trade with the Indians. They thought it would be a good place for them to inhabit and improve, that they might enjoy in it their own views of religion and of morals, governing themselves by certain institutions of their own, which were not to be inconsistent with the laws of England. They exchanged good soil for hard soil, comforts for crosses, hoping also to escape from a state of constant annoyance to a condition of lasting and pure repose. They bought their strip of territory of the original patentees, and they bought it

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again of the feeble remnant of the Indian tribes which a devastating plague had left over its graves. From the moment when they thus gained possession, all adventurers and interlopers and theorists, whether of the sort of Sir Christopher Gardiner, or of that of Roger Williams, might as fairly be debarred a lodging-place, as they might be excluded from a private house at this day. There were other sand-banks and granite ledges free to those who wished to occupy them. Our fathers had the same right to regulate their civil and religious institutions after their own pattern as the father of a family has to dispose the order of his household, and to pray and teach by his fireside, and as the communicants or worshippers in a church have to appoint a creed and a code of discipline for themselves. Indeed, our fathers used no right or liberty in their strictness which the members of a "Fourierite community" do not use in their looseness. The company in England not only acted according to their light, but they legislated within the limits of their lawful and unquestionable privileges. They selected ministers to teach them in their exile. But they made themselves acquainted with the opinions and spirit of those ministers, as if they had been choosing domestic chaplains; and they required of those ministers signed and sealed agreements about the terms of their office, their duties, and their income. The company employed servants, transported them for so many pounds each man, and provided their diet and clothing; not, however, with the intention of making their servants their masters. The purchasers of this New England farm, with its fishing and trading privileges, with its native rocks and mullen-stalks, likewise drew up solemn and formal oaths of office for its governor, deputy-governor, and their assistants; and soon after the enterprise was in hand, they drew up an oath, to be sworn to by every person who wished to have a vote in their courts, requiring, at the same time, that such a voter should be the communicant of a church. This Freeman's Oath was one of the thorns which troubled the conscience of Roger Williams. The alternative for him evidently was to keep his conscience out of its reach. It was certainly unreasonable for him to expect to enjoy great privileges at the expense of others.

Such we conceive to be a homely but fair statement of the views, intentions, and rights of our fathers, when they came to

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take possession of their farm, thrice purchased, — by money, from the patentees, — by enterprise, devotion, and outlay of their own, — by valuables and kind services, from the Indians. They no more designed to erect an asylum for all sorts of consciences, than a man, when building his cottage, expects to admit into it the inmates of the poor-house, the insane hospital, and the institution for the blind. They wanted a well ordered house and a pleasant sanctuary. If they were not entitled to one of their own choice, if they did not pay its full purchase, let their rights be questioned on these grounds ; but let them not be traduced for their honest endeavours to escape from the wiles of Satan, while they consecrated themselves to the service of God.

While Mr. Cradock was governor of the company in England, and Mr. Endicott was its agent at Salem, the proposition to transfer the government and charter to New England was first made at the court, July 28, 1629, by the governor himself. It came from him with great seriousness and caution, as a suggestion of his own ; but doubtless he had conferred upon the subject with the most zealous of his associates. We may well conceive, that faces always serious then wore their most serious aspect. It was a proposition of great significance, and occasioned much debate. The result was, that all present were instructed to think upon it privately, "and to set down their particular reasons in writing, *pro et contra*, and to produce the same at the next General Court ; where they being reduced to heads, and maturely considered of, the company may then proceed to a final resolution thereon. And in the mean time, they are desired to carry this business secretly, that the same be not divulged." Two days before the meeting of the next court, the agreement already referred to as the fourteenth document in these Chronicles had been signed at Cambridge by those intending to embark for New England. These gentlemen were anxious to have the governor's proposition carried into effect, and the court appointed two committees to draw up reasons for and against it, to confer together, and to present the result the next day to the whole company. The result, in full court, was "the general consent of the company that the government and patent should be settled in New England, and accordingly an order to be drawn up."

Many discussions have been raised concerning the legality

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of this bold decision. The court certainly had no precedent to justify them, nor has their decision ever been followed as a precedent. The most remarkable fact of all is that the king silently acquiesced in it. Many important matters needed to be discussed and disposed of, in carrying this great design into execution, and they were all fully treated and settled without a word of discord. The secrecy which was enjoined may have been recommended solely on grounds of common discretion, to guard against that notoriety and public discussion which might in many ways embarrass the enterprise, by drawing to it some undesirable persons, by increasing the cost of necessaries in shipping or freight, by causing collisions with enemies, or by inviting too close a scrutiny by the public officials. Or the sole reason of this secrecy may have been a conviction, that the company had no lawful right to transfer its government and charter to New England. At the next court of the company for elections, and the last which was held in England, Mr. John Winthrop was chosen governor. The last record of the Massachusetts Company in the Old World was made "at a Court of Assistants, March 23, 1630 (N. S.), aboard the Arbella." A fleet of four ships was then riding at Cowes, with the newly elected magistrates of the wilderness colony, waiting for a fair wind to carry them. On board the Arbella, with Winthrop, was the charter, engrossed on parchment, bearing the heavy seal of royalty. He would not cross the seas without it. It was afterwards frequently demanded from the colonists, but it never returned to the realm and monarch of England. It hangs suspended now, as a time-honored relic, venerable and valued, in the chambers of the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Before the arrival of Winthrop with the full powers of the government, there had been two emigrations to the Bay, under the authority and patronage of the company in England. The first was made by Endicott and about sixty individuals, to Salem, September 6, 1628, where he was joined by some of the stray adventurers and fishermen who had been left about Cape Ann and the neighbourhood, thus making up a band of a hundred souls. The second emigration accompanied the Rev. Francis Higginson, who arrived June 27, 1629. Winthrop led the third and principal body of colonists, and gave permanence to an enterprise which heretofore had not been free from dubiousness and peril. This, there-

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fore, is to be taken as the true date of the colonization of Massachusetts Bay. Settlements were made almost simultaneously at Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, Cambridge, and Watertown, and, four years afterwards, at Dorchester. The fathers of the Bay Colony differed both in religious sentiments and social standing from the Pilgrims at Plymouth. With two or three exceptions, the Old Colony exiles were yeomen and Separatists, while the Massachusetts proprietors were gentlemen of landed estates, of some pretensions on the score of family descent and noble connections, and they retained their union with the Church of England, by communing with its members, though "they scrupled at first its ceremonies, and then its prelacy." The distinctions between the founders of the two colonies, though never causing animosity or strife, and very soon merged, were by no means trifling or overlooked in the first generation. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that they adopted the same form of church polity. The boundary line between the two colonies is drawn upon the new State map.

The documents composing the Chronicles now before us are the records of an associated company and of individuals who were parties to its great enterprise. We have in them, therefore, abundant means of estimating the general and the particular characteristics of the founders of this colony. Brief as they are, and filled with references to very many matters and persons, they contain a connected history, and teach, after a plain way, the Puritan views of religion and policy. We have said, that their own records are the sources whence are gathered the facts, opinions, and incidents which are alleged against them. We believe that these records also afford to every judicious and moderate advocate of the Puritans the means of answering every charge against them which is mere slander, and of softening those censures to which individuals among them may be amenable. We are no indiscriminate eulogists of these men. We frankly confess, that, with our present opinions, views, and habits, we much prefer that they should have been our ancestors, to having them for contemporaries. In some respects they were sour and ungenial men. Their taste for an unintermitted and excessive ministration of preaching and prayer was morbid. Life in their households was not relieved by gentle graces, nor by wise relaxations, nor by humane indulgences. They dis-

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tressed themselves with superstitions. They made a great deal of mischief and unhappiness for each other by intermeddling with consciences and opinions. They doubled by their laws and institutions the number of the sins which may be committed against God and duty. But when the most is made of these just abatements of the high merit of the Puritans, one who has acquainted himself with their memorials and views will readily allow them, and still keep the balance of high esteem and renown upon their side.

We have already made a passing reference to that just point of view whence the fathers of Massachusetts are to be studied in their own light. They have been criticised as if they had before them an end very different from that which actually led them; the true course would be to show that the object which Patriarch White proposed to them, and which they devotedly and faithfully pursued, was unworthy and sure to lead them astray. If this can be done, then may these Puritan exiles stand condemned for folly; and their ardent desire for a Christian commonwealth across the seas, composed of willing members and governed by laws of their own making, will pass for the spirit which their adversaries attribute to them, — a spirit of obstinacy when under restraint, and of persecuting intolerance when in power. We recognize no slight difference in mind and temper between the original stock of exiles from England, and their children of the first and second generations born on this soil. We should not care to appear as champions of the latter in all their views or measures. Yet for all the increase, rather than mitigation, of the Puritan harshness exhibited by them, they may find large excuses in their circumstances and education. They had not enjoyed the generous and expansive influences which Old England dispensed to her children; they had not read her classics and poets, nor seen her venerable halls and libraries. They had been nurtured amid privations and hardships; they had imbibed some little of moroseness with the poor fare which fed them; they had no milk in their infancy; they had been reared under very grim religious teachings, and had not been educated for a state of much religious freedom. The dying warnings of their parents rang in their ears, bidding them beware of apostasy, or of falling from their first love.

We do not wish to pursue into particulars a theme which is

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somewhat ungracious. We have dropped this hint merely to deprecate a too common perversion and confusion of facts, when the Puritan fathers of Massachusetts are not only judged by a standard of which they never dreamed, but are made answerable for the errors of their posterity. We would remind some rather careless readers and more ready contemners of their history, that one generation had passed away in Massachusetts before a Quaker was hung on Boston Common. We very much question whether Winthrop, or Cotton, or Saltonstall, or Higginson, or Johnson, or Shepard, would have been a party to that scene. Yet it should also be stated, for the sake of the actual executioners, that no one was ever put to death even by them for being a Quaker, but for committing under that name outrages, indecencies, and provocations utterly inconsistent with the peace of any society, and punished at this day in prisons and madhouses. There are two sides to every story, and the judge in a civilized tribunal never dismisses a jury to make up their verdict till both parties have pleaded, and their testimony and pleas have been candidly reviewed. Let the authentic records now placed by Mr. Young within the reach of our schools and families be taken as the free-spoken witnesses for our fathers. Let the ages which have passed, the prosperity which smiles over their resting-places, and the fruits from the seeds of their planting, test the sincerity and the worth of their design; their descendants may then be qualified to judge them. The bell, book, and candle, which are ominous symbols in the Roman Church, have another meaning among the Puritans.

These Chronicles of the Massachusetts fathers put into the hands of their descendants the means of answering three of the most aggravated and oft-repeated censures upon them. With a brief reference to each of them we shall conclude these remarks.

The first charge against the colonists of Massachusetts, covering, indeed, nearly all the colonists of North America, is that of injustice practised toward the native Indian tribes. In the romances and poems, and in some of the veritable histories most in circulation, this charge is brought against our fathers, that they seized upon the Indian's lands, or made at best but a Jew's bargain with him, and punished his untaught, savage instincts by the total extinction of his race. It is far from our purpose to array all the facts which bear upon this

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charge. We turn only to the precious Chronicles before us, and find abundant evidence of the most honorable and Christian endeavours on the part of the colonists to treat the Indians in all respects as children of the same God as themselves. We omit, for want of space, the first beautiful and touching mention of them in Governor Cradock's letter to Captain Endicott, and turn to the first general instructions sent to him by authority of the whole court.

"And above all, we pray you be careful that there be none in our precincts permitted to do any injury, in the least kind, to the heathen people; and if any offend in that way, let them receive due correction. And we hold it fitting you publish a proclamation to that effect, by leaving it fixed under the Company's seal in some eminent place, for all to take notice at such time as both the heathen themselves, as well as our people, may take notice of it. And for the avoiding of the hurt that may follow through our much familiarity with the Indians, we conceive it fit that they be not permitted to come to your plantation, but at certain times and places to be appointed them. If any of the savages pretend right of inheritance to all or any part of the lands granted in our patent, we pray you endeavour to purchase their title, that we may avoid the least scruple of intrusion." — p. 159.

In the second general letter of instructions sent by the court to Endicott, this injunction is twice repeated in the most express terms, and with an evident desire for Christian justice. Again, in the "General Considerations for planting New England," with answers to objections, we find a full explanation and defence of the conduct of the colonists towards the Indians.

The explicit and reiterated commands of the court were obeyed most scrupulously by the authorities and the people here. The property and rights of the Indians were respected; they were honorably dealt by; and it is certain, that, if some parcels of land were held by the whites without a purchase, other portions were paid for more than once. The first President Adams asserted, that, in all his practice at the bar, he "never knew a contested title to lands, but what was traced up to the Indian title." Our old records are filled with Indian deeds, and a fair equivalent was paid for them. We find in Dudley's Letter to the Countess of Lincoln, that Sagamore John and one of his subjects required satisfaction for the burning of two of their empty

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wigwams, one of which was accidentally set on fire by a servant of Sir Richard Saltonstall, who had sought shelter in it. The court ordered full payment for both. Our records likewise abound in restitutive acts like this. The truth is, there were but very few Indians about the Bay, and the lands here were of little value to them, while their own claim was doubtful. No charge of injustice, we are satisfied, can be brought against the settlers on this score. We shall not meddle with their open wars.

A second matter of censure found against our fathers is drawn from the story of Roger Williams, as it has been of late frequently told. Of course, the volume before us contains no narrative of his controversy with Massachusetts, but it does contain nearly all the papers necessary for deciding the merits of that controversy. Roger Williams, a pure-minded, high-souled, and earnest man, came hither, not as one of the company, nor by their invitation, but as a refugee for conscience, and to exercise a mission of love. After some lesser troubles at Plymouth and Salem, he involved himself in a strife, on three important points, with the government. He objected to the validity of the charter, to the freeman's oath, and to the power of the magistrate in matters of religion. Now, by questioning the charter, either as given by the monarch, or as ratified in fact by rights purchased of the Indians, he struck at the very root of all government, and brought the colony into peril of anarchy, while he opposed the universally recognized and only possible rule of international relations, which allowed discovery to be the first, and purchase a second, condition for the possession of a savage region. By contesting the freeman's oath, he claimed that the private property and the institutions established by the Massachusetts Company should lie at the mercy of any one who chose to come hither and refuse to comply with the terms on which a freeman's or voter's privilege might be enjoyed. By resisting the civil support of religion and the compulsory maintenance of ministers, he attempted to break the contracts under which the mutually pledged ministers and people had sought these regions. The Chronicles will abundantly illustrate these three points of controversy. We may question the wisdom of our ancestors in either matter, but there can scarce be a question whether they were right or wrong in holding to their own.

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We would not detract one whit from the high encomiums which have been lavished upon the founder of Rhode Island; but we are concerned that his seditious and contentious spirit in matters of civil and mercantile contracts should not be represented as a protest of conscience against a band of persecutors. Had he been allowed perfect freedom, not only of judgment, but of conduct, according to his views on the three points just adverted to, there could have been no government in this colony, save such as might be set up from time to time by the will of a majority independently of their interest in the stock and expense of the enterprise. The patent obtained by the colonists gave them only a prior right over other foreigners, and they confirmed it here by actual purchase from the Indians. When Roger Williams was opposing the support of the ministry by taxation, he was asked, "What! is not the laborer worthy of his hire?" He replied, "Yes! from those that hire him." This reply has been quoted and commended as very apt and decisive on his side. But to us it seems evasive and not pertinent, for the simple reason, that the colonists had hired the ministers by stipulated contracts, and all who joined the colony, whether as servants or masters, became parties to its agreements. The trials of Roger Williams in his isolation and his wilderness journey have been treated with some little help of romance. But after all, how much did he suffer of actual privation, anxiety, or risk, more than others of the adventurers?

The last of the three most common imputations cast upon the fathers of Massachusetts is the general charge of what is called *cant*. They are often described, according to the sense in which Dryden uses the word *cant*, and according to its most general use, as making "a whining pretension to goodness," — as wearing sanctimonious visages, talking after a godly strain, measuring the worth of prayers by their length, and devouring widows' houses with craving appetites, while they forsook no sin of heart or life. Their detractors, indeed, have endeavoured to fix the meaning of the word *cant* as expressive of Puritan language and deportment. Now we should be willing to subject these their authentic writings to the severest scrutiny of the most zealous hater of cant in all its significations, and wait for any specimen which can be produced from them. The large mass of all the records

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from their pens in the State archives, in public cabinets, and in church registers, have passed under our eyes; and if they have one striking characteristic common to them all, it consists in this, — that they are perfectly free from *cant*. Considering how much these men endured for their religion, that religion was to them their only bond of union, and that its services and interests were their all-absorbing concerns, we stand amazed at the entire freedom of their records from all obtrusive and offensive suggestions of their piety. Let their memorials be contrasted with certain newspapers, missionary reports, and statements of philanthropic operations and benevolent gifts of the present time, and we will leave all candid persons to judge whether there was more of cant in the piety, self-devotion, and trials of our fathers, than there is in the sentimental and coxcomb-like pretensions of boasted good deeds in this age of rioting plenty. There is undoubtedly such a thing as cant, but it is a self-detecting, self-exposing folly. It does not show itself in the records of the Puritans, — we do not believe that it constituted their piety.

We close with a renewed expression of our obligations to Mr. Young for all his labors in deciphering, collating, and illustrating the Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers. They had a full reward in their own day, because it was a reward of the kind which they desired, and with which they were satisfied. We love to pay them the only tribute in our power, — that of renewed epitaphs.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Arithmetic, in two Parts: Part I. Advanced Lessons in Mental Arithmetic; Part II. Rules and Examples for Practice in Written Arithmetic.* By Frederick A. Adams, Principal of Dummer Academy. Lowell: Daniel Bixby. 1846. 12mo. pp. 212.

To the late Warren Colburn belongs the high credit of first introducing into our schools, through his admirable First Lessons, the regular study of mental arithmetic. Of this excellent little manual, the author of the book before us justly observes, that so completely has it performed the work within its prescribed

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sphere, that there is little reason to desire or to expect that it will ever be superseded. Mr. Colburn published also a Sequel to Mental Arithmetic, in which the principles and rules of written arithmetic were deduced from the solution and analysis of questions according to the method adopted in the former treatise. This Sequel was very well executed as far as it went; but it was not full enough for all the wants of the higher classes in our schools. It omitted proportion and progression, the "Rule of Three," and the doctrine of powers and roots. Mr. Adams has undertaken to supply these deficiencies, following mainly in the track of Mr. Colburn, but appearing fully competent also to mark out a path for himself. By this enlargement of plan, he has brought many useful problems in mensuration and mechanics within the scope of his work, and has extended the analysis and induction over much new ground, though many of the new problems are still left to be performed by arbitrary rules.

The first part of Mr. Adams's book consists of exercises in mental arithmetic, arranged under the different arithmetical rules. Where the principles have not been taught in the First Lessons, they are here carefully deduced from an analysis of a number of simple questions, following which are numerous and well selected examples. These examples pass gradually from simple to more complicated questions, so as to give the pupil a thorough training. In the second part, the different processes are arranged in the same order as before; and when the operations are complicated, distinct rules are given, illustrated by examples for practice containing larger numbers than were suitable for the exclusively mental operation. When the operations are simple, and sufficiently explained in the analysis and induction contained in the first part, a reference is merely made to that part, and the examples for practice follow, without any enunciation of a rule.

The author's reasoning and explanations are very clear, simple, and concise, his disposition of the different parts judicious, and his selection of examples well suited to exercise the mind of the pupil. As a whole, we prefer this work to any arithmetic we have seen in use. Still, there are a few things in it that we think susceptible of improvement. Among these are the modes of proving the sums in addition and multiplication. In the former case, we prefer the method of Lacroix to that adopted by our author; and in the latter, Mr. Adams's mode, strictly speaking, is no proof at all. The methods of multiplying and dividing by the factors of a number are nowhere taught in this work, though they are often found extremely convenient. The rule for reducing any number of pence and farthings to the decimal of a pound "by inspection," as it is usually called, is also omitted;

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and the rule for expressing shillings as decimals is not explained so clearly as it might be.

Some other particulars might be pointed out, in which a slight alteration for the better might probably be effected. But, speaking generally, the deficiencies are neither numerous nor important; and we should not allude to them at all, except with a view to stimulate Mr. Adams to make his work still more full, and more deserving of the patronage which it merits, and will undoubtedly receive.

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2. — *Sermons.* By GEORGE W. BETHUNE, Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church. Philadelphia: Mentz & Rovoudt. 1846. 8vo. pp. 301.

THE author of these sermons deserves well of our literary community. A clergyman of sincere and ardent piety, and zealously devoted to the pastoral charge of a large congregation in Philadelphia, he yet finds time for the assiduous cultivation of good literature, and in that capacity appears frequently, and always honorably, before the public. His occasional verses are very pleasing, from their religious feeling and purity and elevation of sentiment, as well as for their expression of warm domestic affection. He has published several anniversary discourses, which are uniformly characterized by a sound literary judgment, a generous enthusiasm in favor of high aims and purposes, a manly independence in the expression of sentiment, and a flowing eloquence of style.

This volume of sermons, whose beautiful exterior does honor to the Philadelphia press, is published, as the author states in a modest and appropriate preface, in compliance with the wishes of some friends, "in the hope that, by the blessing of God, they may do good." They are fourteen in number, and embrace a variety of subjects both doctrinal and practical. Like all sermons, they are to be regarded in a double aspect; first, as expressions of theological opinion, and secondly, as literary compositions. In their first aspect or capacity, we, of course, do not expect to deal with them, except to say, that, while the writer states his own views with great frankness and earnestness, he does so in no offensive or dogmatical spirit.

As literary compositions, they have some decided merits. Their style is glowing, animated, and stirring. The preacher is at earnest in his work. They flow from an ardent temperament, and have more of fervor and unction than is usual among our

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New England divines. They will remind the reader more of French than of English sermons. We find in them vivid pictures, animated appeals, and warm exhortations, rather than elaborate expositions of doctrine, or arguments addressed to the understanding. The preacher is more solicitous to impress acknowledged truths than to maintain disputed propositions. The strain of remark and illustration is sometimes the more effective from its plainness and directness. The faults and short-comings of humanity are pointed out, without any circumlocution or paraphrase, in those terse and unmistakable terms which arrest the attention and cling to the memory.

The defects of the sermons are those to which compositions written for oral delivery are most exposed. The style is occasionally too exuberant, diffuse, and declamatory. Some of the paragraphs read coldly, and seem a little overdone; though with the aid of the voice, countenance, and gesture of an animated and impressive speaker, no such defect would probably have been observed.

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3. — *Tables of Bearings, Distances, Latitudes, Longitudes, &c., ascertained by the Astronomical and Trigonometrical Survey of Massachusetts.* Published agreeably to a Resolve of the General Court, by JOHN G. PALFREY, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth, State Printers. 1846. 8vo. pp. 73.

IN an article upon the trigonometrical survey of this State,* our readers were informed, that "the legislature had ordered to be printed and distributed to the different towns and clerks of courts the positions and details of the stations throughout the State, as determined by the trigonometrical survey, accompanied by such other matter obtained in executing the work as may be useful in laying out roads, and in the measurement of towns. The preparation of this work, requiring considerable labor and judgment, devolves upon Dr. Palfrey, the Secretary of State." This publication is now before us, and an enumeration of its contents will not be useless, if it helps to call the attention of surveyors, engineers, astronomers, and mariners to what may be in a high degree serviceable to them in their various pursuits.

In constructing the State map, Mr. Borden, "for greater accuracy and convenience," divided the State into five sections.

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* *North American Review*, Vol. LXI., pp. 467, 468.

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For each of these sections there are four tables, in which are given the relative positions and distances of the primary and secondary points, the latitudes and longitudes of the same stations, and their bearings and distances from an assumed principal point of the triangulation. The explanations necessary to make these tables available to the most unpractised are supplied, together with examples of their use. The "three-point problem," which may be so advantageously employed in connection with these tables to determine the position of the observer when three sections forming a triangle are in sight, is also explained and applied. The primary and secondary lines are so numerous, and may be multiplied to such an extent by means of the third and fourth tables of each section, that a surveyor may now almost always find a known azimuth for determining the variation of the needle, and the local attraction, if any exists. The method of doing this is fully displayed.

In the introduction to this compilation, we find a formula for computing the bearings and distances where the latitudes and longitudes only are expressed, another for computing the latitudes and longitudes of points not heretofore calculated, and a general formula for computing latitudes and longitudes on the surface-sphere. As a necessary accompaniment to the second formula, tables are added containing the values, in feet and hundredths, for every change of minute in latitude, both on the meridian and on the parallels between 43° 1′ and 41° 12′. The values of the constants in the last formula are also given, by which any person is enabled to use it easily. Mr. Borden's determination of the figure and magnitude of the earth from the data afforded by the Massachusetts survey, and the comparison of these elements with those which M. Bessel deduced from the mean of ten trigonometrical surveys measured in different parts of the world, give additional scientific interest and value to this part of the work.

We were aware of the labor and judgment necessary to accomplish this work under the most favorable circumstances; and many unforeseen difficulties have increased both the care and responsibility of the editor. They have been overcome with so much success, that we believe, after careful examination, that no error of any importance is to be found in it, except the omission by the engraver of an important line from the south end of the base to Mount Lincoln.

Dr. Palfrey, however, in his "Advertisement," has repeated a statement once made in our own pages, and since found to be entirely incorrect. In the paper on the Massachusetts survey already referred to, we said that the base apparatus used by Mr. Borden had been adopted in the United States coast survey. The assertion

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in both instances was made upon the same authority; and it was an authority quite sufficient, if we consider only the position of our informant, and his right or duty to be acquainted with the subject. Therefore, though we were misled, it was not in consequence of any carelessness or indifference. We improve the first occasion to correct the error, and to say, that, when Dr. Bache, the superintendent of the coast survey, publishes a description of the base apparatus designed and used by himself, it will be found to differ in many essential respects from the one invented by Mr. Borden. In saying this, we do not, of course, intend to compare the merits of the two plans.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Documents and Letters intended to illustrate the Revolutionary Incidents of Queen's County; with connecting Narratives, explanatory Notes, and Additions. By Henry Onderdonk, Jr. New York: Leavitt, Trow, & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 264.

Memoirs of his own Time, with Reminiscences of the Men and Events of the Revolution. By Alexander Graydon. Edited by John S. Littell. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 504.

The Life of Martin Luther, gathered from his own Writings. By M. Michelet, Author of the History of France. Translated by G. H. Smith, F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 314.

Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams, edited from the Papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury. By George Gibbs. New York: Printed for the Subscribers. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Writings of Hugh Swinton Legaré, late Attorney-General and Acting Secretary of State of the United States. Prefaced by a Memoir of his Life. Edited by his Sister. Charleston, S. C.: Burges & James. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

History of the Later Roman Commonwealth, from the End of the Second Punic War to the Death of Julius Cesar; and of the Reign of Augustus; with a Life of Trajan. By Thomas Arnold, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 552.

Elements of Mental Philosophy; containing a Critical Exposition of the Principal Phenomena and Powers of the Human Mind. By Leicester A. Sawyer, A. M., President of Central College, Ohio. New York: Paine & Burgess. 1846. 12mo. pp. 432.

Collections of the New Jersey Historical Society. Vol. I. East Jersey under the Proprietary Governments; drawn principally from Original Sources. By William A. Whitehead. With an Appendix containing "The Model of the Government of East New Jersey in America," by George Scot, of Pitlochie. Published by the N. J. Historical Society. 1846. 8vo. pp. 341.

A Treatise on the Motive Powers which produce the Circulation of the Blood. By Emma Willard. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 170.

Montezuma, the Last of the Aztecs, a Romance. By Edward Maturin. New York: Paine & Burgess. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Life of Julius Cesar. New York: Leavitt, Trow, & Co. 1845. 16mo. pp. 161.

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Arithmetic, in two Parts: Part I. Advanced Lessons in Mental Arithmetic; Part II. Rules and Examples for Practice in Written Arithmetic. By Frederick A. Adams, Principal of Dummer Academy. Lowell: Daniel Bixby. 1846. 12mo. pp. 212.

The Days of Old; a Centennial Discourse delivered in Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., February 22, 1846. By Matthew H. Henderson, M. A., Rector. New York: Leavitt, Trow, & Co. 8vo. pp. 64.

A Discourse on the Cambridge Church-Gathering in 1636; delivered in the First Church, February 22, 1846. With an Appendix, containing a Genealogical List of the Original Members of the Church at Cambridge. By William Newell. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 65.

Boston, a Poem. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1846. 16mo. pp. 46.

Addresses at the Inauguration of the Hon. Edward Everett, LL. D., as President of the University at Cambridge, Thursday, April 30th, 1846. Boston: Little & Brown. 8vo. pp. 66.

The Memory of the late James Grahame, the Historian of the United States, vindicated from the Charges of "Detraction and Calumny" preferred against him by Mr. George Bancroft, and the Conduct of Mr. Bancroft towards that Historian stated and exposed. By Josiah Quincy. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1846. 8vo. pp. 59.

The Phonographic Reader; and the Complete Phonographic Class Book, containing a strictly Inductive Exposition of Pitman's Phonography. By S. P. Andrews and Augustus F. Boyle. Boston: Phonographic Institution, 339 Washington Street. 1846. 12mo. pp. 60 and 132.

Histoire de la Louisiane. Par Charles Gayarré. Premier Volume. Nouvelle Orléans: Imprimé par Magne & Weisse. 1846. 8vo. pp. 377.

The Life and Times of Henry Clay. By Calvin Colton, author of the Junius Tracts, &c. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. No. IX. Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Fiction. By W. Gilmore Simms. New York. 1845. 12mo. pp. 238.

No XVI. Scenes and Thoughts in Europe. By an American. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 160.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, Foreign Series. Thiodolf the Icelander, and Aslaugas Knight. New York. 1846. 12mo. pp. 349.

Appleton's Literary Miscellany. The People. By M. Michelet. Translated by G. H. Smith, F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 185.

Memoir on the Probable Constitution of Matter and Laws of Motion, as deducible from and explanatory of the Physical Phenomena of Nature. By J. L. Riddell, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of Louisiana. New Orleans. 1846. 8vo. pp. 32.

An Inquiry into the Views, Principles, Services, and Influences of our leading Men in the Origination of our Union. By Thaddeus Allen. Vol. I. No. 2. Boston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 100.

A Retrospect, and other Poems. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 142.

The Scholiast Schooled. An Examination of the Review of the

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Reports of the Annual Visiting Committees of the Public Schools of the City of Boston, for 1845. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 65.

Sketches of a Few Distinguished Men of Newbury and Newburyport. By S. Swett. No. I. Captain Moses Brown, U. S. N. Boston: Printed by S. N. Dickinson & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 23.

Twenty-Seventh Annual Report and Documents of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, for the Year 1845. New York. 1846. 8vo. pp. 107.

A Grammar of the English Language for the Use of Schools. By W. H. Wells, M. A. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1846. 12mo. pp. 204.

The Knights of the Horseshoe, a Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion. Wetumpka, Ala.: C. Yancey. 1845. 8vo. pp. 248.

Poverty, its Legal Causes and Legal Cure. Part I. By Lysander Spooner. Boston: Bela Marsh. 1846. 8vo. pp. 108.

Journal of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, during his Visit to Canada in 1776, as one of the Commissioners from Congress. With a Memoir and Notes. By Brantz Mayer. Baltimore: Published by the Maryland Historical Society. 1845. 8vo. pp. 84.

Criticism on the Declaration of Independence as a Literary Document. By Mon Droit. New York. 1846. 8vo. pp. 44.

A Plea for Peace: a Discourse delivered on Fast Day, April 2, 1846. By Daniel Sharp. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 24.

Memoir of Benjamin Banneker, read before the Maryland Historical Society, May 1, 1845. By John H. B. Latrobe, Esq. Baltimore: Published by the Society. 1845. 8vo. pp. 16.

Review of the Hon. John P. Kennedy's Discourse on the Life and Character of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore. Baltimore: Printed by John Murphy. 1846. 8vo. pp. 32.

Recollections of Mexico. By Waddy Thompson, Esq., former Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 8vo.

Harold and Rosaline, with other Poems. By Albert Perry. Boston: Published by the Author. 1846. 16mo. pp. 216.

The Olneys, or Impulse and Principle. By Anne W. Abbot, Author of Willie Rogers, &c. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 16mo. pp. 146.

Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, their Ways, and their Privileges. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 16mo. pp. 360.

Mosses from an Old Manse. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo.

Pictures from Italy. By Charles Dickens. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 184.

Poems. By Thomas Hood. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 229.

A Discourse delivered in Boston, June 1, 1846, before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. By Rev. George E. Ellis. Boston: Eastburn's Press. 8vo. pp. 31.

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